SEPTEMBER

ATLANTIC

Ninety years of continuous publication

VOLUME 182 1948 NUMBER 3

The Atlantic Report on the World Today

Cameras on Hudson Bay	JOHN J. ROWLANDS	21
The Republican Revival	OREN ROOT, JR.	28
Grand Tour — Nonstop!	BERGEN EVANS	35
Orient Express. *A Story*	ELEANOR PALFFY	40
Report on the Sexless Behavior of Microscopic Immortals. *A Poem*	OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY	44
Golfmanship: or How to Win Without Actually Cheating	STEPHEN POTTER	45
"CBS Views the Press"	DON HOLLENBECK	49
Mr. Bluefrock Considers It All. *A Poem*	R. P. LISTER	52
Man Against Darkness	W. T. STACE	53
Date Before Dawn. *A Poem*	MARY BALLARD DURYEE	58
The Island Greeks	OSBERT LANCASTER	59
Night Without Stars *An Atlantic "First"*	JAMES BINNEY	65
Easy to Pack. *A Poem*	HORTENSE FLEXNER	68
September Sea	WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.	69
Laughter in the Next Room *The Atlantic Serial*	SIR OSBERT SITWELL	73

ACCENT ON LIVING

H. K. Stephenson — René MacColl — David Morton — Warren Weaver — Jack Masters — R. P. Lister 85

BOOKS AND MEN

"Read to Me"	MARGARET PALFREY WOODROW	93
The James Revival	LEON EDEL	96

ATLANTIC BOOKSHELF

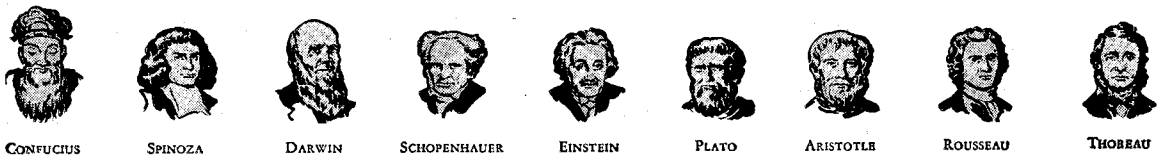
Edward Weeks — Charles J. Rolo 99

Cover panel from a photograph by Henry B. Kane

1 YEAR $6.00 2 YEARS $10.00 3 YEARS $15.00

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, September, 1948, Vol. 182, No. 3. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, $6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1948, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CONFUCIUS SPINOZA DARWIN SCHOPENHAUER EINSTEIN PLATO ARISTOTLE ROUSSEAU THOREAU

COPERNICUS BACON MONTAIGNE EMERSON NIETZSCHE FREUD

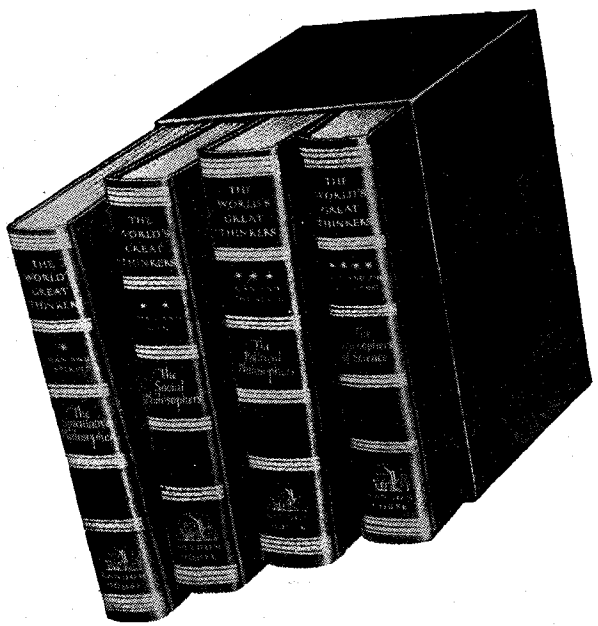
THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS

In Four Volumes, Boxed • Retail Price $10.00

Given Free

TO NEW MEMBERS OF THE

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB



HERE are the philosophies men live by . . . from the works of PLATO and ARISTOTLE and CONFUCIUS to those of FREUD in our own day. These careful selections compiled by Saxe Commins and Robert N. Linscott offer a source of courage to meet today's problems. In them you will find wisdom and guidance from over forty of the world's greatest thinkers, in writings as vitally important today as they ever were.

Begin your subscription **with the full first volume of WINSTON CHURCHILL'S WAR MEMOIRS, THE GATHERING STORM, OR WITH ANY ONE OF THESE OTHER GOOD BOOKS**

THE GATHERING STORM
by WINSTON CHURCHILL
Price (to members only)
$4.00

THE HEART OF THE MATTER
by GRAHAM GREENE
$3.00

THE IDES OF MARCH
by THORNTON WILDER
$2.75

INSIDE U. S. A.
by JOHN GUNTHER
Price (to members only)
$3.50

A STUDY OF HISTORY
by ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE
$5.00

You buy many Club selections ANYWAY — why not get those you want from the Club, often PAY LESS, and share in the Club's book-dividends which totalled over $16,000,000 last year

YOU do not pay any fixed yearly sum, as you do in subscribing to a magazine. *You simply pay for the particular books you decide to take,* and you have a good choice among important books published each year.

The Club's five judges, every month, choose an outstanding book (sometimes a double selection) as the Book-of-the-Month*; in addition (every now and then), the Club makes available "special members' editions" of widely-discussed books—*making a total of around twenty books* each year from which you may choose.

If you buy as few as *four of these books in any twelve-month period,* you get the full privileges of Club membership. There are sure to be, among so many good books, *at least four that you would buy anyway.*

All you pay is the regular retail price—frequently less—for the Book-of-the-Month, whenever you decide to take it. (A small charge is added to cover postage and other mailing expenses.) Then, with every two books you buy (from among the monthly selections and "special members' editions" made available) you receive—*free*—one of the Club's book-dividends.

These are beautiful library volumes, like THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS, sometimes highly popular best-sellers. Why not get these books, *without a penny's extra cost,* and build up for yourself a full library of *fine editions of great books?* In the meantime, you are buying whatever good current *new* books you want for your library and paying less for many of them than you otherwise would.

Hundreds of thousands of book-reading families now use this sensible service. We suggest you try it for a short time, and see how it works.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc., A49
385 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.* I am to receive, free, the four-volume set of THE WORLD'S GREAT THINKERS with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two selections, or Special Members' Editions, I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current book-dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four Monthly Selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club each full year I am a member.

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

☐ THE GATHERING STORM by Winston Churchill

or.....
(choose one of the other good new books shown above)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Postal Zone No. (if any) .....State.....

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge for duty, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

Trade Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The high cost of living has us all in the uneasy seat!

Business dislikes the high cost of living as much as you do. For fewer people buy when prices are too high.

At National Dairy we do everything possible to keep prices *down* and quality *up*. Each month our key men sit down at a "round table" to exchange ideas on how to increase efficiency and improve products. The aim is *top quality at lowest possible price.*

Here are some figures which show how milk prices compare with food prices, from 1939 to 1948:

Increase in cost of food 116%

Increase in cost of fluid milk . . 78%

Notice that milk has not increased nearly so much as the average of other foods. Our profit from all of our milk divisions averaged less than ½ cent per quart sold in 1947—far less than the public thinks business makes—and much less than the average profit in the food industry.

When you buy milk—nature's most nearly perfect food—you get more for your money than in anything else you eat. We guard the quality and flavor of milk and butter, cheese, ice cream and other products made from milk. *And we make them available at the lowest possible prices to the greatest number of people.*

An impartial national survey shows that most Americans consider 10%-15% on sales a fair profit for business. Compared to this, the average profit in the food industry is less than 5%. And National Dairy's profit in its milk divisions in 1947 was less than 2%.

NATIONAL DAIRY

PRODUCTS CORPORATION

Kraft · Sealtest · Breyers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC REPORT
on the World today

Germany

GERMANY, three years ago considered a kind of laboratory problem in re-education and control which her four conquerors would solve by mutual agreement, is today the crucial area of conflict between East and West. If the Western powers can hold Berlin, they have a chance to revive Western Germany's industry, make the European Recovery Program a success, attract Eastern countries away from the Soviet orbit, and finally unify Europe on Western terms.

At Potsdam in July, 1945, Germany's conquerors divided her into five parts: four zones of occupation and Berlin. They agreed that all five should be governed according to common economic and political principles. Today, for all practical purposes, Germany is divided into three parts: East, West, and Berlin. Three sections of the same country have never been more different.

The *Zone des Schweigens* (Zone of Silence), as a prominent German newspaper has called the Soviet area of occupation, is a wasteland of bleak farms, shattered industry, 17 million ashen-faced, desperate German inhabitants, and at least 300,000 unpredictable Soviet troops and all-powerful Soviet officials. The flat grain fields of Mecklenburg, the rolling green hills of Thuringia, Brandenburg's sand and pines, Saxony with its textile and machine-tool industry, and Saxony-Anhalt's brown coal mines, metallurgical plants, and chemical factories virtually comprise a colony annexed by Russia.

Once a rich agricultural area providing 3700 calories per person per day, the Soviet Zone now allots its inhabitants a daily average of 1400 calories. War damage, the lack of fertilizers or their export to Russia, Soviet-ordered land reform which broke up the best farms into small and inefficient units, and the relentless requisitioning of grain, sugar, and livestock by the Soviets account for the difference. In order to prevent real starvation, the Soviets were forced this spring to ship back some 20,000 of the hundreds of thousands of tons of grain they had taken out.

Famous industrial plants of the Soviet Zone are empty halls, whose torn-up floors and twisted girders bear witness to the careless fury of Russian dismantling. Fifty per cent of the zone's industrial capacity went eastward in the summer of 1945; perhaps 5 per cent of it arrived in Russia in usable condition. Since then, dismantling has been more careful, and the Soviets have deported 30,000 German technicians and their families along with the factories. Part of the Meissen porcelain works is producing in Tiflis; Zeiss lenses and cameras are being made near Moscow and Leningrad.

Thirty per cent of the remaining industry consists of Soviet state corporations, working only for Russia. The rest, whether expropriated and turned into German public property, or in the tenuous grip of the few private owners still tolerated, must send 80 to 90 per cent of its output eastward.

Too strong to die

The ravaged economy is producing less every day, but Russian drains remain fairly constant. Only the primitive inefficiency and suspicion of the Soviets can explain why they have wrecked an area which could have been exploited to far greater Russian advantage by sound management.

The Germans living under this regime are pathetic and listless figures, "too strong to die and too weak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to live," as they put it. An all-pervading Soviet secret police and a no less eager network of German Communist agents shadows every step, notes every word. Several hundred thousand people, caught in a careless remark or denounced as "capitalist agents," "reactionaries," or "Anglo-American spies," have gone to Soviet concentration camps, set up on the very sites of the notorious Nazi ones. Two hundred thousand men and women have been sent to forced labor in the Soviet Union, and 25,000 into the uranium mines in southern Saxony where Russia digs the ore for her atom bomb experiments.

The brown Nazi dictatorship has been replaced by the red Soviet one. Communist propaganda flaunts the same feverish nationalism as Goebbels did, and uses much of the same language. No German was surprised when it was revealed, a few weeks ago, that a series of violent anti-American articles published in the *Taegliche Rundschau*, the German-language paper printed by the Russians, was a complete plagiarism of a Nazi pamphlet published in 1942.

Having failed to win the people with Communist nationalism, the Soviets have now founded a party for former Nazis, in order to turn their sentiments to Russian ends. However, the basic feeling of the Germans in the Soviet Zone is and will remain a passionate hatred of Russia, expressing itself in fierce but helpless German nationalism, utterly opposed to anything coming from the East.

Hope for Western Germany

East of the Iron Curtain, Germany is starving and stagnant. West of it she is recovering, unevenly but surely. After the recent currency reform, the shopwindows suddenly filled with hoarded goods, and the American cigarette, that barometer of the black market, dropped from 4 marks to 40 pfennigs, almost the legal price. A steady flow of 300,000 tons of Anglo-American food imports per month and Marshall Plan aid of more than a billion dollars promise further improvement to the people of Western Germany.

The basic food ration has been low, but enormous black-market sales from farms have kept the city dwellers in health and made the peasants rich. "Every cow is bedded down on an Oriental rug," the Germans say. So extensive and so indispensable did the black market become that thousands of Germans felt they could not afford to work. Now they must, because currency reform has made money scarce, and they seem glad of it. The new currency, known as deutsche marks, has gained their confidence and raised their hopes for orderly economic conditions.

If the inhuman severity of the Soviets has been repaid by impotent, violent enmity, the astounding generosity of the West has been rewarded by a mounting tide of carping criticism. The ample German stomach is an insatiable god; the food that England and America offer up to him is never enough, unsatisfactory in type, and besides "it all comes from Germany anyway." Stubborn rumor that German industrial competition is to be eliminated persists in the face of billion-dollar aid.

General Lucius D. Clay, who has been so intent on getting this aid for Germany that high American officials charge him with "localitis," is called "anti-German" and his energetic staff are dismissed as "a bunch of Jewish refugees."

German coal and steel

The cries of opposition from right and left have risen to a new crescendo in protest against the internationalization of the Ruhr, agreed on at London. The target of agitation is the miner, and the appeal to him is this: if Germany cannot have full control of her coal and steel, or if Moscow cannot have a generous slice of it, then let there be no production. Countering this propaganda, CARE package incentive schemes for miners have driven coal production up (but not high enough for real recovery) and Communist influence down (but not low enough for genuine security). Steel production is only about a third of the 10 million tons that the Germans will be allowed to produce.

After the terrific bombing raids on the Ruhr, mills and mines need capital and equipment, and their workers need houses. Besides physical restoration, the Ruhr must have psychological peace. Owners of both steel plants and coal mines have been expropriated by the British, so that today neither labor nor management has a real incentive to produce. Socialization of Ruhr industry would go a long way toward taking the wind out of Communist sails, breaking the power of the German nationalist clique, and making responsible citizens out of the alternately indifferent or rebellious workers.

Apart from the Ruhr, Bavaria is preoccupied with Catholicism and hatred of Northern Germany, Hamburg sorrows after the shipping trade it has lost to Bremen, Schleswig-Holstein bemoans the two million refugees it has had to accommodate, and the French Zone lives to itself under expert exploitation by the French Military Government.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No doubt, this psychological particularism was in large part responsible for the reluctance of the Western Germans to form the government that the Western powers are willing to grant them. "Unity of Germany" is a powerful slogan, but unimaginative self-centeredness an equally strong reality.

The Socialists in Berlin

Is there any indication that Germany may one day become democratic? As under the Kaiser or the Weimar Republic, the German Social Democratic Party (SDP) constitutes the only solid democratic force in the country.

In the elections of October, 1946, the party that the Soviets wanted to eliminate polled almost half of the vote and has been gaining in strength ever since. Step for step, the SDP has defended Berlin against Communist terror by its vigorous and public protests, and has stiffened the Berliner's spine by passionate praise of liberty. SDP functionaries have been kidnaped by the Soviets, beaten by mobs of German Communists, and threatened or dismissed from jobs by both. The party has never compromised, and neither has Berlin.

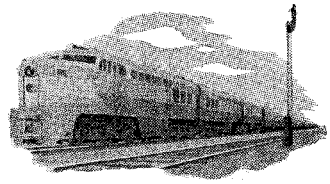
Certainly the Socialists have not carried the fight alone. Christian Democrats and Liberal Democrats, their bitter opponents in the West, are united with them in an anti-Communist front in the city government. No less credit goes to millions of Berliners for showing an almost baffling equanimity and astonishing stubbornness in the face of the Soviet blockade.

Life in Berlin has a frontier quality to it. It has its seamy side — corruption on the black market, vice and opportunism to a shocking degree. All this is overshadowed, however, by wide social mobility, deep friendships, comradely effort, a challenging atmosphere, intense and exhausting work, a breathless pace, and the ever present sense of participation in a vital, crucial effort. Berlin life draws no boundaries of age or nationality — only the one between East and West. To the Berliners, well, Berlin is still Berlin. Physically, the city is a wreck, but in spirit it is alive and well. Berlin today is the political, as Western Germany is the economic, key to the control of Europe.

More Horsepower per Foot of Space

Fairbanks-Morse Diesel Locomotives incorporate the basic advantages of the great Opposed-Piston engine . . . These include more power per foot of floor space, 40% fewer working parts, simplified maintenance and greater availability.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Chicago 5, Ill.



When it comes to locomotives . . .

FAIRBANKS-MORSE

A name worth remembering

DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES • DIESEL ENGINES • STOKERS • SCALES • MOTORS • GENERATORS
PUMPS • RAILROAD MOTOR CARS and STANDPIPES • FARM EQUIPMENT • MAGNETOS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Atomic Energy

It is a superhuman task to fit atomic energy into the conventional patterns of life. One case in point is the adjournment of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission sine die, with the decision to place before the entire 58-nation General Assembly in Paris this month the impasse which has resulted despite more than 200 meetings over a period of two years. President Truman's reluctant signing of the bill extending terms of the members of the United States Atomic Energy Commission for a standard two years instead of the varying periods of one to five years which he had urged, and which the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 had specified, is another.

The first of these events warns us that unless and until the nineteenth-century notion of national sovereignty is relaxed and liberalized in a major portion of the world, man's control of the staggering energy locked in the nucleus of the uranium atom will continue to be the occasion for an unrestrained race in devastating armament.

The second event — amendment of the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 to extend the terms of the commissioners for a flat two years — emphasizes that a full understanding of the value of continuity in administrative and policy-making responsibility in this nation's atomic energy operations has not yet been attained. It is true that the two-year extension avoided recess appointments — appointments which might have meant, given a Republican victory in November, the ousting of some or all of the commissioners in January. But it is equally true that the establishment of June 30, 1950, as the end point for all five terms can result at that time in the appointment of an entirely new group, without the valuable continuity of direction provided by staggered terms.

No strike at Oak Ridge

Meanwhile, in another area of the atomic energy undertaking, an event of a different order, yet possibly of more lasting significance, occurred. Outwardly it was no more than the settlement of a labor dispute through negotiation between the union and the company concerned, under the aegis of the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service — the sort of accomplishment which passes with little notice week by week. Intrinsically, however, the successful conclusion of the difference, without resort to a strike, represented definition of jurisdictions and the reconciliation of opposing convictions.

The signing of a new work contract between the AFL Atomic Trades & Labor Council, representing 875 employees of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory — otherwise known as X-10 — and of the Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corporation, which operates X-10 as contractor for the Atomic Energy Commission, formally ended the controversy. Providing an average wage increase of 15½ cents an hour over the previous average $1.38 an hour, and including vacation and other benefits, the contract is effective until June 18, 1949. Some six months of differences, with over three months of actual negotiation, preceded this solution.

X-10 is a research center possessing the only nuclear reactor and processing facilities capable of the safe and efficient production of radioisotopes in the kinds and amounts desired for utilization in medicine, chemistry, industry, and agriculture. It also produces special materials of importance to the general atomic energy program. The reactor is the most advanced form in the United States for research — one of the two in the world — and is used for both general research and special studies bearing on the plutonium production operations at the Hanford installations of the Commission.

Chemical, physical, metallurgical, and nuclear properties of uranium and plutonium are under study at X-10. Health physics — the biological effects of radiation — is another focus of X-10's work, as is chemical research looking toward process improvement. In coöperation with the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, in which educational and research institutions of the Southeastern states participate, X-10 shares in the training of much needed scientific personnel.

The 800-odd carpenters, plumbers, and other skilled craftsmen represented by the AFL Council, who are employed in the work of building, tearing down, rebuilding, altering, and maintaining the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

structures needed by scientists in experimental work and in the production of isotopes, obviously have a key position in this wide program — a position whose critical importance was recognized clearly by the union authorities.

The importance of the X-10 program to the total atomic energy effort was similarly recognized: by Carbide & Carbon in taking on the operation of X-10 as a patriotic duty at the direct request of the Commission; by the Commission in its declaration that a continuing work stoppage at X-10 would imperil the national safety; and by the President in invoking the Taft-Hartley Law and naming a board of inquiry, after whose report an injunction against a strike was issued, ensuring an 80-day period for further negotiation.

But the controversy at X-10, for its full implications to be gauged, must be viewed in yet another perspective — that of the total Oak Ridge undertaking and the labor-management arrangements extending through it. In addition to X-10, Oak Ridge includes the vast K-25 plant for the separation of uranium 235 by gaseous diffusion and the Y-12 plant for electromagnetic separation.

Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corporation was retained by the Manhattan Engineer District in 1942 to operate K-25. The corporation's present contract with the Atomic Energy Commission for the operation of the plant extends to 1951. In May, 1947, Y-12, also, became the operating responsibility of Carbide & Carbon, and in December, 1947, Carbide & Carbon agreed to become the contractor for operation of X-10 from March 1, 1948.

Thus by midspring the three Oak Ridge installations were under the management of the same contractor. The contractor, it should be noted, receives for its managerial and operative efforts a fixed fee which is not affected by subsequent changes in wages paid or in other costs of the operations.

The inequalities in pay

During the war, when security requirements among other factors militated against it, no effort to organize workers in the Oak Ridge installations was made by the American Federation of Labor or the Congress of Industrial Organizations. But in August, 1946, union elections were authorized. About 3000 of the 5400 employees at K-25 elected to join the CIO, which was certified as the bargaining agent by the National Labor Relations Board in September of that year. At Y-12 the vote was for no union. At X-10, with about 2400 employees, some 900 voted for representation by the AFL, which was certified in September. When Carbide & Carbon became operator of all three installations, they included the full gamut of possible union organization.

After the union elections in August, 1946, collective bargaining negotiations got under way, resulting in agreements at K-25 and X-10, which were made public in December, 1946, when the Atomic Energy Commission was in process of taking over responsibility from the Manhattan Engineer District. The AFL X-10 contract not only provided higher wage rates than those existing in the area for comparable work, but also included benefits — vacation, sick leave, insurance, and other provisions — not included in the CIO K-25 contract and not usual in the area.

This discrepancy grew out of the higher wages and better terms of employment which the government had offered in 1943 to induce men to work in the laboratory, in which it was believed they would be subject to radiation hazards of a largely unknown nature. The CIO and the K-25 contractor carried on extended negotiations during 1947 which resulted in an average wage increase of about 13½ cents an hour at K-25.

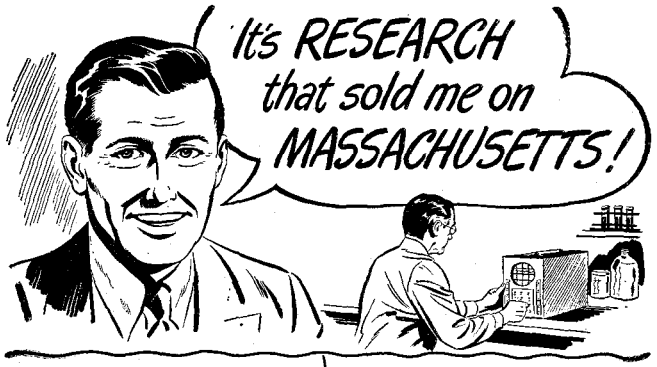
To label the X-10 problem as simply an aspect of the task of conversion from military operation in time of war to civil operation in time of peace is inaccurate and insufficient. For reasons implicit in the international impasse earlier referred to, the principal work of the United States atomic energy enterprise continues to be the production of weapons; and the urgency surrounding it, though different in kind, is just as important as it was when the original conditions of work were drawn up.

But the mystery has lessened, and the hazard from radiation has been objectively evaluated; thus, per million man-hours worked from January, 1944, to January, 1948, the number of individuals disabled at X-10 was two, at K-25 six, at Y-12 seven. In the chemical industry as a whole over a three-year period, ten individuals were disabled per million man-hours worked. Likewise, the isolation of working units under security had given place to industrial patterns more nearly resembling standard competitive practice, with due weight in the thinking of both management and labor.

The reconciliation

Negotiators for the company and for the union, the board of inquiry of the Federal Mediation

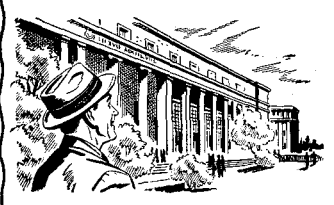
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Today, research holds the key to competitive advantage In Massachusetts I get unsurpassed research facilities "

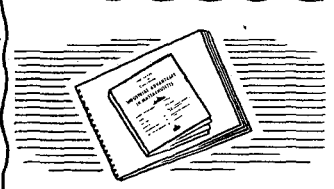
"Bay State control laboratories, by test and analysis, keep my product quality high, insure that substandard goods never reach the consumer."

"Consultant firms in every phase of industry solve production problems, analyze competitive products, help me develop new and better products "



"Outstanding universities and technical institutions make Massachusetts the world's foremost training ground for engineers "

"Even small business here can tap scientific talent no giant corporation could hire That's why I 'Make It In Massachusetts' "



An illustrated book will give you a wealth of factual material on Massachusetts as an industrial location. Write: Massachusetts Development and Industrial Commission S-Rm. 407A, State House, Boston 33, Massachusetts.

ONLY

MASSACHUSETTS

GIVES YOU ALL THREE

1 SKILLED, COOPERATIVE LABOR

2 UNEQUALLED RESEARCH FACILITIES

3 NEARNESS TO MAJOR MARKETS

and Conciliation Service, and the Commission all realized how much was at stake in this isolated dispute. For example, seeking inclusion in the contract of provision for voluntary arbitration of all disputes, the union renounced recourse to the traditional strike weapon. Its representative at one stage declared: "Recognizing our grave responsibility to the people and to the government of this country, and our equity in this plant, we wrote *in our contract a clause called 'continuity of operation'* which would not permit the union under any circumstances to have a strike, a slow-down, a stoppage of work, or a sympathy strike of any nature whatsoever."

The company differed with the union's position, holding that there should be a stated time limit on negotiation, after which discussions on wages must cease. Then, either the workers would have to continue under the existing wage scale or the union could exercise its economic power as it does in any industry and call a strike.

That the company's position, like the union's, was based on a lively sense of public responsibility was plain in the company's reasons for declining to submit certain disputed provisions to arbitration: "The basic wage rates and other working conditions, benefits, and privileges of employees substantially affect the cost of operations. If the company were to agree voluntarily to relinquish to an arbitrator the determination of these basic cost factors, it would constitute a serious impairment of management's control over economical and efficient operation."

Government refuses to interfere

The Atomic Energy Commission, urged by the union to intervene and require settlement of the dispute through arbitration, stood by its hard-thought policy that the long-range public interest demands the full integration of the growing atomic energy industry into the broad pattern of major American industrial enterprise, and that therefore, for the fostering of initiative and responsibility, there must not be interference with managerial prerogatives when these are properly administered. It declined to go farther than to review the company's offered contract, which it found not unreasonable or unwarranted.

Significance lies in the fact that agreement was reached, from such opposed points of view; that the union declared against the strike as a matter of public interest; that the company held to its prerogatives, not in order to augment its return (which is fixed) but as a way to economy and efficiency, treating taxpayers' dollars with the same care as stockholders' dollars; and that government, in the person of the Commission, avoided action which might serve to involve government in business. Thus heartening progress was made on the task of bringing into being a vast industry based on a government monopoly, but bringing it into being within the framework of collective bargaining and free enterprise.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You, gentlemen, are regular readers of the Atlantic.

You have seen other readers of the Atlantic on your own ships—and probably, whether you recognized them or not, a lot of them.

For all Atlantic readers are people like *yourselves*. They are intelligent, mature, well-to-do and—great travelers the year 'round!

The replies to a recent survey give dazzling proof of this statement.

56% of them have been to various parts of Europe. 20% to Bermuda. 27% to the West Indies. Even the Far East has been visited by every tenth person who replied to our study and one out of every six has enjoyed Hawaii. The *average* vacation expenditure of the Atlantic reader who planned to go abroad this year was just under $1500.

And where these people go, others follow!—because Atlantic readers are the kind who influence the thinking and actions, the habits and preferences of others. Yes, it takes only a dozen or two Atlantic readers to make a steamship famous!

Do you want these discerning people on your steamers? You can reach them with least waste, at the least cost through your own favorite magazine and theirs—the Atlantic.

If you agree that we are talking sense, pass this message along to your Director of Advertising or Promotion. Ask him to write us for further information and *particularly* for our recent survey, "Travel Habits of the Atlantic Audience". The Atlantic Monthly, 8 Arlington Street, Boston 16, Massachusetts.

To

6 readers

of the

Atlantic

who are also . . .

Presidents . . . of

steamship companies

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington

WHETHER the Truman-Barkley ticket has a chance this year is a question that has become less important than that of the future of the Democratic Party. It is usual for a political party to show decay and division after a long run of office. But the fissure in the Democratic Party is not explicable by sixteen years of power. Here is a historical and inevitable break on doctrine, and a seemingly permanent break. For the first time there was no South-North compromise in the party platform. A revolt of the Southern states'-righters against the federalization of Democratic doctrine met a counterrevolt from the federalists, and the counterrevolters won.

President Truman's civil rights message to Congress grew out of the Report of the Committee on Civil Rights which he appointed in December, 1946. The chairman was one of our top businessmen, Charles E. Wilson, head of the General Electric Company, a man who has the convictions of a Garrison.

The Committee's Report was a historic document. It cited four basic rights as essential to the well-being of the individual and to the progress of society: the right to safety and security of the person; the right to citizenship and its privileges; the right to freedom of conscience and expression; and the right to equality of opportunity. The Report was an indictment of the way the nation has fallen short of these requirements. "The pervasive gap between our aims and what we actually do," the Report stated, "is creating a kind of moral dry rot which eats away at the emotional and rational bases of democratic belief."

Most of the suggestions in the President's civil rights message fell in the category of legitimate Federal undertakings. That is certainly true of the plan to build up the civil rights division in the Department of Justice and to establish a permanent Commission on Civil Rights to serve as a sort of national conscience in this important area of public education and policy-making.

There may, of course, be some question as to whether existing agencies might not suffice for policy-making. It has been suggested, for instance, that the problem might be met by changing the names of the committees handling legislation on this subject to "The Committees on the Judiciary and Civil Rights." But there was no dissent from the general proposal, though there was no follow-through from the White House in the shape of specific legislation.

Freedom of economic opportunity is intended to be safeguarded by the setting up of a Fair Employment Practices Commission. Governor Dewey has such a commission in New York, which is said to be working well. The movement for a Federal statute grew out of the executive commission which functioned during the war years, when it would have been almost impossible to do without it.

Few people, doubtless, would object to the prohibition of discrimination in interstate transport facilities. But a violent argument raged over the President's plea for Federal anti-lynching and anti-poll-tax legislation. Even non-Southerners question whether Congress would be well advised, in dealing with either problem, to invade the states. Senator Ferguson suggested one way around the constitutional difficulty with reference to anti-lynching legislation. His proposed bill is drawn with scrupulous regard for constitutional limitations, and in this respect differs markedly from the Case bill in the House.

Wanted: a cheap house

Figures for the six-month period ending June 30 show that the building industry is at the peak of performance. Thirty-five per cent more has been spent on construction in 1948 than in the corresponding period in 1947. The industry is fully occupied, with demand so great that the pressure has forced prices to astronomical heights. The Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill, which Mr. Truman is pressing for, would pump more credit into the industry by guaranteeing home mortgages up to 90 per cent of current construction costs on single-family dwellings.

Would this new credit produce the needed houses, in view of the present condition of the building

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industry? Clearly not. What it would most assuredly do is force the cost of new houses still higher. Many families in congested areas want small houses at a price they can afford. For this purpose the materials are short, though the lack is being made good rapidly. Reforms in building codes and labor practice have been urgent for a long time, but there is no hope of improvement in the immediate future.

Competition for men and materials could be reduced by retarding public construction, and the lessening of demand would help bring prices down. There is, of course, no possibility of control through a sort of Public Issues Board, but something could surely be done by agreement among the states.

Dollars for deficits

Discussions in Europe over the bilateral agreements governing Marshall aid produced some resentment here. To be sure, the initial draft was clumsily drawn, but it was put together so that every contingency should be met, preparatory to screening by all the authorities concerned. The trouble was that too many copies were made and the original draft was regarded abroad as the final document. There were howls against the wording, which was on the brusque side, and against the conditions.

The phraseology in due course was toned down; some of the objectionable clauses were deleted; but the grumbling against the conditions persisted. Actually the conditions in the bilateral agreements were lifted from the conditions that the participating governments themselves proposed in response to the Marshall initiative.

The enthusiasm about the Marshall Plan seems to have cooled off somewhat in Europe. The Plan appears to be regarded as a dollar-providing device for covering Europe's deficits in international payments. Any such device would do nothing to put Europe on its economic feet. It would leave Europe dependent on America. European reconstruction requires more than grants of consumer goods, more than shopping lists for individual nations. It calls for capital provided on loan by America, and projects agreed upon by the nations of Europe for the common benefit of the whole continent. But along this line there has been little activity as yet.

ECA Administrator Paul G. Hoffman would like to see the Organization for European Economic Coöperation in Paris set up a group which would screen all programs of aid. That, of course, would require a delegation of sovereignty — a delegation that the Europeans have not yet faced. They have also failed to set up a program for the four years. The various nations in Europe have scheduled only their own individual requirements for the next quarter. ECA would like the Europeans to act together on allocations instead of letting them be made by Averell Harriman. If the Americans do it, the hope of an integration of European economies would go glimmering.

Residence
ELEVATORS

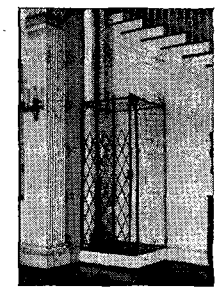
INCLIN-ATOR

For use on straight stairs; does not interfere with customary use of stairs. Seat folds against wall when not in use. Easily installed; operates from lighting system.

"Elevette"

Can be installed in stair well, hall, corner of room, or closet. No overhead machinery; shaft enclosures not essential. Car has solid panels or open mesh grille as desired; made any size or shape up to wheelchair capacity. Electric operation.

Full information and name of nearest representative will be sent on request.



INCLINATOR CO. OF AMERICA
Originators and Manufacturers of Simplified Passenger Lifts for Homes
2212 Paxton Boulevard Harrisburg, Pa.

HOW CAN I BECOME A SUCCESSFUL WRITER?
This is the answer . . .

IF you have natural talent, success at writing is best achieved by *writing continually*, as famous writers have done, in the face of discouragement. Many famous writers made their start with the help of some sympathetic writer or editor who criticised what they had done, showed them how to improve it.

Now, YOU can learn writing in the same way — by working at home, in spare time, under the sympathetic direction of a successful writer or editor.

THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN

The Magazine Institute, a private school completely staffed and operated by experienced writers and editors, offers you an up-to-the-minute practical course in writing. You are given regular writing tasks, suited to your aims and ability, which are designed to get you started and keep you writing. All your work is returned with detailed, friendly comment. You ask all the questions you like. You proceed as rapidly or as slowly as you desire. You concentrate on fiction, non-fiction or journalism — whatever you are best fitted to do. Before long, you are preparing stories, articles, short sketches for publication in a professional manner.

WE SELL YOUR MANUSCRIPTS

When your work is ready to be offered to magazines or publishing houses, one of the experienced writers on our staff submits it with a *personal* recommendation to the market where it seems most likely to sell. Our constant contacts with the book and magazine world enable us to pass along to you valuable tips and to provide up-to-the-minute market information.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET TODAY

▶ Write for the FREE catalog describing the Magazine Institute plan and providing other information of value to beginning writers. Inquirers also receive the BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, which lists unsolicited testimonials from successful Magazine Institute students. Fill out the coupon below and mail it NOW.

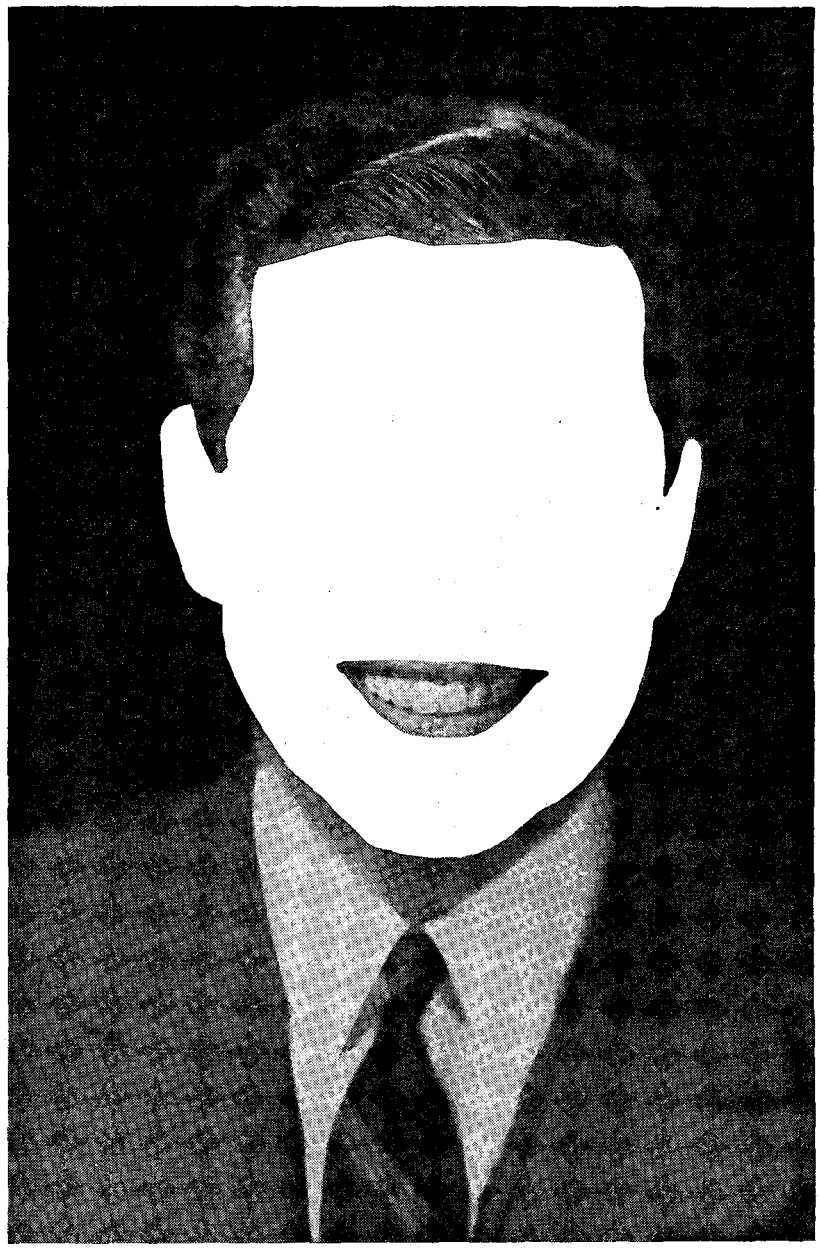
VETERANS:
THIS COURSE APPROVED FOR VETERANS' TRAINING

THE MAGAZINE INSTITUTE, INC., *Dept. 19*
50 Rockefeller Plaza, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.
Please send, without obligation, your current catalog to:

Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....*Zone*.....*State*.....
Inquiries Confidential, No Salesmen Will Call • ☐ Check here if eligible under G.I. Bill

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO IS THE SMILING MAN?



CLUES

1.
His children's education is as good as paid for.

2.
He's moving into his dream house in 1958.

3.
He's going to get $4 back for every $3 he invests today, after 10 years.

4.
He's helping his country and himself, at one and the same time.

ANSWER: The Smiling Man is the man who invests regularly in U. S. Savings Bonds. What he has done—actually—is to guarantee his own future, to insure the security and happiness of his family.

Every Savings Bond you buy will stretch your smile a little further. They're the wisest investment you can make, today—they pay you back $4 for $3 after ten years, and that's a promise by Uncle Sam!

What's more, every dollar you invest in Savings Bonds is helping to fight inflation over here, helping to maintain democracy over there.

If you draw a salary, enroll in the easy, painless, *automatic* Payroll Savings Plan.

Or, if you aren't on a payroll but have a checking account, use the equally convenient Bond-A-Month Plan.

Inquire today about these sure, profitable savings plans. *And watch your smile grow along with your savings!*

AUTOMATIC SAVING IS SURE SAVING — U.S. SAVINGS BONDS

Contributed by this magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America as a public service.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sweden

THERE is a great deal of excitement in these normally placid parts. In her own small way Sweden is involved in exactly the same three burning issues as America: foreign affairs, the threat of inflation, and the coming elections. Indeed, there is another point of similarity as far as the elections are concerned. The Social Democrats have now held office since 1932 (except for three months in the summer of 1936), and in Per Albin Hansson, who died late in 1946, they had a leader whose towering personality dominated the whole country.

Just as in America, therefore, the elections are offering the opposition the first real chance of throwing out of office a party that has had the monopoly of government for sixteen years and can no longer rely on the magnetic power of "the old master" to gain votes. Both foreign affairs and the financial crisis are being used to the utmost in the campaign, by government and opposition alike.

To understand the violent character of the polemics which have arisen around Swedish foreign policy, it is necessary to place the whole matter in a certain historical perspective. Sweden has not taken part in any war since the days of Napoleon, and though all thinking Swedes know that they owe this record of unbroken peace largely to circumstances beyond their own control, they are nevertheless inhibited by the idea of "neutrality." The word is a misnomer, because in neither the First nor the Second World War did Sweden pursue a genuine policy of neutrality.

The main difference between her position during 1914–1918 and that of 1939–1945 is that in the first war Sweden's pro-German sympathies were tempered by her respect for and fear of Great Britain; whereas in the second, her sympathies for Britain and the democracies were tempered by her fear of and respect for Germany. In both conflicts the Swedes pursued a policy of opportunism.

Hatred and fear of Russia — the traditional enemy — are constant in Swedish politics. Russo-German collaboration in 1939–1941 and Britain's alliance with Russia after 1941 presented the Swedes with a bewildering situation. Not less bewildering have been the vagaries of America's foreign policy, and especially of American intervention where Swedish-Russian relations are concerned. It is an open secret that during the war American official representatives in Stockholm exercised the strongest pressure to secure a more favorable Swedish attitude towards the Soviet Union as a fighting ally of the democracies. But when, in 1946, the Swedes concluded a trade agreement with the Russians, granting them a billion-krona credit, they received a stiff American reprimand.

This trade agreement, incidentally, has not brought about the evil results predicted by the prophets of gloom. The Russians have been very slow in placing their orders, which only total about 300 million kronor, and have not made any trouble about the small volume of deliveries, which amount to barely 30 million. On the other hand, the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia and the treaty of friendship and mutual assistance imposed by the U.S.S.R. on Finland have convinced some Swedes that Sweden and even Norway may be invaded by the Russians any moment.

So when Ernest Bevin in his speech of January 22 suggested the creation of closer ties between "the kindred souls of the West," he started a nation-wide debate in Sweden. The quarrel is not only between those who want Sweden to join Western Union at once and those who cling to the traditional notion of "neutrality" (no commitments at any price), but also between both those groups on the one hand and the government on the other.

Will Sweden choose sides?

The government's contribution to the debate has been to substitute a revived form of inter-Scandinavian coöperation for both these policies. Speaking in the Riksdag on February 5, the Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Östen Undén, made it clear that Sweden was not going to be driven to "choose sides." "The government is convinced," he said, "that an overwhelming majority of the Swedish people do not want to join any great power bloc either by an open alliance or by silent understanding on joint military action in the event of a conflict."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dr. Undén and his colleagues then turned to the perennial business of inter-Scandinavian coöperation. This theoretically attractive idea never worked in practice. The Second World War showed how diverse the positions of the Scandinavian countries could become virtually overnight. Norway was invaded and became a fighting ally; Denmark was likewise invaded and was an ally in all but name; on the other hand, Finland fought on Germany's side; Iceland was occupied by British and American troops; Sweden alone had the good fortune to escape being drawn into the conflict.

This disparity in experience, in effort, and in the feelings created cannot be brushed aside easily. Nevertheless, since the end of hostilities many attempts have been made to re-establish the vaunted inter-Scandinavian coöperation. In such practical fields as civil aviation it has been possible for the Swedish, Norwegian, and Danish airlines to merge into the jointly owned Scandinavian Airlines System. But in the wider field of politics and economics it is impossible to get beyond pious hopes and meaningless platitudes.

Scandinavian bloc or Western Union?

After Czechoslovakia, the Prime Ministers of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden met in Stockholm and agreed in condemning the Communist peril. But when it came to the vexatious question of a joint foreign policy, all the old obstacles re-emerged with new vigor. True, the Swedish Foreign Minister, at the Annual Congress of the Social Democratic Party, went so far as to suggest defensive arrangements between the Scandinavian countries. But he made it conditional on the Scandinavian group's remaining outside any other groupings of powers.

Since the Danish and Norwegian Prime Ministers were present at this congress, it was assumed that agreement had been reached at long last. This assumption turned out to be wrong, and Halvard M. Lange, the Norwegian Foreign Minister, has since made a speech defining his country's policy.

"There cannot be the least doubt," he said, "that Norway is a part of West Europe, geographically, economically, and culturally, and that Norway is and will continue to be a West European democracy. . . . Very weighty reasons would be necessary before we chose a line that might separate us from Denmark and Sweden or from one of them. On the other hand, we must realize that the military-political problems of the three northern countries are not identical, and that this fact can cause certain difficulties in the work of achieving a common solution." In other words, Norway has little use for Dr. Undén's plan of armed neutrality, and has of her own free will thrown in her lot with Britain, or indeed the whole of Western Union.

Even Denmark, the weakest of the three Scandinavian countries, has no illusions about the practical aid she could receive from Sweden if invaded, or about the chances of neutrality. Moreover, the Danish Foreign Minister, Gustav Rasmussen, like his Norwegian colleague, feels drawn to the Western powers rather than Scandinavian isolationism.

Inflation and taxes taunt the Swedes

Next in violence are the polemics around the financial crisis, which set in nearly two years ago, became particularly acute during 1947, and is showing no signs of subsiding. The gold reserves of the Riksbank, which in June, 1945, approximated two billion kronor, amounted to only 600 million by June, 1947, and have dropped to about 350 million now. The U.S. dollar reserve in the same period has dropped from 456 million to a mere 18 million.

Hardly a day passes without news of fresh restrictions, growing difficulties, and the further widening both of the balance of payments gap and the inflationary gap. It is the old, old story of too much money chasing too few goods, yet government legislation continuously tends to increase spendable incomes through the huge expansion of social welfare benefits, suspension of the sales tax, and a far-reaching redistribution of the general tax burden in favor of lower income groups.

Thus purchasing power is constantly growing in the hands of those who consume practically all their income, while increased taxes on the comparatively small number of people in the higher income brackets tend to reduce not their consumption but their savings. Production is not increasing to any considerable extent, and the situation is further adversely affected by rising wages.

People grouse about excessive taxation, rationing, the export and import licensing system, and the frequent manifestations of faulty planning by the government. But the truth of the matter is that, with the solitary exception of Switzerland, there isn't another nation in Europe that is enjoying as much freedom and relative prosperity as Sweden. The elections in September will show whether the Swedes want to preserve their liberty and national wealth by continuing along the "Middle Way," or whether they want to gamble them away by deviations to the left or to the right.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ATLANTIC Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Two Replies to C. B. Baldwin

SIR:

When Henry A. Wallace turned over to his campaign manager, C. B. Baldwin (Atlantic Repartee, August), the responsibility of answering my article concerning him in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, it seems to me he confirmed the facts I cited in support of my regretful thesis that his mind is presently a divided one.

The character of Mr. Baldwin's reply likewise bulwarks that thesis. He fails to answer any of the substantial evidence I adduce, but resorts instead to a pitiful conglomeration of propaganda and personal vilification of me.

He lists his contention that Wallace's current ghost writer, Lew Frank, Jr., was an ardent interventionist in 1939–1941 in contrast to my assertion that Mr. Frank was a "Peace Mobilizer till Hitler moved against Russia." This is Mr. Baldwin's first argument backing his claim that I am a character assassin. My reply is that my information regarding Mr. Frank came from individuals who knew him well in this period and in whom I have confidence.

Mr. Baldwin next denies that he or Wallace's campaign treasurer, Clark Foreman, was ready to throw Wallace overboard a few weeks before the 1944 Democratic Convention or that he saw President Roosevelt in that period to canvass possible substitutes. My reply is that Mr. Foreman's attempt to persuade me to abandon Wallace when I ran into Mr. Foreman one day during this period in the Riggs National Bank at 15th Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C., was accompanied by so politically impractical a proposal it became the subject of a telephone conversation that day between one of the President's administrative assistants and me.

Mr. Foreman's extraordinary proposal was that we all unite behind Justice Hugo Black as the dark horse to supplant Wallace. As to Mr. Baldwin's participation in a conference at the White House to consider the matter of a substitute for Wallace, my information on that came from the above-mentioned telephone conversation with an administrative assistant of the President. I note that Mr. Baldwin is careful to say that he did not see President Roosevelt in person from the time he (Mr. Baldwin) left the government in 1943 till Roosevelt's inauguration in 1945. It is possible that I deduced from the conversation with the administrative assistant that the White House conference was with the President when, in fact, he may not have been present. But of the fact that such a conference took place, as reported to me by the administrative assistant, there can be no doubt. Furthermore, every politically awake reporter knew that CIO President Philip Murray had to crack down on Sidney Hillman, Mr. Baldwin, *et al.*, to keep them in line for Wallace.

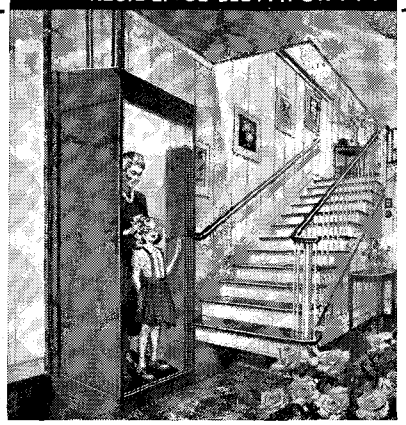
In his reply to my article Mr. Baldwin then accuses me of misinterpreting the section of Wallace's November 8, 1942, Congress of American-Soviet Friendship speech dealing with his doubts concerning "political or bill-of-rights democracy." I challenge any disinterested student to read that section in its context in that speech and arrive at any other conclusion than the one I came to.

Mr. Baldwin accuses me of chauvinism or Ku Klux Klanism because I list the $10,000 contribution and $25,000 pledge of the Greek-American Committee and the Armenian-American Committee to Wallace. The simple truth is I cited them because they were the largest single items I found in the one serious effort by a responsible newspaper reporter, Howard Norton of the Baltimore *Sun*, to analyze the sums and sources of money for the Wallace campaign. That Mr. Baldwin makes such absurd and reckless accusations is testimony to the distorted state of mind of Wallace's campaign management. The same is true of his similar accusation when I quote old-time politicians in Washington as telling me much of Wallace's support will come from rural church people whom the old-timers call "river Baptists."

Mr. Baldwin's only answer to my listing of concrete episodes indicating Wallace's inadequacy on the Negro problem is to quote a paragraph from Wallace's speech to the 1944 Democratic Convention and to say that I purposely omitted mention of the Farm Security Administration in this connection. At no point does Mr. Baldwin take up a single one of the episodes. Respecting my failure to mention FSA specifically, I assume that when I say Wallace's handling of the sharecropper problem invited the criticism of Walter White, guiding spirit of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SHEPARD
Home LIFT
The AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC RESIDENCE ELEVATOR . . .

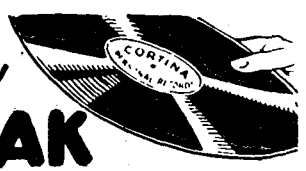


BRIGHTENS THE LIVES OF SHUT-INS

No longer need the aged or infirm be confined up-stairs. HomeLIFT will transform a house of two or more floors into a one floor home. Safe, dependable and easily installed in old or new houses. Costs less to run than a radio and operates from the light circuit. Extensively used throughout the nation. Write for catalog.

SHEPARD
ELEVATOR COMPANY
2436 Colerain Ave., Cincinnati 14, Ohio
Representatives in Principal Cities

Listen to this Record!



SPEAK SPANISH
FRENCH, GERMAN, OR ITALIAN

Big opportunities awaiting Americans who speak Spanish. Learn as a child learns—"by listening" to these brand-new CORTINA recordings.

ONLY 15 MINUTES A DAY

COUNT CORTINA

Learn to speak Spanish like a native! The **Cortinaphone** Method **famous for 65 years** teaches you—right in your own home, relaxed and at ease. Thousands have found it the most fascinating, most satisfactory method. Here is the quick, easy way to learn Spanish for **Pleasure and Business.** Investigate!

Sent on 5 Days' Approval

"The Cortina Short-Cut" tells just what you want to know. Interesting. It's free! Get it!

Spanish Course Available Under G. I. BILL OF RIGHTS

Write today —NOW!

CORTINA ACADEMY
(Language Specialists for 65 Years)
Suite 499, 105 West 40th St., New York 18, N. Y.

Please send me—without obligation—your free booklet. I am interested in (mark):

☐ SPANISH ☐ FRENCH ☐ ITALIAN ☐ GERMAN

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Check here if you are a Veteran

will understand that this embraces the FSA. Mr. Baldwin is somewhat less than candid in failing to point out that Wallace didn't lift a finger when Senators McKellar, Byrd, and others were attacking the FSA for allowing a portion of the grants to sharecroppers to be used for the payment of poll taxes. Roosevelt's support of this policy in response to the McKellar-Byrd attack was obtained, as Mr. Baldwin well knows, by Presidential Secretary Marvin McIntyre and the writer of this letter.

It serves no purpose further to attempt to take apart Mr. Baldwin's depressing mass of unresponsive assertions, exhortations, and accusations. My objective in writing the article was to give at least some hint of the nature of the man who is leading the New Party crusade. That man, a vegetarian by conviction and faith till his role as Secretary of Agriculture brought him into close contact with the political realities of the cattle interests, is a shining symbol to multitudes of high-minded and public-spirited citizens. He and those who are in his close circle of advisers and friends deserve to be studied in this tragic epoch of man's history. Mr. Baldwin, as such a one, has furnished more data by his reply to me.

GARDNER JACKSON
Cotuit, Mass.

SIR:

The political realities which Mr. Wallace sees here in Illinois, and those which exist in fact, bear no resemblance to one another. As Mr. Baldwin reports it, Mr. Wallace sees the issue here as a fight against the Democratic machine. And this, in his present state of mind, becomes a synonym for a fight against Paul Douglas.

It would be useless to recall the times when Mr. Wallace courted that same machine. It would be useless, too, to list the times his representatives here tried to strike a bargain with the machine. And it would also be useless to recall that when I was elected to the Chicago City Council as an independent, Mr. Wallace's present aides used every means to block that election.

Proof — in massive amounts — exists for all these facts. But they have only historical interest now. Now, the contest in Illinois is not against the Democratic machine. If Mr. Wallace had been reading the papers, he would know that that fight was fought and won within the party over two years ago — and it was won without aid from Mr. Wallace or his present representatives here.

The simple fact of the matter is that the Democratic Party of Illinois, under revitalized leadership, is closer to the spirit of Franklin Roosevelt than at any other time in its history. The action of the Illinois delegation at the Democratic Convention — where it was in the forefront of the struggle for every liberal and progressive measure — broadly and proudly underscores this fact.

If Mr. Wallace is really concerned with the "political realities" of the situation in Illinois, if he really wants a progressive victory in this state, then he can gain it by a simple action. He can withdraw the third-party candidates from Illinois elections.

He can withdraw them in the face of these facts; political power in this state is in the hands of an entrenched, reactionary Republican machine whose works make all the vices of the old Democratic machine appear to be the traits of angels. Here in Illinois — as the whole nation knows — that Republican machine is dominated by Colonel McCormick of the Chicago *Tribune*. And as the nation also knows, his mouthpiece in the United States Senate is C. Wayland Brooks, my opponent in the November elections.

Yet, in the face of this, Mr. Wallace and his associates have entered a third-party candidate for United States Senator by which they mean to split the liberal vote and throw the election to Senator Brooks, whose reactionary record studs the pages of the *Congressional Record*. I realize, of course, that this program of the Wallace leaders is not confined to Illinois. Wherever progressive Democratic candidates are up for election — whether it's in Illinois, New York, California, or Minnesota — it is there that the Wallace leaders have concentrated their own strength. In all these cases, they mean to enter their third-party candidates — or have already done so — not to save the forces of progressivism in this country, but to kill it off. And while they do this, they hiss "Phony Liberal!" at any true progressive who calls them to account for what their nihilism will yield.

They do all this in the name of a "higher realism." It is the kind of realism which led the Communists in Germany to hope for the triumph of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hitler in 1932. It is the kind of realism which led the Communists in Italy to turn over to Mussolini lists of moderate Socialists. It is the kind of realism which finds the Communists in France working for the triumph of a De Gaulle. It is the kind of realism which once again finds the *Daily Worker* and the Chicago *Tribune* speaking identical language, as they did in 1941, prior to the Nazi attack on Russia. It is the kind of "higher realism" which finds the reactionary left making common cause with the reactionary right everywhere, in the hope of precipitating the disasters on which they both feed.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS
Chicago, Ill.

I Personally—

SIR:

I read with interest the "case of the disappearing automobile" (Accent on Living, July *Atlantic*). With a few more facts I believe the answer could be arrived at. This letter, however, concerns the mirage of which you speak. You refer to certain islands which appear as a mirage and you say: "These islands will not show up in a photograph." I am of the opinion that whatever the eye can see the camera can record. A mirage is not a mental illusion or a figment of the imagination, but a very substantial recorded image on the retina. It can be photographed.

JULIUS SUMNER MILLER
New Orleans, La.

It is our understanding that island mirages disappear when one looks at them through a telescope and that a camera lens sufficiently powerful to reach the horizon will find no island to record on the film.—THE EDITOR

SIR:

I read David L. Graham's "Drownings Unlimited" in the July Accent on Living yesterday. I feel it is my Cavalier duty to write you that the University of Virginia is one institution of higher learning where the spirit of American Water Polo is kept alive — and thus to enter that further claim to lasting fame for our school.

On the day of my first acquaintance with the sport, I was still unable to swim more than two yards or to stay above water longer than twenty seconds. Mr. Graham passes over the importance of the gutters all too hurriedly. Through ignorance, I had no fear of the game, but I did have an understandable hesitancy about any energetic movement which might endanger the maintenance of my upright walking posture, which was my favorite position while in the water. Therefore, when our instructor-referee-coach splashed the ball in midstream, I lagged considerably behind my teammates, close to the secure masonry, to which I could cling in time of peril. In the heat of the first few minutes of play, our captain, seeing me in a strategic position, shouted these amazing words: "Keep the goal." My fortune was made.

I suppose I kept the goal quite well. Our team was strong on defense, and on the rare occasions when an opponent came anywhere near me, he had so many of our men hanging from him that a goalkeeper could only have got in the way.

Each class after that, I followed purposely the tactics that I had learned accidentally; and each day I was honored in the same manner. To the instructor's query of "Why aren't you out there playing?" I would always thrash around and announce in a businesslike way, "I keep the goal," and imply, "That is a public trust." Since the class was a large one, this explanation would pacify him, and he would turn to more important matters.

JOHN R. ROBERSON
Roanoke, Va.

SIR:

I do not intend to defend Courtenay Terrett's "The Saddle," but as Miss Sandoz criticized it in detail (Repartee, July *Atlantic*), obviously to impress people with her wisdom of Western ways, I'd like to point out a mistake she made *right in her punch line!*

She wrote (eighth paragraph) "*before* hooking the tugs to the doubletrees." I'd like to add to Miss Sandoz's store of information on matters Western by informing her that tugs are not hooked to doubletrees. It is quite impossible, Miss Sandoz, for doubtletrees have no hooks on them. It is the singletrees which the tugs are hooked to. The singletrees are semi-permanently fastened to the doubletree (singular) by a clevis or other attachment. I have lived in the West awhile too.

Shame on you, Terrett, for missing the trick.

C. L. COREY, JR.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Wherever you go—

NATIONAL CITY BANK TRAVELERS CHECKS

mean instant recognition as well as safe, spendable currency

What's in a name? There is a world of meaning in that name, "The National City Bank of New York"... engraved on your travelers checks.

It means you are sure of immediate, courteous recognition wherever you present them ... in the smart restaurants of New York, Nice or Rio ... at railroad, airline and steamship offices, at shops or hotels in the United States or abroad.

It means that everywhere you go your travel funds are *safe* as well as spendable. In case of loss or theft, you get a prompt refund. Cost only 75c per $100. In denominations of $10, $20, $50 and $100. Ask for them at your bank or at any National City Bank Branch.

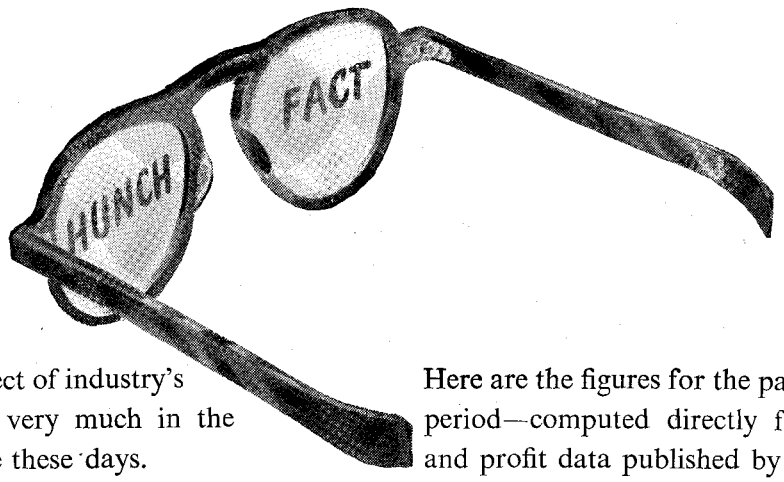
NCB

TRAVELERS CHECKS

BACKED BY
THE NATIONAL CITY BANK
OF NEW YORK
First in World Wide Banking
Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A lot depends on which lens they look through



The subject of industry's profits is very much in the public eye these days.

When viewed through the lens of *hunch*, these profits frequently appear greatly distorted.

For example, a recent nation-wide poll revealed that a great many people have a hunch industry's profits average as high as 25 cents out of each dollar of sales. When asked what they thought would be a *fair* profit for business to make, most of these same people said *from 10 to 15 cents* out of each dollar. But when viewed through the clear lens of *fact*, it develops that industry averages *less than half that much profit.*

Here are the figures for the past 10-year period—computed directly from sales and profit data published by the U. S. Department of Commerce:

Profit Margins on Sales
All Manufacturing Corporations:

1938.....2.3%	1943.....3.9%
1939.....5.2%	1944.....3.6%
1940.....5.8%	1945.....3.3%
1941.....6.2%	1946.....5.0%
1942.....4.5%	1947(*First 9 mos.*)6.2%

Furthermore, about half the profit industry does make is plowed right back into business to help pay for the development that brings more goods, more jobs, and greater security for all.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF MANUFACTURERS

For a Better Tomorrow for Everybody

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The son of a former Canadian lumberman, JOHN J. ROWLANDS *took to the woods at an early age. For six years he prospected for gold in upper Ontario and Quebec. After prospecting came newspaper work with the United Press, and then his present administrative duties at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Recently when the old call to the northlands became irresistible, he joined forces with his friends Henry B. Kane and Fred Watriss, and together they headed for Hudson Bay. Out of their trips has come that vivid book,* Cache Lake Country.

CAMERAS ON HUDSON BAY

by JOHN J. ROWLANDS

OVER and over again in the darkness on the riverbank high above us the Indian women were calling "Cheechoo . . . Cheechoo . . . Jimmy Cheechoo?" Their voices, like the flashing of the fireflies, came from unexpected directions, now near, now further away, in a clear and pleasant cadence. It was almost a chant.

"Cheechoo . . . Cheechoo . . . Cheechoo?"

It was nearing midnight, and although the earth on top of the bank still gave up some of the heat stored by the day's sun, down where the canoes were beached in the soft clay of the Moose River a quickening breeze picked up the chill of the water and helped to blow the mosquitoes away. Behind us lay Moosonee, the end of the railroad near James Bay, its location marked now by the doleful chorus of howling sled dogs chained to stakes among the Indian tents. Ahead to the east on an island near the mouth of the river was Moose Factory, one of the oldest posts of the Hudson's Bay Company.

We (meaning the artist and photographer Henry B. Kane, Fred Watriss of M.I.T., and myself) had come north to photograph wildlife. I was to learn that when a photographer goes into the field he follows the plan of a girl on her summer holidays — he takes something suitable for every conceivable occasion, with extras for anything else that may happen. The big aluminum-bound plywood camera case that our man carried was lovingly built to guard two thousand dollars' worth of equipment from dust, moisture, and baggagemen. Its black velvet lined interior was like a jewel case. There were padded slots and compartments for every piece of auxiliary equipment, and a special section for a 4 x 5 Brand view camera with a Zeiss Tessar f 4.5 lens, which he used for general work. He also carried a versatile hair-triggered $2\frac{1}{4}$ x $3\frac{1}{4}$ Speed Graphic, with an f 4.5 Ektar lens, for shots when he must take the light and the subjects as they come, and compose and expose in a wink.

In the afterglow of the long sub-Arctic twilight, several Indian women squatting in the 24-foot freight canoe loomed up as shapeless humps, and beyond, standing in the water, a young Cree held the stern against the current. A baby whimpered in its moss bag laced to a backboard, and the young mother crooned softly in Cree, slowly twisting her shoulders from side to side to comfort it.

One by one the heavily laden canoes were pushed out into the stream, and as the men struggled to get them off the beach the women left behind on the bank started their pleading chant again.

"Cheechoo . . . Cheechoo . . . Chee-c-h-o-o!"

A young Hudson's Bay clerk, who scrambled aboard at the last minute, chuckled when he explained: "They always want to travel in Cheechoo's canoe. He's respected as the best canoeman at the post — knows the river better than any Cree in the Moose Band."

Copyright 1948, by The Atlantic Monthly Company, Boston 16, Mass. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Driven along by a powerful outboard motor clamped to its flattened stern, the canoe shouldered the current, twisting and turning as Jimmy Cheechoo sensed the meanderings of the channel. In the bow a young Cree sounded continually by thrusting a paddle ahead of the canoe. He grunted something in Cree when the blade hit bottom. Once when the fin of the propeller shaft touched, the engine coughed convulsively and then, clearing its throat, resumed its explosive chatter. Near the end of our crossing to Moose Factory we stopped to let the Indian women go ashore to their camp, and soon afterwards we rounded the end of Factory Island and saw the lights of the post ahead.

2

The man who in the early days of the company would have been called factor of Moose Factory (but who now carries the title of manager) is Ronald Duncan, a Scotsman who has seen service with the "Bay" for more than thirty years. He is a thin and wiry man of inexhaustible energy and patience; a gentle man, yet firm when need be, and he has the respect of the Crees to whom he speaks in their own tongue. It was long after midnight when he led us up the steep, high-risered stairway to the second floor of the staff quarters, once long ago used for storing fur. The massive brass lock on our door was made some two hundred years ago and the keyhole was almost big enough for a mouse to crawl through.

The single light in the big hall at the head of the stairs revealed a life-size oil portrait of Henry Hudson, whose name is the very symbol of the history of the region. Looking at the grave face with its massive beard, you had the uneasy feeling that the piercing dark eyes were alive. When we asked why this splendid portrait was relegated to the shadows of the old fur loft, Ronald Duncan smiled. "It used to have a place of honor in the living room," he said, "but the men were a bit disturbed by the old chap; they felt he was always watching them with those hunting eyes. They couldn't forget that he died somewhere up there in the Bay." He nodded towards the north.

In the living room of the Moose Factory staff quarters two clerks were solemnly listening to the throaty moaning of a jazz band singer whose voice, momentarily waxing and waning in volume, had struggled some 1800 miles to Hudson Bay despite the steadily protesting static of the northern lights. Civilization had trailed us to the wilderness.

The original Moose Factory post was built two hundred and seventy-five years ago on Hayes Island, a short distance across a channel of the Moose from its present site on Factory Island. The post, still important in the fur trade of the north, has changed little with time. Its buildings and the scattered Indian houses are strung along a single road of clay beaten hard by the feet of generations of Bay people. The staff house, a structure of squared logs with dovetailed corners, now hidden by sheathing, was built in 1820. Next to it is the manager's house, also built of logs. Close by is the big store and fur warehouse, a massive building of heavy timbers closely braced to stand the gales and the snows of the northern winter.

The Hudson's Bay Company is the country storekeeper of the north and its stock, ranging from pins to canoes, is carefully chosen to meet the needs of the people and the rigorous conditions of life in the bush. One end of the store was given over to provisions, including bags of flour, barrels of salt — which is used in great quantities in preserving meats — bacon and salt pork in huge slabs, canned fruits and vegetables, black tea, and plugs of strong black tobacco.

Guns, high-powered rifles and shotguns, with ammunition as well as percussion caps for the older weapons, were stacked on shelves on one side of the room, with tumplines and packsacks near-by, and long rubber boots hanging from nails. Here were the famous Hudson's Bay axe with its back-flared bit, and the company's indispensable knife with the curved blade; drawknives, planes, saws, files; coils of rope and kegs of nails; bunches of traps and piles of sheet-iron tent stoves.

Glass cases filled with mounds of chocolate drops and gum orange quarters and trade cookies were the wonder of crowds of Indian children, while their mothers gravely appraised huge shining pots which would be blackened forever over the first campfire. Ball-pointed pens at forty-nine cents were selling briskly, although most of the Indians cannot write.

The buildings are joined by neat gravel walks bordered with whitewashed stones, an identifying mark of nearly all Hudson's Bay posts. A wind-driven generator which whirls with a soft swishing sound day and night aids a small gasoline power plant in supplying current to light the post buildings. It is bad manners to leave lights burning unnecessarily.

Down the road a bit, just beyond the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police constable, where his ten sled dogs snarl at each other from the ends of stout chains, is the little Anglican church, its red steeple askew as the result of a spring flood many years ago. Held by a gigantic ice jam, the Moose overflowed the island, and the church rose from its foundations and headed for the sea. When at last it was restored to its proper place, large holes were bored in the floor so that it would fill rather than float in any future flood.

The fall of the lectern is a beautiful piece of soft moose hide embroidered in beads by Cree women in a design of mallards rising from reeds and water. The altar cloth, also moose hide, bears a more formal design. The congregation sits on simple benches under which one notes the big plugs fitted in the holes in the floor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In the old cemetery near the ancient stone powder house, wooden and slate markers told the stories of generations of Moose people, including a former factor, "a faithful servant . . . in the twelfth day of the third month of his eighty-fifth year," and a man who "died by the sea in his twenty-fourth year." And there were markers for children — far too many — whose greatest enemy here is tuberculosis.

Wildlife photography was our chief purpose; there would be no wasting of film on the way. Our photographer had said so himself. But a battered one-armed sawdust doll, hanging by its wigless head on a fence picket, was too much for him. There, in the perfection of unconscious composition, good lighting, and human appeal, was a picture! That was the beginning. Thereafter, it could have been anything — an Indian mother and her baby, a sled dog puppy asleep in the sun, or perhaps the Crees raising the flag on a spruce sapling before a trappers' meeting.

An expert photographer has the cunning of a cat, stalking his prey with an apparent air of complete indifference. With his camera open and ready, he wanders about, seemingly interested in everything but the chosen shot. Keeping a sharp eye on the light, he moves closer and closer. He may even look a bit bored. Then, when his victim is completely disarmed and least expects it, he springs the shutter and the hapless prey is devoured by the lens and digested in a developing tank at leisure.

Attempting the impossible, challenging the fading light, straining the fastest film to its limit to stop life in its tracks, delighted our photographer. One night while he was going over his cameras during a savage thunderstorm, he experimented with color photographs by lightning. He set his camera in the window and opened the shutter, closing it immediately after the next earsplitting stroke, which, incidentally, killed a near-by sled dog. The result was a dramatic picture of the little white Indian church with its bright red steeple, and the blue-white jagged line of the lightning reaching down from the flying storm clouds.

To a photographer, whether or not he has his camera, life is an endless game of composition — tragedy, comedy, and monotony, which is the hardest of all to photograph. The very old Indian woman waiting her turn on a bench outside the doctor's office started our photographer's shutter-finger trembling, and the young trapper sitting beside her with an injured sled dog in his arms — doctors in the north draw no line between man and beast — never knew that his troubled face had been preserved on film.

The constantly moving northern lights in all their beautiful hues, unfortunately too faint to register in color, were successfully recorded on our black and white film with exposures ranging from five to fifteen seconds with the lens wide open. But attempts to photograph hundreds of mosquitoes that alighted on our packsacks failed because the insects wouldn't sit still.

Indians now too old to trap and retired servants of the company end their days in houses about the post, and with reminiscent watery stare look back in time and point to the long-discarded fur presses, huge squared timbers raised and lowered by massive screws, and the rusty cannon with which the fort was defended in the early clashes of the fur trade. In the clay along the banks of the river you can still find rusty spikes that were forged by hand years ago in the old blacksmith shop which is used to this day for chores of the post.

The apparent tranquil pace of Moose Factory is misleading, for there is activity from early morning, when Ronald Duncan goes to the store to work a while before it opens, until nearly midnight, when with earphones clamped to his head he talks by radio with the company's far-flung posts on the Bay — Rupert House and East Main, and Port Harrison; Attawapiskat, Fort Albany, Port Nelson, York Factory, Churchill, and others.

All day long the store is filled with Indian trappers, idling the summer away, buying trifles without thought for thrift. Canned apple and tomato juice take the place of the ice-cream cones and soft drinks of the city, and the Crees sip their drinks from holes punched in the top of the cans and solemnly watch their small offspring pitching pennies in the powdery dust of the walk. To persuade an Indian to accept work during the summer is a task at which few have been successful.

Many of the Indians who trade at Moose Factory travel as far as two hundred miles to their trapping grounds. The best of them go the greatest distance and come back to the post only at Christmas, sometimes at Easter, to replenish their supplies. The average Indian probably takes in from three to four hundred dollars a year in cash for his furs, although a really skillful trapper in favorable country may make up to five thousand dollars in a good year.

3

The Indian families at Moose Factory were already breaking camp in late August and starting, canoes loaded to the gunwales, for the trapping grounds. Of all the canoes we saw go down the river only one was moving by manpower, for every Indian who can scrape together the price of an outboard motor travels in ease, and there is little doubt that in the Cree's scale of values an outboard motor is equal to, if not more important than, a wife. He will risk running short on provisions and economize on everything else to make sure his canoe carries an assorted collection of cans and bottles of gasoline.

The old and weather-battered boardwalk built on logs across the mud to the river's edge at Moose Factory is the gangplank to the eastern Arctic.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fur traders, prospectors, explorers, the Mounted Police, government officials, doctors, nurses, men of the church, and Indians come and go by plane and canoe and dog sled.

We were bound for the lonely tidal marshes of Hannah Bay, famous James Bay rendezvous of the snow and blue geese. Here, early in the fall, the birds rest and feed for several weeks on their southward flight from the summer nesting grounds on Baffin and Southampton Islands and the marshes of Ellesmere Island in the Arctic. They come into Hannah Bay by the tens of thousands, the snow geese like whitecaps taking flight from the sea, the blue waveys as dark and unpredictable as the Bay's autumn storm clouds. With them are flocks of Canada geese, great whistling swans from the barren grounds, ducks, and shore birds. The air is filled with the clamor of their calling.

From Hannah Bay they make what is believed to be a nonstop flight of nearly two thousand miles to the marshes of the Southern states. We had hoped for a cold snap in the Arctic to bring down a few early geese, but the continuing warm weather was assurance that we would see only local birds. But that was enough to lead us on.

With Jimmy Cheechoo as guide, we left the post in midafternoon for a "Hudson's Bay start," an old company practice to allow for the inevitable delays of loading canoes and dawdling farewells in the early days of the fur brigades. The idea is to go out from the post a few miles for the first night's camp and get ready for a crack-o'-dawn start. It is still a good way to begin a journey.

Where it enters James Bay the Moose River is a majestic, tawny flood nearly four miles wide, with many shoals and several sandy islands covered with scrub willows. Its current, although hardly perceptible, is powerful and can be treacherous when it meets the incoming tide and a northerly wind.

The shallowness of lower James Bay makes it one of the most dangerous pieces of water in the north. In some sections at low tide the blue clay flats run out from two to five miles from the true shore, and in many places you can step out of a canoe ten miles at sea and make repairs in water only a foot or so deep. Indians and white men alike are cautious and apprehensive while crossing this wide, unsheltered stretch of sea. The north winds that sweep down from Hudson Bay, the parent body, quickly turn it into a thrashing maelstrom from which there is little chance of escape if you are caught far out. Should the ebbing tide leave your canoe high and dry on the cheerless, boulder-strewn flats it is exhausting and sometimes impossible to walk ashore through the deep, sticky clay which makes every knee-deep step a great effort.

In calm weather the tide glides across the flats, an undulating line, now curving to follow the pattern of the rippled clay, now running ahead in short tongues of amber water. Ordinarily it advances at a fast walking pace, but with a strong following wind it rushes in with frightening speed, a low, frothing bore that can be disastrous to canoes aground on the flats. The only hope then is to paddle or run for the shore under full engine power, keeping pace with, but just behind, the breast of the tide, where it is still too shallow to build up dangerous seas. This operation is complicated by the risk of striking the innumerable boulders lying just below the surface.

4

We camped the first night at the mouth of the river on Ship Sands Island, a lonely low and sandy piece of land on which only sea grass and stunted willows get any encouragement to go on living. Henry Hudson may have spent his last days in this region, perchance on this very island, for in the spring of 1611 he was abandoned with eight of his men by the mutinous crew of the *Discovery* after the ship had spent the winter in the ice in the southwest part of the Bay. Unless the coast has changed a great deal during the intervening centuries the vicinity of Ship Sands Island seems to offer the only shelter for a ship. Sixty miles to the east across the water, now still and gray in the twilight, lay Hannah Bay.

The James Bay tidal country is notorious as one of the worst places in the north for mosquitoes. Millions of them descended on us the moment the canoe touched land. They came in clouds, literally dark against the sky, and we began to believe the old man at the post who said we might need shotguns to blast holes through them to get our bearings. Two minutes after we set our packsacks ashore they were completely covered with a gray coating of the vicious insects. And they covered our clothes, but the effective insect repellent developed during the war kept most of them away from bare skin. Nevertheless, they hovered within an inch or so of our heads and it took hours to overcome the instinctive tendency to swat at them. To move through the grass meant stirring up more insects, so Cheechoo pitched our tent on the shore just above high-water mark.

The hum of swarms of mosquitoes concentrated in an area of a few yards grows to a high-pitched all-pervading whine something like the singing note of a dynamo, but far more penetrating. In time, as you hear it hour after hour, the sound takes on a rhythmic throb that bores into your head until it becomes almost unbearable. Without the protection of fly dope or nets, men in the bush would soon die under the attack of hordes of insects driven by their lust for blood. They tell stories in the far north of caribou being killed by the poison and loss of blood from countless mosquito bites. Whether this is true I don't know, but it is not improbable. However, it is well known that mosquitoes kill

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

young birds when they are newly hatched and without the protection of feathers. I once came upon a prospector whose face was swollen to repulsive proportions. His eyes were completely closed and he was stumbling aimlessly in a delirium. He had lost his precious bottle of fly dope when his canoe capsized a week before.

Mosquitoes are at their worst in the calm just before a storm on a hot and humid day in July when the muskeg reeks and the stench of the skunk spruce fills the breathless air. Only a strong breeze drives them to cover and brings relief, and high open ground as far as possible from grass and trees is the best location for a camp.

The two young government ornithologists who were camping on the shore opposite Ship Sands Island had been there since June, when ice still floated in the Bay, to take a census of the duck population, particularly the blacks, as well as shore birds. Now it was late August and the dreary existence was beginning to tell on them. One was a graduate student in biology and the other was preparing himself for forestry.

They had reached the stage when the constant hum of the mosquitoes had become a trial, and for the past week they had stayed in their tent, moving out only when absolutely necessary. To pass the time when talk lagged and playing cards became monotonous they had twice taken their outboard motor apart and slowly reassembled it. The daily trips to the duck traps in the tidal pools became journeys of dread.

Before we crawled into our sleeping bags that first night on Ship Sands Island, Jimmy Cheechoo pulled out a cloth-wrapped bundle and revealed a battered alarm clock which he solemnly wound and set for four o'clock. We had come more than a thousand miles to the wilderness to get away from clocks and the discipline of time, yet here on James Bay a Cree whose ancestors depended on the sun — if they were interested in time at all — used an alarm clock to break the day.

5

The tide had started back to the sea and it was spitting rain when we started for Hannah Bay at dawn. Somber clouds scurried out of the southwest, wraiths in tattered shrouds fleeing from the rising wind, and soon we were plunging in a heavy sea with tarpaulins hastily nailed to the gunwales to protect our dunnage and the photographic equipment. Water poured over the bow and rushed back to drench us.

If Cheechoo was anxious his stoical face gave no sign, though once, thrifty in his words, he wished aloud that we had the extra motor that is usually carried in the big canoes for emergencies in crossing the Bay. He knew, long before he told us, that the offshore wind would hasten the outgoing tide and that we would sit one out before we reached Hannah Bay. We managed to work within half a mile of desolate Big Rock Island before the canoe grounded. Then for a little the sun broke through the clouds, and the lonely blue flats, stretching away to the north, were patched with gold wherever the tide had left a pool.

Hours later we watched the sea line for signs of the returning tide, and only when Cheechoo glanced toward the west did we discover the thin line of whispering water slinking toward us parallel to the shoreline, a phenomenon which could be explained only by some peculiar configuration of the bottom. Cheechoo slogged out through the mud and inched the canoe toward the island as the water rose. When it was deep enough to drop the engine we started across a long open stretch on the last leg to Hannah Bay.

We had gone only a short distance when a peculiar clicking sound under water led to an investigation. The nut on the end of the shaft was missing and the propeller was held in place only by its thrust against the water. Standing in water a foot deep far offshore Cheechoo confidently produced a collection of spare parts carefully wrapped in oily cloth. He had two of everything, including carburetor and water pump, and innumerable bolts and nuts, but not the one for a propeller shaft. If ever a Cree turned pale Cheechoo must have, for his troubled eyes instinctively turned westward toward the mouth of the Moose, now nearly fifty miles away.

"Me no want to paddle," he moaned. "Long way home; canoe very heavy."

Fred Watriss, the technical man of our group, trained in the design of aircraft, focused the accumulated knowledge of four years of engineering education and the authority of a bachelor of science degree on the problem of improvising a propeller nut. Finally with tormenting patience he transformed a water pipe connector into a nut. Little by little, working it on the end of the shaft a fraction of a turn at a time, he cut new threads, making a wedge for the key slot, until with the true objectivity of the engineer he suggested that we might test the job by resuming our journey.

During that period Jimmy Cheechoo, in whose veins flowed the very essence of the north, who knew the Bay, the wilderness, and the ways of canoes, stood by helpless and bewildered, his confidence completely shattered. Only after we had advanced steadily for an hour and he had twice stopped the engine and tilted it to make sure that the bolt was still holding did he recover his spirits. All the while he watched the sky, for the Indians fear an offshore wind, which, if an engine breaks down, may blow you out to sea. Paddles are of little use in a 24-foot canoe weighing more than a ton.

We put up flocks of ducks and families of big Canada geese on our trip across the Bay, but as we had anticipated, the abnormally warm weather

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

held the snow and blue waveys on the summering grounds a thousand miles to the north. Only the cold early storms of the Arctic would start them south, but this year the storms were late.

Once during the afternoon we landed to boil a pail of tea. Clean drinking water is rare on James Bay, for there are few springs near the coast and every stream, from brook to river, carries the color of the clay through which it flows. Because of the enormous burden of fresh water pouring from the great rivers, the saltiness of Bay water is reduced to a slight brackishness, and when boiled and disguised in strong black tea must serve for drinking most of the time. Getting a pail of water at low tide is an experience that makes you willing to endure thirst.

Gooseberries, raspberries, and strawberries grew in profusion a few yards back from the beach, and hundreds of sparrows, including the sharp-tailed, eastern tree, chipping, white-throated, white-crowned, and the swamp sparrow, busily foraged through the grass in pursuit of swarms of grasshoppers that snapped into the air with every step. With our pannikins of tea we had wild onions that Jimmy Cheechoo discovered growing near-by.

Indians on their way to the wintering grounds were ahead of us and their deserted camps were strewn with the feathers and entrails of ducks and yellowlegs on which they had feasted. Now and then we heard the distant blast of shotguns as they continued their hunting.

6

LOCATING a good place for camping on James Bay is like finding the right spot for a picnic on a Sunday afternoon's drive — there's always a better one just ahead. We finally pitched our tent in a dense growth of spruce and mosquitoes at the top of a gravel bank near the mouth of the Harricanaw River.

Our photographer, like a hound on a hot scent, unlimbered his cameras, and Cheechoo was at once put to work as a goose runner. The Crees are famous for their skill in imitating the calls of geese and ducks, and the Indian demonstrated his ability, but the geese can be tolled in only when they are moving in big flocks. Cheechoo finally gave up and at the insistence of the photographer he tore through the tidal mud to capture young Canada geese which had not yet grown their flight feathers and could not rise. For hours our Indian labored through the mud until the photographer had his fill of geese on film. The Indians may kill game at any time and once Cheechoo, obviously attempting a diversion, offered to share a roast goose for dinner, a suggestion which had no effect on the camera-man. The chase went on with the older birds flying overhead in alarm. Others led fluffy goslings to safety far out on the Bay.

In their desperation to escape, the young geese would often swim under water, using their wings for extra speed. One dived to the shallow bottom and held on to a stone with its beak, hoping it would be overlooked. Still others buried their heads in holes in the banking, a trick not so stupid as it sounds, for once their heads were out of sight the dark bodies blended with the surrounding stones in a fine demonstration of protective coloration.

Nature photography in its most virulent form is an obsession with professional status, and in the comings and goings of the photographer any resemblance to a concern for the passage of time is purely coincidental and bears no relation to what actually happens. There are no minutes on the nature photographer's time scale. His measurements begin with hours and end in suspense. Our companion was no exception.

The Indian hunter and the photographer have much in common. To the former, time at last may yield a bear. To the photographer, crouching in a blind, time may yield a horned owl feeding its young, a Canada goose on her moated nest in the heart of a swamp, or a trout in mid-air.

The nature photographer must not only be an expert with the camera, but an outdoor property man and scene painter as well. If a squat balsam on the brink of a moose pond should suddenly get up, stretch, and transplant itself to a shady spot, it's almost certain to be a nature photographer on the hunt. The dun-colored hump lying for hours one morning half hidden by sea grass in the wet clay of Hannah Bay was our photographer with his camera. A cloud of mosquitoes marked the spot.

Combined in the photographer's nature are the characteristics of the camel, which can stand thirst a long time, and the bear, which is not interested in food during suspended animation. A really good photographer is quite willing to give up breathing for considerable periods to get the picture he wants. He will risk his life to bring a canoe within a few feet of a swimming moose and drops just as cheerfully to the level of a snake to make a portrait at whisker range. Protected by a fencing mask and heavy gloves he will ascend by climbing irons to the top of a pine to sit in a canvas blind for hours for a shot of an eagle. He waits a day without protest for the fleeting moment when the young of a wood duck plunge to the earth from their nest hole high in a tree to follow their mother to the nearest water. A whack on the trunk of a tree brings forth a flying squirrel to be caught in mid-air. A snapping turtle, dangerous at any time, poses to his satisfaction whether it likes it or not.

The success of any photograph has no relation to the difficulties of making it. That's the difference between camera hunting and nature photography. In the former the knowledge and skill required to stalk game often constitute much of the satisfaction of making a picture which in itself may be quite mediocre. In nature photography, however, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

end result, a successful shot with an appropriate and natural background, is all that counts.

Almost every evening after darkness had come and the mosquitoes were at their worst, our photographer went through a strange and dismal ritual. Stripped to the waist and clutching empty film holders and boxes of new film in both hands he plunged headfirst into the depths of his sleeping bag and wriggled to the bottom. For ten minutes thereafter we heard muffled explosive mutterings as he sought in this sweltering improvised darkroom to load films by the touch system. Emerging from his cocoon perspiring like a stoker, he invariably complained about the unconscionable amount of light that lingers in the darkness of a northern night.

Camera hunting for moose on the Harricanaw River meant hard paddling, poling against a swift current and tracking a canoe up rapids, but tracks along the shore suggested pictures of a big bull further up the river. Conditions were ideal, for the hot days of August when the flies are at their worst and the moose seek relief in the water is the best time for photographs. Along the river the land is higher than at the Bay and the pines on the banks nearly fifty feet above us bore splintered gashes made when the spring ice jammed and the river thundered through the woods.

The fisherman of our group had been given fair warning that except for a few days in the spring and fall when trout appear in the rivers, there is no decent fishing in the James Bay region. Nevertheless he carried his rod and insisted on finding out for himself. The doubting Cheechoo led him back through a swamp bordering the river to a series of beaver dams which flooded the country for miles around. There in a tangle of alder where the muck was thigh-deep the fisherman stood on a beaver house and dropped a Royal Coachman lightly on the polished surface of a shallow pond. The fly was taken on the instant and his catch of squaretails in the next hour was astonishing and satisfying. These ponds lie in muskeg, and the permanent ice, only a few feet below the surface, keeps the water at a temperature favored by trout.

The sun was setting and the western clouds were tinted with colors loaned by a rainbow when we started down river to Hannah Bay. Soon the clear, cool face of the moon appeared over the jagged tops of the black spruce which became eerie shapes in the growing darkness. Yellowlegs, startled from the mud, skimmed low on rigid wings with quick piping calls of alarm, and a little later as we raced with the current a moose snorted and thrashed out of the river. Twice as we ran through rapids after darkness Cheechoo's instinct for hidden rocks averted disaster.

The morning we left Hannah Bay the wind breathed softly from the northwest, and the sky and the sea were one in the color of cold ashes, without a line between the two. Again, as on the way in, tarpaulins were nailed to the gunwales, for within an hour the clouds were on the run and quartering seas broke over the bow. Now and then strings of duck raced low over the water heading for the sheltered inland waters. Cheechoo's eyes were looking steadily to the misty line of the shore leading westward. That way lay the Moose. But every so often he thought of the makeshift propeller nut and glanced down anxiously at the froth astern. Hour after hour, soaked to the skin and cold, we plunged on. Big Rock Island, its ugly black boulders lifting above the sea, came and went, and with only water enough to get ashore we made camp at the mouth of Partridge Creek late in the day. Only then did the wind die down and the disappointed sea subside.

That night the aurora set the sky ablaze with rose and green and frost-blue light that danced to the celestial rhythm of the centuries, leaping, whirling, rippling back and forth across the dark stage of the Bay in a breath-taking ballet of the Arctic. The mirrored water picked up the glow and as we watched in silence Cheechoo got up and walked to the shore, where he stood, sharply outlined against the light, gazing out to sea. Suddenly we had a strange feeling of aloneness. He had walked out of our world back to the north to which he had always belonged. The gap between us was centuries wide, for in that moment in the darkness by the Bay he had become the very spirit of the wilderness and all its ancient mystery.

He thought, when he came back to us, that the tide would be right to start at dawn. Then he wound the battered alarm clock — and suddenly Cheechoo, symbol of the north, was Cheechoo the Cree, a good canoeman glad to be heading back to Moose Factory.

In the morning when the canoe swung in from the Bay and lifted to the current of the Moose, we looked back toward the east beyond the range of vision, but not of memory, past Big Rock Island and Sand Point, beyond the tidal pool where a dead seal lay, and far on to lonely Hannah Bay and the desolate beauty of its vast marshes, the conjuring place of brooding silence, now broken only by the whistling wings of the restless geese and the plaintive cries of the shore birds.

(*This is the second of two papers entered by Mr. Rowlands for the "I Personally" awards. The first, "Train to Moose Factory," appeared in the* Atlantic *for August.*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A lifelong Republican, OREN ROOT, JR., *was active in support of Wendell Willkie's candidacy for the Republican nomination in 1940, and after the nomination he became Chairman of Associated Willkie Clubs of America. On his return from five years' service in the Navy, he resumed the practice of law and has again identified himself with the Republican Party as one of its most outspoken younger members. At the* Atlantic's *invitation, he here presents his knowledgeable and hopeful survey of the Party and its Nominee.*

THE REPUBLICAN REVIVAL

by OREN ROOT, JR.

1

IN VIEW of the not unlikely prospect that the Republican Party will return to full national power next January, it is probably not an overstatement to assert that the whole world is trying to assess the effect of that occurrence, if in fact it comes to pass. The anxiety and the hope which revolve about the question of what the Republican Party will do with its power are accentuated by the fact that nearly sixteen years have passed since it was put to the test of national leadership, so that nobody under thirty-six years old has ever in his adult life known the Republican Party in any other role than that of the Opposition.

The views and objectives of Governor Dewey are already known on many issues and will become even clearer as the campaign progresses. But no President can move beyond the area where his own party will support him. This is particularly true of a Republican President, for while the Democratic Party has most often been the party of great popular leaders, such as Bryan, Wilson, Alfred E. Smith, and Franklin D. Roosevelt, with the Republican Party it has generally been the party which has ruled. When Theodore Roosevelt felt he could no longer operate within the restraints of the party, he broke from it; and when Wendell Willkie defied those restraints, the party virtually repudiated him.

Faced with the likelihood of Republican victory, there are those whose pessimism and fears are unbridled. The Republican Party, they say, has always been the party of reaction, of isolation, and of the "interests." It has shown neither understanding nor leadership in matters of domestic reform or in the area of foreign affairs. If it returns to power, these people lament, we can be sure of four years of labor-baiting, of defaults in our international responsibilities, of excessive influence by the great corporations, and perhaps even of attacks upon the freedoms inherent in the Bill of Rights itself.

Others are more hopeful, and some even assert that only the Republican Party is equipped by tradition and disposition to bring to their full fruition the great domestic and international undertakings upon which the peace and prosperity not alone of the United States but of the world depend. These people point out that the Republican Party, like all organizations and all individuals, has had its strong periods and its weak periods; that in its strong periods it has not only initiated reforms in domestic matters and assumed leadership in foreign matters, but has done these things in such a way as to assure their effectiveness, which the Democratic Party has not; and finally, that whatever the weaknesses of the Republican Party at one time or another since 1920, it is today at the threshold of one of its strong, indeed one of its great periods.

There is much in the record to substantiate the hopes and assertions of this latter group. The Republican Party was of course founded on an issue of radical reform — the containment and, as its position eventually developed, the abolition of slavery. This objective was carried out not only through the Civil War and the Emancipation Proclamation, but in succeeding years through the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, which in the aggregate were certainly the most radical advances in American constitutional government since the founding of the Republic. There followed a period of relative stagnation, brought about largely by too long and too secure a term of office, until with the turn of the century the party came into what undoubtedly stands as its greatest era.

An early indication of what was to follow can be found in the passage in 1890, under the Republican administration of Benjamin Harrison, of the Sherman Antitrust Act, which to this day is the cornerstone of the structure of governmental discipline of monopolies. But the full panoply of Republican

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

leadership was reserved for the advent a few years later of six titans whose intellects and energies guided the party and the nation until the party split and lost power in 1912. The first twelve years of the twentieth century were peculiarly the era of Theodore Roosevelt, John Hay, Elihu Root, William Howard Taft, Charles Evans Hughes, and Henry L. Stimson. In those twelve years, this group of six men included two Presidents of the United States, one Vice-President, two Governors of New York, two Secretaries of State, three Secretaries of War, one United States Senator, and one Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, to say nothing of Hughes's later nomination for the Presidency and his tenure as Secretary of State and as Chief Justice, or of Stimson's later tenure as Secretary of State and his return, under Franklin Roosevelt, as Secretary of War.

In domestic affairs, this Great Era of the Republican Party saw the adoption (in the Taft administration) of the Federal personal income tax (the Sixteenth Amendment) and the Federal corporate income tax, as well as the passage of the Seventeenth Amendment providing for the popular election of Senators. In this period the Department of Labor was established and aggressive programs for conservation of natural resources were launched. It was the period of the fight within the party against the great bosses, Platt in New York Boies Penrose in Pennsylvania, and others, and of the battle for the direct primary as an instrument for transferring party power from the bosses to the people.

In foreign affairs it was the period of the Open Door Policy in China; of Secretary Root's trip around South America — the first such trip by any American Secretary of State; of Roosevelt's leadership in the Treaty of Portsmouth and his participation at the Algeciras Conference; of the building of the Panama Canal; of the sending of the Fleet around the world; of the establishment of constitutional government in Cuba and the Philippines. Whatever one may say about the Republican Party in those days, certainly it was lacking neither in imagination nor in leadership; it was neither reactionary at home nor isolationist abroad.

The Republican Party was then, as it is now, essentially a conservative party. Its thinking began then, as it does now, with a substantial acceptance of the status quo. But there was a powerful impulse toward such improvements and reforms as could be brought about without risking the basic structure of our government and therefore the ultimate usefulness of the reforms themselves. The tendency to reform was not alone a matter of intellectual conviction on the part of men strong both in intellect and conviction, but it had about it a certain *noblesse oblige*. In 1912, Stimson wrote to Theodore Roosevelt: "To me it seems vitally important that the Republican Party, which contains, generally speaking, the richer and more intelligent citizens of the country, should take the lead in reform and not drift into a reactionary position."

Six years before, T.R. had written in similar vein, but in more pungent Roosevelt style, to Philander C. Knox. Unless the Republican Party could show "the wage-workers that we are doing justice," he wrote, "we shall some day go down before a radical and extreme democracy with a crash which will be disastrous. . . . It would be a dreadful calamity if we saw this country divided into two parties, one containing the bulk of the property owners and conservative people, the other the bulk of the wage-workers and the less prosperous people generally; each party insisting upon demanding much that is wrong, each party sullen and angered by real and fancied grievances. The friends of property, of order, of law . . . must realize that the surest way to provoke an explosion of wrong and injustice is to be short-sighted, narrow-minded, greedy and arrogant, and to fail to show in actual work that here in this republic it is peculiarly incumbent upon the man with whom things have prospered to be in a certain sense the keeper of his brother with whom life has gone hard. . . ."

The same year, defending Roosevelt at a Union League Club dinner from the allegation that he was not "safe," Elihu Root spoke these words: —

> He is not safe for the men who wish government to be conducted with greater reference to campaign contributions than to the public good. He is not safe for the men who wish to draw the President of the United States off into a corner and make whispered arrangements, which they dare not have known by their constituents. But I say to you that he has been . . . the greatest conservative force for the protection of property and our institutions in the city of Washington. There is a better way to protect property, to protect capital, to protect great enterprises than by buying legislatures. There is a better way to deal with labor, and to keep it from rising into the tumult of the unregulated and resistless mob than by starving it, or by corrupting its leaders. That way is, that capital shall be fair . . . fair to the consumer, fair to the laborer, fair to the investor; that it shall concede that the laws shall be executed; that its treatment of the laborer shall be so fair that the reasonable and more intelligent men among the laborers of our country shall have their hands held up. . . . Never forget that the men who labor cast the votes, set up and pull down governments, and that our government is possible, the perpetuity of our institutions is possible, the continued opportunity for enterprise, for the enjoyment of wealth, for individual liberty, is possible, only so long as the men who labor with their hands believe in American liberty and American laws.

2

Those who look with alarm on the possibility of Republican victory next November, however, are

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not persuaded by the history and philosophy outlined above. Granting the imagination and accomplishments of the Republican Party on the slavery issue and in the Theodore Roosevelt era, the pessimists say, the voters of the United States and the people of the world are confronted not by the party of 1860 or of the first decade of this century, but by the party which over most of the past sixteen years has made a record which is entirely inconsistent both with its earlier greatness and the needs of today. Undoubtedly there is much validity in that argument. It is one which cannot be wholly met. But it can be explained and modified in such manner as to hold out hope for the future. In addition, the issue is not between the Republican Party and some ideal and perfect party, but between the Republican Party and the Democratic Party, and on that issue the Republicans of today can make a very real bid.

After 1932 the Republican Party went into opposition in both the upper- and the lower-case sense. Virtually every Republican leader became convinced that the New Deal and all its works were the greatest disaster which ever came upon the country. They fought with all their forces against almost every piece of New Deal reform legislation. Their general attitude can best be recaptured by looking back at the preamble of the 1936 Republican platform. Party platforms are not noted for their reserve in criticism, but even by accepted standards the condemnation contained in the 1936 document was strong. "For three long years," it said, "the New Deal administration has dishonored American traditions. . . . The New Deal administration . . . has insisted on the passage of laws contrary to the Constitution. . . . It has dishonored our country. . . . It has bred fear and hesitation in commerce and industry. . . . It has secretly made tariff agreements with our foreign competitors, flooding our markets with foreign commodities. . . . It has destroyed the morale of many of our people. . . ." The last weeks of the campaign of 1936 were featured in New York by a daily column which invariably began by pointing out to its readers how many days then remained "to save the American Way of Life." Protest against the New Deal program in those days was absolute, uncompromising, and largely futile.

In foreign affairs the opposition was hardly less violent and more nearly successful. In 1940, in spite of the support given to the measure by their Presidential candidate, a majority of Republicans voted against the Selective Service Act. In March, 1941, a majority in the Senate opposed the Lend-Lease Act, although in the House the Republicans favored it nearly two to one. Eight months later, by a vote of three to one in the Senate and six to one in the House, the Republicans refused to go along with the repeal of the restrictive provisions of the Neutrality Act. In August of that same year, four months before Pearl Harbor, the Republican vote on the extension of Selective Service was in the negative by more than six to one in the House and by nearly two to one in the Senate.

It can be said with some assurance — and it must fervently be hoped — that the almost incredible myopia of the Republican leadership, both in its estimate of the world crisis and in its attitude toward those New Deal reforms which all leaders of all parties have now accepted, was due primarily to Roosevelt-blindness. That is, their distrust of Roosevelt was so great (a distrust, it must be added, in which many non-Republicans joined) that everything he advocated became *ipso facto* bad in their eyes; so great that, even now that he is dead, the suspicions of twelve Roosevelt years attach themselves to his Democratic successor. While this does not justify the myopia, it does give ground for belief that the symptoms will disappear when the Republican Party itself takes over the executive branch of the government.

3

Even in those days of uncritical opposition, however, the Republican scene was not all dark. There were outstanding Republicans, such as Stimson and Knox, who at an early date saw clearly the urgency of the foreign situation. For several years before 1940, in personal statements and private activities, these two statesmen lent the weight of their prestige and abilities to the general foreign policy of the Administration. In June, 1940, they were offered and they accepted positions in Roosevelt's cabinet. Many Republicans less prominent, some in office but most not, gave similar support in smaller ways. But the great exception to the prevailing Republican position, the man to whom the country and his party owe on that account a very great debt, was Wendell Willkie.

In the summer and fall of 1940 the military plight of the British Commonwealth, then standing alone against the fury of Nazi Germany, was so desperate that the United States government could not safely await the event of the election before taking steps of assistance and accelerating its own military preparations. Yet two of the measures most desperately needed, the transfer of fifty over-age destroyers to Great Britain and the passage of Selective Service, were so charged with political dynamite that to propose them in the midst of the campaign seemed to many to court disaster. The way for action was cleared when, in response to careful feelers, Willkie responded that he would not attack either proposal if made. In the face of immense pressure to the contrary from advisers within the Republican Party, he was as good as his word and neither of these issues was important in the campaign.

It seems not too much to say that by that decision

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alone Willkie made himself an important if not a decisive factor in the destiny of his country, for one hardly dares to estimate the effect of a four-month delay in either of those measures. Later, in his famous "Loyal Opposition" speech which followed his defeat, he set the tone of minority activity on a level many planes above where it had previously been, while in his visit to blitzed Britain, and in his subsequent dramatic testimony on behalf of the Lend-Lease Bill, he bore out in action the theories he had verbally laid down.

In taking the positions which he did, Willkie not only performed a service to his country but he kept alive within the Republican Party itself the embers of its greatness. Because of his leadership, many other Republicans were encouraged to take positions which otherwise would have been more difficult for them to assume. Because of his prestige as titular leader, Willkie kept the Republican Party from going isolationist *as a party*.

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that the Republican Party has come a long way since 1940. In the foreign field not only did the party go along on the Marshall Plan but most of the real leadership in Congress was in the hands of such men as Vandenberg and Lodge in the Senate and Herter in the House. Certain Republicans later tried to sabotage it by cutting the appropriations, but the broader view finally prevailed. The Republicans supported the first Greece-Turkey aid program by decisive majorities in both houses of Congress. In 1945 they opposed extension of the reciprocal trade program by more than twenty to one in the House and by a majority in the Senate, but by last June they had modified their position to the extent of authorizing a continuation of that program, albeit in somewhat truncated form.

In domestic affairs, most of the many Republican state administrations have been progressive and effective. Outstanding examples are the adoption of fair employment practices legislation in four Republican states, led by the State of New York. The record for progressive legislation in Congress, at least during the regular session, was not so good as one might wish, but that can be explained in part by the tremendous pressures of other important legislation, which caused the Republican leadership in the Senate to fear the delays involved in a long fight over controversial measures. It is an interesting fact that Senator Taft, largely regarded as an archconservative, was the sponsor of legislation authorizing Federal aid to housing, health, and education which, while not adequate to satisfy the hundred per cent New Dealer, is a long step ahead of the Republican attitudes on similar measures prior to the war. On the other hand, it must be admitted that each of these bills was effectively blocked or superseded in the House, where the Republican leadership by and large is deeply conservative. Whether any legislation of moment will come out of the special session is not discernible as this article goes to press.

4

It seems clear, then, that the Republican Party has had its great days and its bad days; that in this day it has its men of vision and leadership and its men of little minds. As one faces the possibility of Republican triumph on election day, which tendency seems more likely to prevail? Will the Republican Party of 1949 to 1953 be essentially the party of Theodore Roosevelt, Root, Stimson, and Willkie? Or will it be the party which so completely lost the confidence of the country between 1930 and 1940? Will it be the party of Vandenberg, Dulles, and Herter in foreign matters, or the party which sought to cripple the Marshall Plan by cutting the appropriations? Will it follow the lead of Taft in matters of housing, health, and education, or of those who opposed and killed his bills on such matters, characterizing them as "socialistic"? Will it listen to Ives, Morse, Javits, Saltonstall, Lodge, Fulton, Smith of New Jersey, and many others on social legislation, or will it lapse back into the philosophy of the framers of the 1936 platform, many of whom are still in power?

To the extent that the proceedings of the Convention last June can be looked to for the answer, there is ground for substantial optimism. The Convention followed, it will be remembered, directly upon the Congressional battle over the proposed cuts in the appropriations for the European Recovery Program. The division between the Old Guard, isolationist wing of the party and the forward-looking, internationalist wing of the party was clearly defined on that great issue as the leaders and delegates met in Philadelphia. It looked as though there would be a head-on collision and a struggle for control between the two groups. As it turned out, the triumph of the enlightened point of view was so swift and so decisive on all fronts that the anticipated struggle never developed at all.

The platform, hammered out under the leadership of Senator Lodge, was a clear victory for the progressive view. Its keynote lies in the words of Lincoln quoted in the text: "The dogmas of the quiet past are inadequate to the stormy present. The occasion is piled high with difficulty, and we must rise with the occasion. As our case is new, so we must think anew and act anew." The inclusion of those words in and of itself represents a vast advance over the philosophy of the platform of 1936, and even of the platform of 1944.

Beyond that, the platform endorses the principle of the Marshall Plan and of reciprocal trade. It gives qualified support to Federal aid for slum clearance and low-cost housing, thus specifically repudiating the Republicans in the House who killed the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Bill. It favors ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tension of Social Security and strengthening of Federal-state programs for hospital and health facilities. It contains a number of weasel phrases, to be sure, such as "consistent with the vigorous existence of our competitive economy, we urge . . ." and "At all times safeguarding our own industry and agriculture, and under efficient administrative procedures for the legitimate consideration of domestic needs, we shall support. . . ." But phrases of that sort are unavoidable in documents representing a synthesis of views, and, taken all in all, this platform contains fewer than most.

The issue between Dewey and the candidates who opposed him was more personal than ideological, but it is significant that, among those who received anything more than a handful of votes, only Taft could be considered in any way to be identified with the Old Guard, and even Taft, as has been indicated, is actually not so conservative as he is usually portrayed. Governor Dewey himself appears to have put entirely to rest his pre-war doubts on foreign policy and is today a consistent supporter of the Vandenberg point of view. He has strongly endorsed the principle of economic aid to Europe and to China, he publicly advocated restoring the full Marshall Plan appropriations and he called for the extension for three years of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act.

His principal adviser on foreign matters is John Foster Dulles, whom it is expected he will name as Secretary of State. Dulles's public activities over a period of twenty years as a representative of the United States government at half a score of international meetings, including the Council of Foreign Ministers meetings in London and Moscow and meetings of the United Nations General Assembly, and his private activities in the Federal Council of Churches and as Chairman of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, qualify him as one of the most distinguished experts in international affairs in the country.

In domestic matters, Dewey has been a supporter of civil rights legislation in the State of New York and has sponsored a veterans' housing program which even his enemies have been unable successfully to attack. In his last gubernatorial campaign he secured the benevolent neutrality of the New York State Federation of Labor and is reputed to be still on friendly terms with that organization. In his pre-Convention campaign he vigorously contended for what is generally regarded as the liberal view on the subject of the proposed outlawing of the Communist Party.

There are those whose distrust of Dewey is so deep that they keep their fingers crossed even when he is assuming positions of which they approve. These people feel that he is essentially a follower of polls and that he is guided more by expediency than by principle. If that be true, then the progressive positions taken by Dewey in his pre-nomination campaign are further evidence of how far the Republican Party has advanced since 1940. If it be not true, and Dewey will really fight for the progressive principles he now advocates, then perhaps we are indeed on the threshold of another great Republican era.

The liberal and international tendencies of the platform and the identification of Governor Dewey with the progressive wing of the party were further reinforced at Philadelphia by the selection of Governor Warren as the candidate for Vice-President instead of one of the less enlightened gentlemen whose names were proposed. And even the choice of Hugh Scott as Chairman of the National Committee, although engineered in part by Mr. Grundy and Senator Martin, is not nearly so much a concession to old-line Pennsylvania politics as is generally supposed. Representative Scott voted for extending the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act and for Greek-Turkish aid; he supported extension of rent control; he voted for the Anti-Poll-Tax Bill and for the House bill on displaced persons, which was substantially more equitable than the Senate version. Most impressive of all, perhaps, he signed the petition to discharge the Banking and Currency Committee from further consideration of the Taft-Ellender-Wagner Bill, thus aligning himself with the liberal forces on one of the most controversial issues before the House. The selection of Herbert Brownell as campaign manager is evidence that the campaign will be conducted on a level of integrity consistent with the best political traditions.

Remembering, as one must, that the Republican Party is the conservative party in the United States and does not pretend to be anything else, the results at Philadelphia give great hope that modern Republicans have not forgotten that conservatism and standpattism are not identical, and that the only way to conserve what is best in our system is to see to it that that system constantly reforms itself in terms of the needs of the times.

5

The transcendent issue for the Republican Party, as for all parties and all people, is of course the issue of world peace. From the point of view of its own political fortunes, however, as well as from the point of view of the national welfare, there are two groups of our citizens which present to the Republican Party a challenge of particular importance. These are labor and the Negro.

The record of the Republican Party on the issue of slavery and the Southern influence within the Democratic Party combined for many decades to assure the Republican Party of almost unlimited Negro support at the polls. After the enthusiasm of the early post-Civil-War period died away, the Republican Party largely forgot the Negro, but the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

reputation acquired in that period was so great that it lived on by sheer inertia. Besides, there was no alternative. If the Republican program for the Negro consisted largely of reminding him of the past, was there any more to hope for from the Democrats?

For many years the Democratic Party could not answer that question. But in 1932 the answer came from Franklin Roosevelt, and it came with a bang. Roosevelt became the champion of the "Forgotten Man," and many Negroes were to be counted in the desperate millions which went to make up that figurative individual. Roosevelt was the friend of the worker, and few Negroes were anything else, except for those who wished to work and could not. Finally, Roosevelt preached equality for the Negro as no President had ever done before. The record indicates that he did very little about it and that what he did was often done under great pressure, as in the establishment of the wartime Fair Employment Practices Commission in the face of threats by A. Philip Randolph to stage a march on Washington which might have seriously affected the whole industrial effort of the nation. But the Negroes felt that Roosevelt's heart was with them, a feeling which Mrs. Roosevelt substantially abetted by her own powerful words and acts. In any event, the colored voters deserted the Republican Party en masse after 1932 and became in many great urban centers one of the most reliable bases of Roosevelt's electoral support.

Realizing the political calamity involved in the loss of Negro support, and that even Roosevelt could not compel the Democratic Party actually to do anything important for the Negro, the Republican Party set about regaining the colored vote. The 1936 platform favored "equal opportunity for our colored citizens." It pledged support of their "economic status and personal safety." In 1940 the platform promised that "our American citizens of Negro descent shall be given a square deal. . . . Discrimination . . . must cease. . . . Mob violence shocks the conscience of the Nation and legislation to curb this evil should be enacted." By 1944 the zeal of the plank makers had advanced to flat promises of support for anti-lynching legislation, for a constitutional amendment abolishing the poll tax, and for a permanent Federal Fair Employment Practices Commission. In Philadelphia last June the promises of the 1944 document were substantially repeated.

From platform to platform the pledges were repeated or strengthened, but all in all the actual record of the Republican Party in the last decade with respect to this vast American minority is not inspiring, at least on the national level. Large numbers of individual Republicans have espoused the cause of the Negro with great conviction and the record on legislation setting up fair employment practices in several Republican states is good, as has been indicated. But the party leadership at the national level does not appear to have grasped the immense significance of the matter. There are even some who say that inasmuch as most of the colored vote will probably go to Wallace in 1948, it will be effectively removed from the Democratic column and why should the Republicans worry about it. What these gentlemen overlook, even from their own "practical" point of view, is that it will be increasingly difficult to sustain our free, capitalistic system in a country 10 per cent of whose population is excluded from the benefits of that system, and increasingly difficult for a country which discriminates cruelly against its own colored citizens to assume international leadership in a world more than 50 per cent of whose population is colored.

It must of course be remembered that the principal opposition to legislation helpful to the Negro minority is still Democratic opposition. Both the Anti-Poll-Tax Bill and the Anti-Lynching Bill passed the Republican House during the regular session, whereas in the Senate (where the Southern Democratic filibuster is always a threat) the Ives-Fulton Bill, which would have prohibited discrimination in employment, did not get beyond a theoretical place on the calendar. One does not have to be cynical, however, to feel that at least one reason the Republican leadership allowed the two bills to pass the House was that they felt confident they would never pass the Senate. Certainly most Negroes who follow such matters feel that way, and it will be difficult for the Republican Party to convince the average Negro voter to the contrary.

6

Just as at one time the Republican Party commanded the support of a majority of the Negroes, so it once could count on the votes of most of the working people of the country. This labor support was brought about in part by the direct and indirect influence of employers upon their employees in days when the working man had little power to resist such influence, but it was also occasioned by a real conviction on the part of many workers that their own self-interest was tied in with protective tariffs and the prosperity of the corporations by which they were employed. The almost continuous rise in the standard of living in the United States and the almost unbroken trend of industrial growth and prosperity from the Civil War to 1929 tended to keep the majority of laboring men reasonably conservative. The radical movements of the Populists and of Bryan were largely agrarian and Western, and except when the Republican Party split in 1912, it was rare for the Democrats to carry a great industrial state.

All that was changed by the depression of the early thirties, by the leadership of Franklin Roosevelt, and by the growth and development of union

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

power. From 1933 until Roosevelt's death, the Democratic Party had close to the unanimous support, at the national level, of the leaders of organized labor, and where individual leaders supported a Republican, as Lewis did in 1940 and Hutcheson of the Carpenters on that and other occasions, it is doubtful that more than a small minority of their rank and file went along with them. Through all the early years of the New Deal, legislation friendly to labor rolled out of the Democratic Congress and Administration. The Republicans fought it in Congress and they fought it in the courts. As late as 1944 they made a national issue of labor influence within the Administration, by publicizing the "clear it with Sidney" directive which Roosevelt was alleged to have sent to the Democratic Convention with reference to Sidney Hillman, then head of the CIO Political Action Committee.

Since the death of Roosevelt, the picture has changed. Although Truman has largely adopted the Roosevelt position in labor matters, he has not kept the enthusiastic support of American labor. So far as the average workingman is concerned, this is probably due more to the pinch of the rising cost of living than to anything else, and in the case of the Communist-inclined labor leaders the reason for the disaffection is obvious. But Truman's loss of enthusiastic labor support goes beyond that. Many leaders of vision and force in the non-Communist part of the labor movement are increasingly discouraged by his ineffectiveness. They feel that he fails to follow through, that he lacks the ability to get things done. This discouragement is not limited strictly to labor matters, for one of the distinguishing characteristics of many of the new leaders of labor is their recognition that labor is a part of the community and that its interests are bound up in the general welfare of the country and the world.

This disaffection from the Democratic standard offers the Republican Party a tremendous opportunity to regain at least part of the labor support it once had. On the state level it has regained it in some instances. It is important, however, that it do so on the national level as well, because it is hard to see how any party can effectively govern this country for long unless it commands the respect of at least a large segment of the men who work with their hands. Some of the most brilliant minds in America and some of the most effective defenders of our free system are to be found in the ranks of labor. If the Republican Party is to meet the challenge which victory next November will present, it cannot afford to exclude from its councils the leaders of the non-Communist labor movement in America.

This article has concerned itself with the Republican Party only, because that is its subject. One of the most important facts affecting the Republican Party, however, is the disintegration of the Democratic Party. The Democratic Party has, for the time being at least, lost the capacity to govern. The extreme left wing has deserted the party for Henry Wallace. The moderate left, represented by the Americans for Democratic Action and those who think as they do, is lukewarm. The extreme right, located mostly in the South, is in substantial revolt against the President's civil rights program. The great Democratic city machines have lost interest in an Administration which seems doomed to defeat. Even before the Republicans gained a majority in Congress, the Administration had lost effective control of that body, and after the 1946 elections its control of the members of its own party approached the vanishing point. The feeble resistance by Democrats in the House to the cuts in the Marshall Plan appropriations, and the overriding by both houses of veto after veto in the closing days of the last regular session, are proof enough, if such proof be needed, of the complete collapse of Administration leadership on the Hill.

Entirely apart from the Republican position on issues, therefore, and apart even from the personality and qualifications of Governor Dewey, the Republican Party is likely to ride into power on the wave of public reaction against the weakness, disintegration, and futility of the Democratic Party. The great question is whether the Republican Party will be satisfied with that kind of victory if it comes, or whether it will rise and grow with the opportunities which victory will bring. In spite of the hopeful signs which came out of Philadelphia last June and in spite of the apparent ascendancy of the progressive wing of the party, the elements of reaction, timidity, and isolation are still alive. It is reasonable to believe that a newly elected Republican President, supported by the prestige resulting from his success at the polls and by the massive power of the Federal patronage, can keep those elements under control if he exerts his influence to that end. Only the event, however, can give the final answer. In the meantime, reflecting upon the magnitude of the world crisis and the desperate yearning of all men everywhere for a leadership of vision, courage, and integrity, one must pray that Almighty God will give to Thomas E. Dewey and to the Republican Party the capacity to fill the shoes He has made for them.

(This is the second of three articles on the campaign. The first, Gardner Jackson's "Henry Wallace: A Divided Mind," appeared in August. The third, on the Democratic Party, by the Honorable Ellis M. Arnall, will appear in October.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I Personally

Ohio born and bred, BERGEN EVANS *is today Professor of English at Northwestern University and the author of that devastating and entertaining book,* The Natural History of Nonsense. *But when he was studying at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar in 1930, Mr. Evans eked out his meager funds by serving during the summer months as a courier for a hit-and-run tourist agency which lacked the kindliness and experience of Cook or American Express but which certainly operated on the accepted American principle of the more speed the more service.*

GRAND TOUR—NONSTOP!

by BERGEN EVANS

1

COSMIC TOURS, INC., by whom I was employed as an assistant courier in the summer of 1930, threw in an extra country as an enterprising tailor throws in an extra pair of pants. Their itineraries were not designed for the rich and certainly not for the idle. They were democratic in their appeal, and Number 56, to one swarm of which I was attached, by promising "Eight Countries in Six Weeks," at a cost which would scarcely have moved an equivalent amount of freight over the same route, precipitated an invasion of which Europe has not seen the like since the days of Alaric.

Although the tour technically began at the dockside in New York, the *caravanos* (as the Italians called them) were not assembled until we left London. Small detachments, coming by various boats, converged on the metropolis from Liverpool, Southampton, Plymouth, and Glasgow. But though weakened by seasickness and confused by strange customs, the members of these groups were still individuals, human beings possessing a degree of independence incompatible with their undertaking. To reduce them to units of Number 56, they were put through a sort of boot training. They were shoved into charabancs and dispatched to Windsor, Oxford, and Stoke Poges. Contingents of two and three hundred were squeezed in and out of the Stratford church in ten minutes, Anne Hathaway's cottage in eight, Warwick Castle in twelve. That Shakespeare was not for an age but for all time was never more strikingly illustrated than in the remarkable relevance, which none but he could have foreseen, of the first line of the inscription under his bust:

Stay Passenger, Why Goest Thou By So Fast?

Parties got mixed up, luggage was lost, rooms changed, passports collected, returned, and collected again. There were quarrels with roommates and reassignments to worse roommates. Side trips were proposed, arranged for, and canceled.

But it was not until they realized that the eight hundred and sixty frenzied people milling about the boat train at the Liverpool Street Station were all part of one hegira that the requisite pecking-order between company and customer was definitely established. That they did not, one and all, turn and flee was plainly due not to courage but to the exhaustion of it which the preceding week had induced.

We were always a formidable group. Legions were continually being detached for special forays, but their place was quickly filled by others who were joined to us, and the total that reached Paris was even larger than that which left London. Two hundred and twenty were detached at Cologne, leaving six hundred and forty to ascend the Rhine and occupy Munich. It was the year of the Passion Play and all count was lost in the vortex of Oberammergau. How many of the thousands who endured their own private Gethsemane for seven hours on those flinty benches, numb with rhetoric and impeded circulation, were ours I cannot say, but for the blessed ensuing week we were reduced to a mere handful of two hundred and ten, seven scant busloads rumbling peacefully across Switzerland.

From the Furka Pass on, however, we gathered sufficient numbers to warrant our special trains again. From Lugano we descended (in one day, with an hour off for lunch and Leonardo in Milan) to Venice, where we crowded into our gondolas, queued up for the Bridge of Sighs, and left the next day for Florence, where we had what was known as a "stopover," a respite of forty-eight hours. From Florence we proceeded directly to Naples. Pompeii, Sorrento, and Capri were covered all in one day. One more day was allotted to Naples itself, and then north to Rome for a two-day communion with the envied dead. En route from Rome to Paris, by way of Genoa, Nice, Marseilles, and Avignon, our numbers were continually augmented to form the mighty torrent of disheveled and haggard *voyageurs*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that debouched from the Gare de Lyon to surge along the boulevards or stagnate in the Place Pigalle until the boat trains swept them off.

Since the cost of sleepers is so much greater than that of hotel rooms, all of our traveling was done by day. That meant that of the thirty days that elapsed between our leaving London and arriving in Paris, nineteen were spent on trains or boats or in buses. And each of the remaining eleven featured some special expedition that required still more riding. So that Europe to our pilgrims was really a confusing succession of train or bus windows, interspersed with a squawking medley of stations, taxis, and hotels. Most of the clients were not sure where they were, and some of them were not sure where they had been. I was once called upon to settle an argument: had they or had they not been in Austria? They had (one night at Innsbruck) and I identified it for the doubting as the place where the guide had worn a feather in his hat.

The special conveyances which we usually rode in prevented even a casual contact with a European. The natives, like the scenery, were something outside the window. The tourists were completely surrounded by their own background and hence found their prejudices confirmed everywhere they turned. When, for example, they were served their first Continental breakfast their indignation was echoed from every table around them — since these tables were also filled with Americans having *their* first Continental breakfast — and it would have been impossible for them to have formed any opinion except that a Continental breakfast is a penurious barbarism condemned by all right-thinking people.

Their numbers imposed regimentation as well as isolation. There were advantages, of course: they were relieved of all concern with luggage and reservations and everywhere they went they had the priority of an avalanche. But the schedule, the price and penalty of their bargain, was inflexible. There could be no individual variations. If they were spared the burdens of ordinary travel, they were denied its solaces. They couldn't change their plans or their hotel or stop over even for a day. After a while, when weariness had begun to seep into their bones, they didn't seem able even to omit minor expeditions in order to rest. It was easier to stagger out to the buses than to explain why you didn't want to.

In addition they were the victims of an insidious process designed — how deliberately I could never decide — to reduce them to imbecile helplessness. At home, I suspect, they were people of intelligence and initiative. They must have had aspirations to have come at all. They must have had the ability to save and earn their money or the cunning to wheedle it out of someone. Yet in a group they were bewildered.

The courier held the hotel vouchers and the railway tickets. They had surrendered their passports and many of them their money into his keeping. He alone could communicate with the menacing brigands who babbled and gesticulated around them as they rushed from trains to taxis. He alone knew when the trains left and by the simple device of keeping this knowledge to himself prevented any unscheduled wanderings. The dangers of being stranded in a strange country had been too graphically impressed on them for them ever to let the courier out of their sight.

Mr. Crandall, the chief courier, was an extraordinary man. Ulysses would have been home the afternoon of the second day if he could only have put his affairs into Mr. Crandall's hands. A cumbrous old man, who shuffled along on crippled feet, he had formerly been stage manager for Augustin Daly and attributed his talents to twenty years of pacifying prima donnas. Though he usually seemed to be asleep in the most comfortable corner of the most comfortable compartment, he was as observant as a stoat and in moments of crisis he was truly great. On the morning of the memorable day in which we traveled from Lugano to Venice he complacently informed us assistant couriers that there would be an insurrection in the late afternoon. He estimated that all dispositions would be curdled by half past three and that the announcement, to be withheld until five, that dinner would not be served on the train would produce an open revolt.

But he was completely unperturbed. At Padua a messenger sent out from Venice secretly boarded the train with the mail and Wellington did not hold the Guards more jealously in reserve at Waterloo than Crandall held those letters. The uproar occurred on schedule with all predicted fury but it was not until a committee of protest was coming down the corridor that Crandall ordered the mail to be distributed. By eight o'clock the opposition had re-formed but Crandall was secure. We were then approaching Venice and he knew the gondolas would "get 'em."

2

All the veteran couriers were remarkable men. They had to be linguists, experienced travelers, diplomats, and dictators. They had to be resourceful, patient, and perpetually unruffled. And, in addition, they had to be eager for temporary employment at a very low salary.

One would have thought such a combination to be rare, but Europe seemed to be crowded with men possessing all of these qualifications, particularly (as the company frequently reminded us) the last. Most of them had known more glamorous days and the job was an opportunity to sun themselves once more in the warming deference of managers and headwaiters. It was customary for them to receive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wine and a few extra delicacies with their meals, which were served in a room apart so that they might have a snatch of peace and enjoy their perquisites without exciting the wrath of the tourists. And how they relished those meals, prolonging the soup with loving sucks, applauding the roast with heartfelt grunts, savoring the dessert, and dawdling over their coffee and liqueur! With trembling old hands they deflowered their cigars, and with what mute agony they looked at one another when some shrill questing voice profaned these precious moments.

Such a voice, when it came, was most likely to be that of a "hostess." Attached to every group was a worthy matron whose helpful companionship and moral influence had been lyrically set forth in our advertising. She was most probably a sorority housemother or a professor's or minister's widow and had qualified for her high office by persuading ten other people to sign up, a feat which endeared her to the company but left the couriers cold. At the time of her usefulness she was encouraged to see herself as a guide, leading a few choice and grateful spirits through the treasury of the ages, stopping, perhaps, to point out the particular merits of a masterpiece or to call attention to some elusive grace of an older culture.

Once the wheels had started rolling, however, these ladies were just in the way. Many were beguiled into being "one of the party" and "taking it easy," but many others refused to relinquish their importance. A few jewels, such as the hostess of Section A, a high school French teacher from South Bend, the most accomplished linguist and diplomat on the whole tour, pitched in where it really helped and by soothing the exasperated and enduring the bores, by acting as an interpreter, by being always willing to accept the worst room and the worst seat, added immensely to the general comfort. But most of the others preferred the more noble occupation of inciting to riot, stirring the cauldron of discontent with hissing charges of favoritism and rumors of special privilege, urging the tourists to "assert themselves" and "demand their rights."

The older couriers always managed to pacify them with a little flattery but the younger men, to whom the job was something of a lark, frequently fought back. One particularly active daughter of Eris found herself seized and bound to a pillar in the station just as her train was about to leave Milan. Before she could be extricated the train pulled out. There was a storm, of course, but the couriers felt that the peace of her temporary absence was well worth it.

3

Neither the numbers nor the regimentation, however, constituted the chief burden. It was speed, the relentless pace to which we were committed. For a day or two it was amusing and even exhilarating. The scramble, the panting, the urgency and insistence all seemed to promise some great event, and the remarkable experiences of every day seemed to justify the haste. But tiredness accumulated. We grew irritable. Pleasure became an onerous duty and every experience was snatched from us, to make way for the next, before we could savor it.

The schedule was tyrannical. Ten minutes, for example, were always allowed between breakfast and departure, and those who failed to make full use of them were more to be pitied than censured. Our people were genteel and this was a generation ago. Most of them came from small towns where urban frankness did not yet prevail and respectability wrung from them the tribute of a great deal of silent anguish.

There were moments, of course, when the indignant flesh thrust the spirit aside. One such occurred in Switzerland when I was in charge of a busload of thirty women. Because of the weather we had made an unexpectedly early start. The driver had become lost and we had been following back roads for several hours before I sensed the mounting tension and even then I attributed it to concern about our route. But when a small inn, hardly more than a chalet, suddenly appeared out of the mist and we showed no sign of slackening speed one of the ladies screamed "Stop!" in such desperate fury that the driver almost overturned us in his haste to comply. And the wheels had barely stopped turning before they were struggling out and bearing down on the hostel like Maenads in their unvoided frenzy. I had a momentary glimpse of the host's welcoming beam changing to consternation as he was swept aside, and could hear his roars of protest as the passengers returned to the bus without (quite understandably) buying anything to drink. It took five francs out of my own pocket to pacify the man and days of circumspection to pacify the ladies.

We were continually getting into some such ludicrous or humiliating situation. A minor fracas occurred at Bellinzona when the sign "Uomini" was mistaken to signify "Women." Several of our gentlemen were brought to the verge of uremia by encountering female attendants in the French lavatories, and most of our ladies to hypertension by the alfresco insouciance of the Italians.

They were plainly not, as the phrase goes, traveling for their health, but they made things worse than they need have been by stuffing themselves with sandwiches and fruit and soft drinks at every station. They were not hungry. The meals provided were excellent. They ate out of boredom and for the pleasure of spending strange money. Their compartments were littered with paper cups and the wrappers from sandwiches, and as the long hot afternoons wore on and the persistent rhythm of the wheels exercised their hypnotism they sank into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

querulous lethargies of repletion until the next station with its new array of vendors' trucks led them to gorge anew.

By the time we reached Paris we were all bilious. Tempers were short and outbursts of petulance hourly occurrences. And then the whole thing came to a boil in an incident which now seems amusing but was a nightmare at the time.

In the contracts between the company and the clients and those between the company and the hotels it was stipulated that there were never to be more than two persons to a room. Paris was crowded and the hotel to which we were assigned had put an extra cot in a dozen or so of the rooms, promising to remove them the next day. It was late when we arrived. The day had been hot, and when the clients discovered that some of them were expected to sleep three to a room all their exasperations and humiliations, their exhaustion and excess sandwiches, came to a head. With the hostesses hovering over them like Valkyries, there was a general and uninhibited display of temper (including that of the couriers), and the upshot was that the company — more, I suspect, to discipline the hotel than to mollify the clients — moved them all in the middle of the night to another hotel several miles distant. The second hotel assigned only two persons to a room, but its rooms were so small and dark and its bathrooms so few and far that the first hotel (where there had been a bath to every room) seemed paradise, and this only increased the clamor — or, rather, the whimpering, for the energy needed for a good clamor had long been dissipated.

The clients' plight, however, was as nothing compared to the assistant courier's. Immediately upon arriving at the first hotel, each person had sent out a large bundle of laundry. These bundles had been handed to the maid on each of the seven floors over which we had been distributed and the maid had marked each bundle by its room number. Few in their weariness had bothered to itemize their lists, and most in the fury of their departure forgot the numbers of the rooms which they had so briefly occupied. The courier's task, therefore, was to identify, a week later, more than ninety bundles of laundry, without any identification or descriptions, to seven chambermaids on seven different floors at such harassed moments as he and they could spare, the whole requiring a vocabulary with which he was singularly unfurnished.

The tourists, who were several miles away and had to be dealt with in *their* spare moments, would not pay for their laundry until it was delivered and examined in detail. The chambermaids would not give it up until it was paid for. The hotel was sulky and uncoöperative. The company was firm and unyielding. The courier, who was developing a nervous rash which was for several years to be of great interest to numerous dermatologists and psychiatrists, finally just ransomed the lot out of his own pocket and let anyone take what struck his fancy and pay what soothed his conscience. Some of the consciences could have stood a little laundering too.

Solace in this trying hour was afforded by the reflection that Mr. Whipple was still alive. Mr. Whipple was an elderly gentleman who had been dragged on the tour by his wife, a lady some twenty years his junior. Mrs. Whipple had recently had her gall bladder removed and had come abroad, we suspected, in search of a new audience for her narrative of suffering and triumph. At every lull her voice had been heard, vibrant with clinical detail. Beside her, his white face beaded with perspiration and his bloodless lips set in a gentle smile, her ailing spouse would be reclining with closed eyes.

Crandall had spotted him before we left the Liverpool Street Station and had at once issued a special order: "Don't let that man die this end of the gangplank." A dead tourist, it appeared, constituted a serious traffic hazard and involved the couriers in a tremendous amount of extra work. Therefore our first concern on reaching a hotel was to get Mr. Whipple to bed. The first problem on boarding a train was to get him a corner seat on the shady side. He was always fed at the first sitting and always seated midway between the axles on the buses, always pale, whispering his courteous thanks, eyes closed and breathing with difficulty. At every sortie he was urged to remain where he was. Had the various cathedrals and galleries been as totally devoid of interest as Crandall painted them on these occasions, the tourists would have had strong grounds for suit. But they good-naturedly recognized these denigrations as a beneficial conspiracy against Mr. Whipple — a conspiracy into which, it might be said, no one entered with more fervor than he did.

4

Whether many of the rest of them would not have done better to have remained with him in the bus is debatable. The cathedrals usually moved them to the awe for which they were designed, but the mood was frequently disturbed by the determination of our Protestant majority not to bow down in Rimmon's house. The Catholics found the churches less alien, of course, but they were often uneasy at the exhibition of relics. The matter-of-factness in presenting these seemed to disturb them. They apparently expected more formality. Faith that could afford to relax may have seemed, at least in the presence of their heretical friends, too like credulity. The Protestants snickered a little, to assert their superiority, but they too were a little uneasy when told that these were the actual chains that bound St. Peter, this the actual nail that pierced Our Lord. The matter-of-factness intimidated *them;* for the first time many of them began to wonder uneasily where you drew the line.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their most exciting religious experience came, I think, in St. Peter's when a vigilant watch was finally rewarded by seeing an old peasant woman kiss the toe of the famous statue. Their ecstasy knew no bounds and they lost all semblance of decorum in their eagerness to summon friends to share the spectacle.

Galleries were "done" with an immense sense of duty. The "Mona Lisa," the "Madonna of the Chair," and the "Last Supper" were recognized with pleasure. They learned to exclaim over perspective and were hardly to blame — considering the tedious iteration of the guides — for believing that the eyes "following you around the room" was the supreme excellence of portraiture.

Most of the pictures were meaningless to them, however. Crucifixions, Adorations, and Last Judgments were commonly understood, but Annunciations, scenes from the Apocrypha, and various acts of the Apostles and martyrs were insoluble mysteries. Historical and mythological persons and events were strange if not unknown and since many of them involved nudity were discreetly passed by. Now and then a particularly athletic rape of the Sabines or an unusually steatopygic Venus could not be ignored and drew whispers from the younger and frowns from the older members of the party. Rubens's heroic presentation of Diana of the Ephesians (in the Grand Gallery of the Louvre) provoked open indignation. Sixteen breasts on one woman was apparently thought to exceed the permissible limits of the artistic imagination.

Their chief instrument of aesthetic appreciation was arithmetic,[1] and woe betide the luckless guide who made a computable error. Before such terms as "composition" and "chiaroscuro" they were helpless, but figures were figures. Their supreme artistic moment came in the Louvre when the guide identified a copy of Leonardo's "Last Supper" as a faulty sketch by the master who had, unfortunately, omitted one of the disciples and hence produced a canvas salable only in the provinces. A voluntary Committee on Verification was at once self-appointed and within five minutes had overtaken the main body with the intelligence that there *were thirteen* figures in the picture. The guide blustered but to no avail. Back he had to go and eat crow.

Most of their pleasures, however, were found outside the galleries. They were most favorably impressed by the luxury of the hotels, including the plumbing. Despite the myth to the contrary, nine tenths of all Americans abroad stay at more luxurious hotels than any they have ever known. (The bidets, by the way, shocked them and confirmed some of their darkest suspicions.)

Their enthusiasm was honestly reserved for matters within the scope of their comprehension. They were genuinely excited by the grandeur of the Alps and the beauty of the Italian lakes. They got more out of Pompeii than I suspect their European equivalents would, sensing at once in the plan of the streets, the restaurants, and even in the facetious inscriptions above the doors (comparable to the "Wit's End," "Belly Acres," and "Mortgage Manors" of our own brighter set) the affinity between America and Rome.

Among minor delights ought, perhaps, to be mentioned the mortuary sculptures in the cemetery at Genoa, together with the thrifty custom, there employed, of digging up such as are behind with their rent. At Garmisch they were enraptured with the dessert, which was of ice cream in the form of swans, life-size. Twelve of these creations were brought into the dining room all at once and the roar of delight that greeted them must have made the chef a happy man. Nor will they ever forget the Amalfi Drive. At the very zenith of its splendors an Italian who had formerly lived in Brooklyn and operated a concession at the ball park ran out shouting "Peanuts a-popcorn!" and was rewarded with wild applause. The great moment in London came when, on our way to the station, a boy on a bicycle was observed to spin his pedals backwards. The misfortune (or advantage) of this performance was that it happened just where Newgate Street runs into Cheapside, and diverted the charabanc's attention during the very ten seconds that had been allotted to glimpsing St. Paul's.

Whether these pleasures were worth the pain they cost is not for me to say. Who can evaluate another's experience? George Ade, who traveled extensively and always in luxury, regarded any trip as a success which had been no more than 95 per cent misery. Making allowances for their less sumptuous circumstances, our people probably did well by this sophisticated standard.

My recollections are possibly somewhat colored. I was young and would have preferred the company of some of the younger ladies to that of their baggage. And there were possibly resentments on their side too. Certainly it was hard for the couriers to believe that the death of an assistant courier — who was pushed out of a window as his train was passing through a tunnel west of Menton — was wholly the accident that the company chose to regard it.

[1] At the art exhibit held in connection with the World's Fair at Chicago in 1933 I heard a popular guide and lecturer enthrall an audience with the assurance that the motorcycle escort which had accompanied "Whistler's Mother" from the station to the Art Institute was "the largest motorcycle escort ever accorded a single painting."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic Story

Her many years' residence abroad in Hungary, on the Riviera, and in Paris have only served to accentuate ELEANOR PALFFY'S *pleasure in and observation of her native New England. Out of the past with a blending of facts that are sometimes truer in disguise has come her new book,* Largely Fiction, *which is to be published in November by Houghton Mifflin and of which this is a chapter.*

ORIENT EXPRESS

by ELEANOR PALFFY

IT TOOK all Mary Elizabeth's courage to ring the great Viennese doctor's bell that winter afternoon four years after her marriage. Once inside the office it was worse, for the place was crowded. But the doctor kept her waiting only a few minutes, for the name of Palödy was still an open sesame in Central Europe. All that time she kept fingering the bridge of her nose beneath the chiffon veil that she had put on more to hide the discoloration and her trepidation than to conceal her identity.

The examination was brief but definite. "It's not broken, just badly bruised," the doctor said; then added casually, "How did you do it?"

"Well," she began hurriedly, like a child gabbling its lesson, "I got up in the night to go to —" that had to be amended — "I got up in the night. I didn't dare turn on the light for fear of waking my husband, so I ran smack-bang into the bathroom door." He must believe me, Mary Elizabeth was thinking desperately. She looked at him with a hopeful smile.

"Yes, all women say that. It is the classic answer. What really happened?" It wasn't so much a question as a statement.

The collapse of Mary Elizabeth's dignity must have been funny, but the doctor looked as though he thought it a little sad. She just sat and stared at him awhile in silence, and he stared back. He was a Jew, and was giving her the complete attention of his race. The need to confide in someone overmastered her New England reticence with such force that the words spilled over in a rush.

"It was late. We were in bed. There had been argument. Endless argument. About money. It is always money, not women, as people think. It was my fault. It was *all* my fault. I guess I am not used to Magyar men. I finally lost control, and I — well — I slapped his face." Her anxiety to defend him quickened, "So it really was my fault that he knocked me out, you see."

She sat on the edge of her chair, waiting for him to speak. The doctor didn't say anything, just kept right on giving her his complete attention. Mary Elizabeth gulped.

"I thought my nose might be broken; that's why I came to you. If you say it isn't, that's all that matters. He wouldn't care for a woman with a broken nose." She laughed, feeling a fool, and then added stupidly, as she fingered the bruised bridge, "He used to tell me it was my best feature!"

The eminent professor continued looking at her speculatively. She's right, he was thinking, her husband wouldn't care for a woman with a broken nose, or with any other disfigurement. Béla Palödy didn't care for any *one* woman very long anyway. Her time was running out. Yes, it was several years since her marriage had rocked Viennese, even European, society. Bluebeard was his nickname. People were beginning not to be able to remember his wives, just as they had long since ceased counting his official fiancées and all the other women. The doctor wondered if she knew all this, and debated with himself as to whether he should ask her. "Compresses," was all he finally said, "and this prescription for ointment."

Mary Elizabeth got up, thanking him. As she reached the door he added, "I wouldn't provoke the Herr Graf too far again if I were you. He comes

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of very old stock, and there has been inbreeding. In such families there is often —" the professor searched for a word that would not offend — "a mixed heritage. The Herr Graf's temper can become what might be called dangerous. I should recommend —" again he hesitated, fearful of going too far — "shall we say caution?"

There was no use enlarging on it, she thought as she went out. Everybody knew that Béla Palödy was a high-tempered man, but up till last night her pride had been that she alone could manage him. That was part of the charm — like riding a difficult horse. There had been many instances of his temper. On one occasion when a young Slovak woman, used to the tempo of oxen, had run across the road in front of the car, just missing the front fender, he had turned white with fury, had got slowly out of the car, and with his long, leisurely stride had gone up to the girl and deliberately knocked her down. It was done with such languor that the whole performance looked like a retarded motion picture.

"That will teach you a lesson," was all he had said to the girl as he left her among the dust and the geese on the road. But as they drove off he had turned to Mary Elizabeth with his disarming grin and said, "Little fool! If it hadn't been for my superb driving she'd be dead."

The peasants respected him for his great physical strength, as well as for his courage and elemental justice. After the revolution in 1918 he was the only one of the Hungarian magnates in the neighborhood to whom they went on doffing their hats, and the older men, as well as the women and girls, continued to kiss his hand in the old feudal way. Men took things from him that they wouldn't from others, and the women doted on him. It was his vitality that held them — his unalloyed vitality. Of course Mary Elizabeth knew that Bluebeard was his nickname, and she also knew that bets had been laid at the Jockey Club on the probable duration of their marriage, but she didn't care. None of his women ever did. Why should they? They knew that for whatever time it lasted they at least had a man.

2

When Mary Elizabeth first married she accompanied Béla to Galicia each September for the stag shooting, but lately it had seemed wiser to go to Baden-Baden for the reducing cure. Béla liked a woman to be a good clotheshorse, but all Central European cooking was rich. Baden was the antidote. Dr. Dengler conducted one of the most lucrative, and certainly the most drastic, cures in Europe. The patient got up at six o'clock to be rubbed down by a strong-armed attendant, and from that moment till bedtime lived like a raw recruit.

It was while Mary Elizabeth was at Baden-Baden that she first noticed there was something wrong with her right eye. In the beginning it was just a cloudy feeling, as though too heavy a cold cream had been rubbed along the eyelid (she was going in for every form of beauty treatment there was), but long before the cure ended, her eye had begun an inexplicable blinking. In addition to drinking the waters and taking the strenuous baths, the cure consisted of a great deal of walking. Day after day, up and down the long, leafy paths and alleys of the Black Forest, she walked and walked, and as she walked, her eye blinked and blinked. She grew as jumpy as a dog with a fly in its ear — so nervous, in fact, that she decided to go to Munich with American friends, before returning to Palöd, to see if a little music, and the society of people who had known her always, wouldn't clear up what she was convinced was a tic. People were apt to get overstrained at strenuous reducing cures and imagine all sorts of ailments. Mary Elizabeth was determined not to become a hypochondriac.

Munich was jammed to capacity and most exciting. The opening night Strauss conducted *Elektra*. It was what is known as a brilliant occasion, and should have been a satisfactory one. But in spite of the pleasure of seeing her friends; in spite of the contrast between the hotel and the bleak sanitarium; in spite of her stern resolve not to give in to fancies, Mary Elizabeth's eye refused to let itself be forgotten. It went right on blinking, and even at the opera, under the sway of the music, she caught herself closing her left eye and squinting at the backdrop, which was instantly cut in half as if by a veil.

That was on a Thursday. The Sunday following at *Salomé*, the actors suddenly had no tops to their bodies at all. "*Ich habe deinen Mund geküsst!*" the skirt of the beautiful Czech prima donna sang with triumph, but, though the platter with the head of John the Baptist was bouncing about in mid-air, the passionate lips that sought his dead ones were nowhere to be seen. Something, Mary Elizabeth said reluctantly to herself, is very wrong indeed. The next day she found out, in part, what it was.

Munich in those days was a charming old town, though there were parts of it as bare as Fall River, Massachusetts: long, empty streets with no particular beginning, no end, and apparently no purpose. These suburbs were remote from the lovely baroque houses, or the Johannes Kirche, decorated by the Brothers Asam, who had the happy gift of turning churches and convents into airy ballrooms throughout Bavaria. It was in a little-known part of Munich that Mary Elizabeth found the Augen Klinik.

The Outpatient Department was so cold that Mary Elizabeth shivered in her print dress. She sat down on a long wooden bench with the patient poor. The smell of disinfectant mingled with the stench of their misery. Finally a door opened and a woman bawled, "Frau Palödy! The Herr Geheimrat will see you now!"

The eye examination, which went on for hours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and hours, gave Mary Elizabeth ample opportunity to appraise the much advertised German thoroughness as well as the German character. Finally, when her nerves were at the breaking point, the Herr Geheimrat rubbed his hands with satisfaction, and without so much as looking in Mary Elizabeth's direction spoke briskly to his bespectacled assistant: "*Ach!* how clever you have shown yourself to be! How proud I am that a pupil of mine should have diagnosed the case so successfully. It does me great credit. Very few young men of your, as yet, limited experience would have seen it, for it is yet so small. Growing, of course," he rubbed his hands again, "but yet so small. You are slated for great things. I shall report this to those in authority at once. In the days that are to come the Fatherland will need young men of —"

"Please, Herr Geheimrat," Mary Elizabeth faltered in her inadequate German, "won't you tell me what is the matter with my eye? This suspense is difficult to bear! Is there anything *really* wrong?"

He glared at her as if she had been a presumptuous student interrupting a lecture at its climax.

"Wrong!" he barked. "Wrong! *Gott in Himmel*, wrong! The retina is being pushed forward by a growth — probably malignant — maybe a sarcoma. It is impossible to tell as yet. It is a very serious affair, very serious indeed, and you ask me if anything is wrong! There is no time to be lost. You must not wait to be operated on: three weeks at the utmost. Else you will be dead or blind. Such things are not to be trifled with. Do you understand?" He raised his voice as though she were deaf. "Dead or blind!" Then, without any change in voice, or manner, "Here is my bill. You can pay the nurse as you go out."

"But Herr Geheimrat —"

"You are not going to allow me to operate on you here in Munich?"

"I — I have scarcely had time to think. This is so — so — unexpected." The room seemed to be reeling and she put out a hand to steady herself. "Perhaps it would be better in Paris. I have friends there. I know no one here and my husband is very busy at this season —"

"Then good day. I have no time for idle conversation. No one in Germany has time for idle conversation." It had grown very hot and the noon sun made an intolerable glare on the shadeless street. There were no taxis. Mary Elizabeth walked, and long before she reached the Hotel Continental the tears had stopped sliding down her cheeks. She was glad to have been alone. It gave her time to accept her destiny. She never cried again.

3

THE next day her friends, who gave up their holiday program without a murmur, took her to Paris. In the past she had often enjoyed the trip, for the train runs through some of the most fertile country in the world — the kind of symmetrically cultivated country that Mary Elizabeth preferred to virgin forests or the great open spaces. But she couldn't look out the window, for the lights and shadows crackled inside her head like fireworks if she so much as opened her eyes. When they finally reached Paris it was hot and the streets were filled with trippers. It was only luck finding the great oculist in town. He waved aside a letter that Mary Elizabeth had brought him. "My respect for my German colleague is, of course, profound, but I prefer to make my own diagnosis."

So the whole wearisome business was gone through again. The chart, which she could no longer see at all; the following of the white spot on the machine, and the losing of it; the drops; the waiting for them to take effect. When he had finished, tears were streaming down the doctor's face, to accumulate and drip off the point of his beard.

"Alas, my child, I weep for you. It is terrible for anyone, but for a woman it is so much more grave. Especially," and he made a little old-fashioned bow, "for a *jolie femme* like yourself. It is always bad to have an eye removed."

"You mean — " Mary Elizabeth could not recognize her voice, or believe the sounds it was uttering — "you mean that my — eye — must — come — out? You mean it must come out like the eye of a fish?" The strange voice trailed off.

The doctor nodded his head as miserably as though he had never before had to break such news to anyone, and he spread his surgeon's hands in a gesture of regret.

For a moment Mary Elizabeth was stunned, then to her horror she heard herself burst into a peal of laughter and remark, "And I have been taking beauty treatments and going to reducing cures! Only a short time ago was worrying about the possible disfigurement of a broken nose!"

Then, as the tears continued to drop off the point of the old doctor's beard, she added, more to cheer him up than be flippant, "It is I who should weep, *cher Maître*, not you. I think instead that I shall buy some new clothes. I can always be laid out in them, you know."

The old Frenchman's face brightened. "Bravo!" he cried. "People decry vanity. Myself, I have always found it carried some of them over the worst crises of their lives. Did you know that the Chinese write the word 'crisis' with two characters? The first meaning 'danger,' the second 'opportunity'? But tell me, my child, did you never receive a blow? Think back. Perhaps a motor accident? A fall when riding or skiing? A tennis ball? Did anything, or anyone, ever hit you?"

Mary Elizabeth opened her mouth to say no, when an incident that she had wanted to forget came back crystal clear, each detail as though etched on steel.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She was just off the Orient Express. (What a part trains had played in her life! She would have chosen for her crest not the curled ostrich plume of heraldry but the smoke of an express train dropping over the horizon.) Throughout the twenty-four hours from Paris to Bratislava she had been living for the moment of reunion with Béla. After a two weeks' absence, she was carrying the feel, and the smell, and the bulk — the *joy* of him — in her senses. She had been savoring it in advance. First, there would be the grinding of the brakes, then he would be shouting at her, filling the station with his thunderous welcome. Then there would be his kiss, his mustache stiff with little icicles from the bitter Slovak cold; the feel of his old hussar's coat against her cheek; the smell of the pomade with which he slicked back his tawny hair.

But the Bratislava station was empty of Béla's gay, towering presence. Without him the place seemed stark and very foreign. Vilmós, the short Hungarian chauffeur waiting at the exit, seemed more alien than a gorilla, which he closely resembled.

It was a long drive back. Long and cold over bumpy roads. The wind, which seemed as though it had cut the gap through the Little Carpathians by its very intensity, shrieked through the canvas curtains of Béla's racing car till even the heavily furred Vilmós shivered. Finally it was over and she was back at Palöd, past the barrage of menservants waiting to kiss her hand, up the chilly stairs, and sitting on Béla's bed, where a bout of flu had kept him for the last few days. (It was a large bed, but his panther-like bulk made it seem restricted.) He didn't believe in fresh air for a cold, and Mary Elizabeth's head ached and spun with the heat given out by the porcelain stove and the vapor from the steam kettle. The antlers against the whitewashed walls became a forest of trophies that danced before her eyes. On the old-fashioned bed table the potions his old Slovak cook, whom he always sent for when he was ill, brewed for her idol's grippes and migraines jostled a handful of cartridges that surrounded his army revolver.

It was late. The conversation had been going on for a long time. Too long. There was argument. Endless argument. This time not about money. Not even about women. This time it was about men, or, to be more exact, *a* man — the banker fiancé Mary Elizabeth had thrown over to marry Béla, a dried, very correct Bostonian. All pleasure in her brief holiday had vanished; all joy in her homecoming had gone. Though a child could have seen that she was desperately tired, Béla would not let Mary Elizabeth go.

"It isn't true!" she repeated for the twentieth time. "It isn't true, I tell you. Why should I lie to you? How can you think such a thing of me? You know how I feel about infidelity. Surely you know that I care only for you? Haven't I proved it over and over again? Yes, I went out to dinner with him. Why *not?* Don't be so medieval. Do you want to put me in *une ceinture de chasteté?* You know perfectly well that we dine alone with men in America!"

Then, as the disbelief kept mounting and mounting in him, she almost shrieked, "It isn't true, I tell you. I wouldn't think of such a thing. You *know* I wouldn't!"

Perhaps he himself had a guilty conscience, but by then Béla's conviction of infidelity on her part was driving all sanity before it. As well try to stem a flood tide as convince him now. Watching him through a haze of exhaustion, she saw his pupils grow slitted, like a cat's. Then, spitting out a short word, he reached for the revolver.

Her hand got to the cartridges one split second before his did. As long as she lived she would hear the clatter of them on the hardwood floor. Long before their din had fallen away the great revolver came down over her temple with a crash. For the first time in her complacent life she knew the meaning of fear, the value of flight. She took to her heels, and locked and bolted the double doors of her room.

The next morning, across the breakfast table, Béla looked at her with genuine amazement. "Why, my Elizabeth," he said, "what is the matter with you? That is the very worst black eye I have ever seen. Where did you get it? What could you have done?"

"Don't you remember?" she said wearily; then, when she saw he didn't, still more wearily she told him.

"But my Elizabeth," he said, taking her into his arms, his voice deeper than ever with tenderness, "that is a quite impossible story, for I love you so!"

That was the incident Mary Elizabeth wanted to forget; but it came back to her crystal clear as she stood looking out the old French oculist's windows at the most beautiful city in the world. The long line of chimney pots, the Eiffel Tower straddling the world, the golden bubble of the Invalides floating above the luminous grayness that is the essence of Paris, the Seine flowing by the bookstalls, the flower markets, the towering, fleecy clouds — would she ever *see* it again? The chances seemed slim. But there was no use telling all that to the old doctor. So presently she turned to him and shook her head.

"No, *cher Maître*, I can recall no blow or accident. What day do you wish to operate?" Then, because he looked as though he were going to weep again, she added, "Be sure you give me time enough to get together a few clothes!"

After that her marriage disintegrated. Little by little she adjusted herself to a new existence in Paris. Rumors of Béla came to her, but she had lost all interest, as if what she had been through had atrophied all feeling towards him. She bore no resentment, for you cannot resent a force of nature, but that chapter was over.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

REPORT ON THE SEXLESS BEHAVIOR OF MICROSCOPIC IMMORTALS

LIFE would not be so complex
Were there no such thing as sex;
And what's more, and worth broadcasting,
Life would then be everlasting
For with differentiation
In the cell came copulation,
And with copulation, Death.
That's what Sex contributeth.
They have adumbrated this
In the Book of Genesis.

But the Paramecium
Never thinks of Kingdom Come;
His is life without perdition
For he multiplies by fission,
And, while busy multiplying,
Simply has no time for dying,
Nothing left with which to die:
All he does is multiply,
Turn himself into a tenth
And so on until the *n*th.
'Tis the same with the bacillus:
Sex alone is what can kill us.

Could we hear those birds bacillar
Sitting in a sightless tree,
What they sing would prove a thriller;
But we cannot hear them sing:
"Grave, where is thy victory?
Sex, where is thy sting?"

OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A writer now on the staff of the BBC, STEPHEN POTTER *has recently published what we regard as the shrewdest, funniest book on sportsmanship ever written* — Gamesmanship: The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating. *It contains full details of winning procedures in tennis, golf, croquet, bridge, snooker, chess, and so forth. In this paper Mr. Potter has enlarged on his golfing philosophy, and in a subsequent series of articles he will discuss the Art of Intimidating the Experts, the thesis of his new book on Lifemanship.*

GOLFMANSHIP: OR HOW TO WIN WITHOUT ACTUALLY CHEATING

by STEPHEN POTTER

ALWAYS remember that it is in golf that the skillful gamesman can bring his powers to bear most effectively. The constant companionship of golf, the cheery contact, means that *you are practically on top* of your opponent, at his elbow. The novice, therefore, will be particularly susceptible to your gambits.

Remember the basic rules. Remember the possibilities of defeat by tension. I have written elsewhere of the "Flurry," as it is called, in relation to lawn tennis. *It is an essential part of Winning Golf.* The atmosphere, of course, is worked up long before the game begins.

Your opponent is providing the car. You are a little late. You have forgotten something. Started at last, suggest that "Actually we ought to get rather a move on — otherwise we may miss our place."

"What place?" says the opponent.

"Oh, well, it's not a bad thing to be on the first tee on time." Though no time has been fixed, Opponent will soon be driving a little fast, a little tensely, and after you have provided one minor misdirection, he arrives at the clubhouse taut.

In the locker room one may call directions to an invisible steward or nonexistent timekeeper. "We ought to be off at 10.38." "Keep it going for us," and so forth.

OPPONENT.—"Who's that you're shouting to?"

GAMESMAN.—"Oh, it's only the Committee man for starting times."

Your opponent will be rattled, and be mystified too, if he comes out to find the course practically empty.

If for some reason it happens to be full, you can put into practice Crowded Coursemanship, and suggest, before every other shot Opponent plays, that "We mustn't take too long — otherwise we shall have to signal that lunatic Masterman, behind us, to come through. Then we're sunk."

Every beginner in golf gamesmanship must know when to be sympathetic to his opponent, when not. He must know the basic ways of walking, or not walking, off the tee with his opponent. If he is ignorant of that admirable little book *Bad Luck in Twenty-five Tones of Voice,* he must yet distinguish the mechanical "Bad luck!" suitable when your opponent really has had a stroke of ill fortune, from the exaggerated "What utterly filthy luck — no, really!" which increases the annoyance caused by a good honest error which hooks him into a bunker.

Here are some notes on certain general gamesmanship plays, in their relation to golf.

Frith-Morteroy Counter in Golf

What I have described as Game Leg Play can easily be adapted to golf. The essence of the gambit is, of course, the display of the slight limp, which with set mouth you try to "disguise." Trouble in the joints is certainly more effective, against very inexperienced players, than any other complaint.

Strained or rheumatic joints are the points to play on. In the locker room, prolonged swathing of ankles and wrists in elastic bandages can be obscurely irritating to your opponent, even if he fails to sympathize.

Frith-Morteroy's counter to any kind of Crocked Ankle Play is always to sympathize and wait. When the opponent begins to limp as if in pain Frith will sympathize and wait *till the turn.* Then, after Frith's next bad shot — a topped drive, say — he suddenly stands stock-still, head down.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRITH.—Sorry.
OPPONENT.—What's up?
FRITH.—O.K. in a second.
OPPONENT.—Indigestion?
FRITH.—No, I wish it was.
OPPONENT.—Why?
FRITH.—What? I mean it's something funny.
OPPONENT.—Funny?
FRITH.—It's called oteolitis media, or some nonsense. Uneven blood pressure. It's a tiny heart thing.
OPPONENT.—What, *heart?*
FRITH.—I'm supposed not to hit the ball too hard. I shall be all right in a second.

Thus, in the classical manner, the opponent's relatively minor affliction is made to seem ludicrously unimportant, while, if there happens to be a spectator to note it, Frith's superior sportsmanship, in concealing his dangerous condition as long as possible, will stand out in flattering contrast.

Mixed Foursomes

I have always been an intense admirer of this phrase, "I'm supposed not to hit the ball too hard," of Frith's.

In a mixed foursome it is important in the basic foursome play (*i.e.* winning the admiration of your opponent's female partner) that your own drive should be longer than that of the opposing man, who will, of course, be playing off the same tee as yourself.

Should he possess definite superiority in length, you must either (*a*) be "dead off my drive, for some reason" all day — a difficult position to maintain throughout eighteen holes; (*b*) say "I'm going to stick to my spoon off the tee," and drive with a Fortescue's Special Number 3 — an ordinary driver disguised to look like a spoon, and named "spoon" in large letters on the surface of the head; (*c*) use the Frith-Morteroy counter.

The general play in mixed foursomes, however, differs widely from the Primary Gambits of a men's four. But beginners often feel the lack of a cut-and-dried guide.

In the all-male game of course, when A and B are playing against C and D, the usual thing, if all is going well, is for A and B to be on delightfully good terms with each other, a model of easy friendship and understanding. Split Play is only brought into play by the A-B partnership if C-D look like becoming 2 up. A then makes great friends with C, and is quietly sympathetic when D, C's partner, makes the suspicion of an error, until C is not very unwillingly brought to believe that he is carrying the whole burden. His dislike for D begins to show plainly. D should soon begin to play really badly.

In the mixed game, all is different. *Woo the opposing girl* is the rule. To an experienced mixed-man like Du Carte, the match is a microcosm of the whole panorama of lovers' advances.

He will start by a series of tiny services, microscopic considerations. The wooden tee picked up, her club admired, the "Is that chatter bothering you?" The whole thing done with suggestions, just discernible, that her own partner is a little insensitive to these courtlinesses, and that if only *he* were her partner, what a match they'd make of it.

Du Carte, meanwhile, would be annoying the opposing man, by saying at large, in a sickening way, that "Golf is only an excuse for getting out into the country. The average male is shy of talking about his love for birds and flowers. But isn't that . . . after all — "

Du Carte was so loathsome to his male friends at such moments that they became overanxious to win the match. Whereas the female opponent, on the contrary, was beginning to feel that golf was not perhaps so important as sympathetic understanding.

By the twelfth hole Du Carte was able to suggest, across the distance of the putting green, that he was fast falling in love. And by the crucial sixteenth, Female Opponent would have been made to feel not only that Du Carte had offered a proposal of marriage, but that she, shyly and regretfully, had refused him.

Du Carte invariably won these matches two and one. For he knew the First Law of Mixed Gamesmanship: that *No woman can refuse a man's offer of marriage and beat him in match play at the same time.*

Caddie Play

Remember the basic rule: *Make friends with your caddie and the game will make friends with you.* How true this is. It is easy to arrange that your guest opponent shall be deceived into undertipping his caddie at the end of the morning round, so that the news gets round, among the club employees, that he is a no good, and the boys will gang up against him.

I myself have made a special study of Caddie Play, and would like to put forward this small suggestion for a technique of booking a caddie for your guest.

There is usually one Club caddie who is an obvious half-wit, with mentally deficient stare and a complete ignorance of golf clubs and golf play. *Do not choose this caddie for your opponent. Take him for yourself.*

There is such a caddie in my own Club. He is known as Mouldy Phillips. It is obvious from a hundred yards that this poor fellow is a congenital. While preparing for the first tee say: —

SELF.—I'm afraid my caddie isn't much to look at.
OPPONENT.—Oh, well.
SELF.—He's a bit — you know.
OPPONENT.—Is he?
SELF.—I was anxious you shouldn't get him.
OPPONENT.—But —

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SELF.—It's all right, I know the course. (*Then, later, in a grave tone*) It gives him such a joy to be asked.

OPPONENT.—Why?

SELF.—Oh—I don't think they'd ever have taken him on here if I hadn't been a bit tactful about it.

It is possible to suggest that in the case of Mouldy you have saved a soul from destitution. Impossible in such circumstances for your friend to refer to, much less complain of, Mouldy's tremor of the right arm, which swings like the pendulum of a grandfather clock, to the hiccoughs or the queer throat noise he will make in the presence of strangers — habits to which you are accustomed.

Meanwhile you have succeeded in your promise to get for Opponent the best caddie on the course. A man like Formby. "He's just back from caddying in the Northern Professional," you say. So he is, and your friend soon knows it. During the first hole:—

SELF.—I suppose Formby knows this course better than anyone in the world.

FORMBY.—Ought to, sir.

Your opponent will feel bound, now, to ask advice on every shot, every club. Formby is certain to give it to him, in any case. After he has done a decent drive and a clean iron shot, Formby will probably say: "Playing here last week, Stranahan reached this point, with his brassie, *from the tee.* Yes, he can hit, that man." Here one hopes that Mouldy Phillips will say something.

MOULDY.—Aa — ooo — rer — oh.

SELF.—Jolly good, Mouldy. Yes, he's got us there, old boy.

Here Opponent should be not only distracted but mystified. Formby will redouble his advice, while in contrast Mouldy looks on with delighted admiration at everything I do.

The Left Hand-Right Hand Play

I believe it was O. Sitwell who devised this simple rule for play against left-handers. If (as so often happens) your opponent, though left-handed in games generally, yet plays golf with ordinary right-hand clubs, it is a good thing, during the first hole *after the fifth* which he plays badly, to say:—

SELF.—Do you mind if I say something?

L.H. —No. What?

SELF.—Have you ever had the feeling that you are *playing against the grain?*

L.H. —No — how do you mean?

SELF.—Well, you're really left-handed, aren't you?

L.H. —I certainly am — except for golf.

SELF.—Have you ever been tempted to make the big change?

L.H. —How do you mean?

SELF.—Play golf left-handed as well. Chuck those clubs away. Fling them into the bonfire. Damn the expense — and get a brand-new set of left-handed clubs.

L.H. —Yes, but —

SELF.—*You know* that is your natural game. Be extravagant.

L.H. —It isn't the expense —

SELF.—Money doesn't mean anything nowadays, anyhow.

L.H. —I mean —

SELF. — Everybody's income's the same really.

The fact that your opponent has been advised to play right-handed by the best professional in the country will make him specially anxious to prove by his play that you are in the wrong. The usual results follow. If he is not only a left-hander but plays with left-handed clubs as well, the same conversation will do, substituting the word *right* for *left* where necessary.

A Note of Clothesmanship

I have discussed elsewhere the importance of Clothesmanship in golf. I enlarged on Clothesman's Primary, the wearing of clothes which are absolutely correct yet manly and gameslike, to match the gigantic golf bag, with ball cleaners, resin cases, and wooden-club mufflers dangling from its rich leather.

Then there is the tremendously effective Clothesman's Secondary, too, to counter this gambit. The baggy flannel trousers, the blue and white braces, and the boots, all made to go with the 1904 golf bag tied up with a clothesline, containing five dingy clubs very stringy round the heads. Many is the match I've seen won with this carefully planned outfit.

Bemerondsay Trophy Play

C. Bemerondsay was an awkward, tricksy, inventive gamesman, full of devices, many of them too complicated for the older generation. I remember he tried to upset me once by "letting it be known" that his name "of course" was pronounced "Boundsy," or some such nonsense. Players uncertain of their position were, it is believed, actually made to feel awkward by this small gambit, and I have heard G. Carter — always conscious that his own name was a wretchedly unsuitable one for a games player — apologize profusely for his "stupid mispronunciation."

On the other hand, Bemerondsay's Cup Trick is well worth following. I will briefly summarize it.

In play against a man like Julius Wickens, who goes in for suggesting he was once much better than he is, the dialogue runs as follows:—

BEMERONDSAY.—I have a feeling you know more about the game than you let on.

WICKENS.—Oh, I don't know.

BEMERONDSAY.—What *is* your golf history?

WICKENS.—Well, just before the war I was winning things a bit.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BEMERONDSAY.—I bet you were.

WICKENS.—Spoons — and things.

BEMERONDSAY.—Oh, you did, did you?

WICKENS.—Then in 1931 I won a half share in the July tea-tray — rather nice.

BEMERONDSAY.—Very nice indeed.

After the match, Bemerondsay asked Wickens round for a drink after the game. "I keep the stuff in my snuggery," he says, and in they go.

"Somebody must have put the drink in the cupboard," says Bemerondsay. "Why?"

He opens the cupboard door and to his "amazed surprise" out falls a small avalanche of golf cups, trophies, silver golf balls, engraved pewter mugs, symbolical groups in electroplate. "Oh hell," says Bemerondsay, slowly.

WICKENS (*really impressed*).—These all yours?

BEMERONDSAY.—Yes. This is my tin.

WICKENS.—When did you win all these?

BEMERONDSAY.—I never know where to put it.

It is of no importance in the gambit, but it is believed by most gamesmen that these "trophies" of Bemerondsay really are made of tin or silver-painted wood, or that at any rate they were bought by Bemerondsay as a job lot. It is doubtful whether he had ever entered for a Club competition, as he was a shocking match player.

Failure of Tile's Intimidation Play

Americans visiting this country for a championship have sometimes created a tremendous effect by letting it be known that, on the voyage over, in order to keep in practice, they drove new golf balls from the deck of the *Queen Mary* into the Atlantic.

I believe that W. Hagen brilliantly extended this gambit by driving balls from the roof of the Savoy Hotel.

When they came to our own seaside course, to play in the Beaverbrook International Invitation Tournament, two Americans created a tremendous effect by driving new balls into the sea before the start, to limber up.

E. Tile, pleased with this, determined to create a similar impression before his match against Miss Bertha Watson, in our June handicap. He cleverly got hold of six old or nearly worthless balls, value not more than twopence each, painted them white, and teed them up to drive them into Winspit Bay. By bad luck, however, not one of his shots reached the edge of the cliff, much less the sea. So his stratagem was discovered.

G. Odoreida

G. Odoreida, I am glad to say, did not often play golf. By his sheer ruthlessness, of course, Odoreida could shock the most hardened gamesman. Woe to the man who asked him as a guest to his golf club.

He would start with some appalling and unexpected thrust. He would arrive perhaps in a motor-propelled invalid chair. Why? Or his hair would be cropped so close to the head that he seemed almost bald.

Worse still he would approach some average player of dignified and gentlemanly aspect and, for no reason, *ask for his autograph*. Again, why? One was on tenterhooks, always.

I remember one occasion on which his behavior was suspiciously orthodox. The Club was Sunningdale. "Thank heaven," I thought. "Such ancient dignity pervades these precincts that even Odoreida is subdued."

I introduced him to the secretary. It was a bold move, but it seemed to work. I was anxious when I saw, however, that on that particular afternoon the secretary was inspecting the course. As he came near us Odoreida was near the hole. Without any reason, he took an iron club from his bag and took a wild practice swing on the very edge, if not on the actual surface, of the green. A huge piece of turf shot up. "Odoreida!" I said, and put the turf back with an anxious care that was perfectly genuine.

Two holes later the secretary was edging near us again. Odoreida was about to putt. He took the peg from the hole and *plunged it into the green*. "Odoreida!" I cried once more. Surely, this time, the secretary must have seen. But I remember very little of the rest of the afternoon's play. I know that Odoreida won by 7 and 5. I am glad to say that I refused to play the remaining holes.

In other words, gamesmanship can go too far. And the gamesman must never forget that his watchwords, frequently repeated to his friends, must be sportsmanship, and consideration for others.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who Is Right?

As every editor knows, the most difficult and sensitive assignment in journalism is to try to criticize the American press. Thus, when the Columbia Broadcasting System had the temerity to put on the air a program which would deliberately scrutinize the reporting and interpretation of New York's leading newspapers and periodicals, fireworks were bound to follow. "CBS Views the Press" has now been on the air for a year: the pity is that its example has not been followed locally. The program is presented by DON HOLLENBECK, *who has worked on newspapers in Omaha and San Francisco, and who served as a radio correspondent in Europe during the war.*

"CBS VIEWS THE PRESS"

by DON HOLLENBECK

1

"CBS Views the Press," a weekly fifteen-minute broadcast over the Columbia Broadcasting System's key station WCBS in New York, has been on the air for more than a year. During that year, in its discussion of how the New York newspapers handle stories ranging from an international crisis to a tie-up in the subway, the program has aroused the sympathetic interest of the public and has won five major radio awards. But what did the press think of this innovation?

"Man-bites-dog act slays N.Y. press; dailies' reaction big $64 question," said *Variety*. "The worm turns," said the headline over an editorial in *Editor & Publisher*. The Jamaica (N.Y.) *Leader-Observer*'s editorial said, "Thou hypocrite, cast out first the bean [*sic*] out of thine own eyes." Not all of the printed reactions to the premier performance of "CBS Views the Press" had the charm of a typographical error in a misquotation from the sixth chapter of St. Luke, but most of them had that burden.

What man bit what dog? "CBS Views the Press" is a coöperative venture, the result of a study by a number of men and women. Three men are assigned to the job almost full time — Joe Wershba, Edmund Scott, and I — but the entire CBS news staff contributes ideas, opinions, and research. There are nine New York daily newspapers to be read; there are in addition the news magazines and other publications when their contents have to do with news. Sometimes the topic for the week dictates itself: the coverage of the national conventions, for instance, or the Hearst newspapers' crusade for General MacArthur for President. Often a story will be in the process of development for several weeks before we feel that enough material is in hand to prepare a satisfactory broadcast.

CBS correspondents overseas are called upon when the story involves foreign reporting, as in the case of Maxwell Anderson's visit to Greece. The playwright made a quick trip to that country, talked to a number of persons, and subsequently prepared for the New York *Herald Tribune* a series of articles on the Greek problem. As Mr. Anderson saw it, and as he wrote for the *Herald Tribune*, the problem was all Red. The late George Polk, CBS's Middle East correspondent, was requested to put Mr. Anderson's articles into a truer perspective.

The raw material for a broadcast of "CBS Views the Press" is made the subject of an editorial conference, the direction is set, and a 2500-word broadcast is written, carefully checked as to accuracy, and put on the air. Accuracy is the program's bogeyman; the beam in one's own eye sometimes looms large. In one case, the wrong first name of a New York *Sun* reporter survived all checking of the manuscript, and the reporter's pained but restrained letter of protest brought an apology the next time we were on the air. In larger matters, the program has maintained a consistent reputation for accuracy.

There is often heated argument as to what the attitude of "CBS Views the Press" should be in a debatable matter. One of the warmest discussions arose over a political story. When Senator Robert A. Taft was launching his candidacy for the Republican Presidential nomination, he made a cross-country trip to see important people and to get the wheels turning. About the time the Senator's trip was being arranged, a national food-saving plan had been announced, and the Senator himself had commented that we should eat less meat and eat less extravagantly. Political enemies of Senator Taft made the most of that one. The New York *Post* listed for seven days the complete menus of the hearty meals eaten by Senator Taft, with price tags attached where possible. Most of them had been served him as a guest at clubs and hotels by

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Republican groups interested in Mr. Taft's candidacy, but some of them were dining-car meals. The story was intended to show that Senator Taft's advice was hypocritical, and that behind his talk of saving food he was gorging himself.

The question was, was this a fair political attack? After much wrangling, it was concluded by the majority of the CBS staff that it was not: that Senator Taft had been on a political tour, that entertainment and meals for him had been planned in advance by his hosts, that it was not for him to dictate what should or should not be set before him, and that it would have been boorish in the extreme — besides being politically unwise — to have made an issue of it among the people whose votes he was interested in.

Out of such general discussions and arguments come the weekly "CBS Views the Press" programs designed to help readers of newspapers get their own perspective on what they see in print.

Radio has done other adult jobs while growing up, and for several years the type of program known as the documentary has been acknowledged to be one of the finest forms of comment on current problems. Radio news presentation, radio drama, have been received approvingly and without wonder. Criticism of the radio was instrumental in improving radio's performance. But when radio presumed to criticize the sacrosanct press, that was too much.

"How long do you think you'll get away with it?" is the tenor of many letters. "They'll get you, they'll fix your wagon." This skeptical attitude is depressing because it indicates the low esteem in which radio has been held for a quarter of a century when a program such as "CBS Views the Press" is greeted with such skepticism.

The reaction of working newspaper men and women to "CBS Views the Press" was somewhat different: hopeful welcome tinged with cynicism. This sort of program simply could not exist. Now they help enthusiastically when their assistance is enlisted in getting a particular story together for the program, but at first they helped with an air of looking carefully over their shoulders to be sure that they were not being followed.

The Columbia Broadcasting System gave air time to a spokesman for the New York *Sun* when that paper considered it had a grievance over our discussion of its handling of the supposed theft of atomic energy secrets from Oak Ridge. John T. McManus asked in *PM*, "Is surrender ahead for 'CBS Views the Press'?" The editor of a Newspaper Guild publication called to get some facts for the obituary he was writing for the program.

The broadcast of an article prepared on the efforts of the management of Time, Inc., to censor the outside writing of its employees was delayed for a couple of weeks while we debated the question of whether differences between management and personnel of a publication came within the scope of our program. We concluded that since these differences might have an important effect on the publication, or on books and articles by the writers involved, such differences were well within our sphere, and the story was broadcast. But during the delay, word got around the publishing business that CBS was due for a fall this time. You just couldn't go on the air with anything critical of Time, Inc., and get away with it. The obituary writers got busy again.

2

This apprehensive attitude is depressing for a second reason. It reflects an almost unconscious view that one might as well abandon the search for truth; that to discuss with honesty an institution so venerable and so powerful as the press is suicidal. Too many people seem too ready to give up without a struggle their right to free speech and open discussion. They are glad when a program such as "CBS Views the Press" fights to keep that right alive, but they are glad with a wry smile, as if to say, "There goes Don Quixote at the windmills again."

Last fall, the program dealt with the New York newspapers' treatment of the trial at Nuremberg of twenty-three top officials of the I. G. Farbenindustrie. The names of some extremely big American firms were linked with Farben in the testimony, and in many of the newspapers those names were not even mentioned. That fact was so stated on "CBS Views the Press," and the following week the mail increased greatly. The keynote was surprise and praise for our "audacity," and there was the old postscript: "Better look out, you're monkeying with hot stuff, and they'll be getting you." The following week's broadcast dealt with a really monumental fumble by the press in reporting a Federal court opinion on a Standard Oil patents case in which the name of Farben also figured. At that, the amazement of some of our listeners knew no bounds: two in a row, think of it!

Now there really seemed to be little audacity involved in what was a straight reporting job on how the New York newspapers treated two particular stories, and yet the nature of the stories was such that to many people the mere mention of them seemed to constitute bravery and audacity.

What is happening? Are the American people willing to see free speech and honest discussion vanish? Are they to salute with despair any attempt to keep alive that free speech and honest discussion, and are they ready to write off such attempts as forlorn hopes and windmill-tilting? Maybe they are, because so far as we know, the only radio station of any size or influence in the country which broadcasts a program critical of the press is WCBS in New York.

Radio stations all around the country regularly get copies of the scripts; they hear transcriptions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the programs; they see the venture discussed in their trade publications; they are keenly aware of the great public interest in it, and, wise in promotion, they are professionally aware of the critical recognition given it. They read in *Variety* that other stations may soon be putting on similar programs in their communities, and yet those programs don't come off, or they haven't at this writing. Why not?

3

One general conclusion emerges — that the local presentation of such a program would be much more effective than any network presentation, and for obvious reasons. The listener in any community must with ease relate such a broadcast to what he sees in his own newspapers. Listener and broadcaster must establish a rapport, each must know what is being talked about.

There have been many thoughtful and provocative critical studies of the press as a whole: the Hutchins committee's findings on the freedom and responsibility of the press; the Nieman Fellows' conclusions as to what an ideal newspaper should be like; Morris Ernst's excellent book, *The First Freedom;* A. J. Liebling's *New Yorker* articles collected under the title of *The Wayward Pressman* — all offer much valuable discussion and information as to the current state of the American press. But they do not and cannot do what a local critique of the press can do: they cannot establish that rapport which is so necessary for the communication and reception of useful criticism. Their contributions must of necessity be in general terms, and although Mr. Liebling's discussions come the closest to being specific, they have an inevitable tendency to fade and, to readers outside New York, not to mean much.

It is the constant treatment of the local performance which begins to make the listener think a little more about the newspaper he reads. And about those he doesn't read, too, but which he sees on the newsstands every day or clutched in his fellow commuters' hands. "I've read one paper for years," a correspondent wrote in. "It never occurred to me that news could be presented in so many different ways, or simply not presented at all. I never heard of the Dorothy Lawlor story, because the paper I read never printed a line of it." Our correspondent was referring to the case of the young woman on Long Island who early this summer got a lot of newspaper space around the country by going through the motions of advertising in a New York newspaper for a husband with ten thousand dollars cash. The advertisement was turned down by the business office, but ethics were thrown right out the window by the editorial department. It faked an advertisement, reproduced it in its news columns, and the resulting publicity was something to shudder at.

"CBS Views the Press" discussed some of the journalistic antics, and our correspondent pointed out that since he read the New York *Herald Tribune* in the morning and got his news from a very conservative radio analyst in the evening, he had never heard of the thing. Not that he wanted to, he hastened to add; he'd keep right on reading the *Herald Tribune.* But it made him think about how newspapers do or don't report news, and he wondered if there were other things of more importance going on of which he was unaware.

We reminded him of the now celebrated case of the Mississippi Bureau of Investigation: a secret police force was last year empowered to make arrests without warrants in crimes of violence, under legislation which made the possession of explosives by persons who do not use them in normal business prima-facie evidence of possession for purposes of crime; and for the bombing of transportation facilities, the death penalty was provided, whether or not anyone was killed. Enactment of the legislation had followed some strike violence in Mississippi.

A secret police force of this character and power in any one of the forty-eight states should be of interest and concern to all Americans, no matter how far from Mississippi they live. And yet until A. J. Liebling found out by reading the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* what was going on and wrote an article about it for the *New Yorker,* and "CBS Views the Press" took it up where he left off, the story had had no circulation at all; the press associations sent out squibs which gave one no idea of the real story and its importance, and as a consequence, editors didn't bother to print them. This was a case of a regional blockade. Press association editors reason that news originating in the South is of interest only to Southerners, and the same theory applies in other regions.

It is the job of the critic of the press to ferret out these cases, and to report them on the basis of how the local newspapers did or did not treat them. Discussion of the Associated Press means little to the readers of the Emporia *Gazette* or the Philadelphia *Inquirer;* it is what those newspapers did with the Associated Press copy they got that can be made of interest to them. That's why criticism of the press is best done locally; it means more personally to those who hear or read it.

The suggestion has often been made that "CBS Views the Press" should be a daily broadcast, done, perhaps, in the cool of the evening, with all the day's newspapers close at hand, and a little time for sober assessment of the news after the strain and confusion of going to press are over. From the critic's point of view it is a horrible thought — enough care is involved in getting out a weekly product; and yet from the interested listener's standpoint, it must be admitted that here would be almost the ideal criticism of the press. The ideal would be the same criticism by the press itself.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MR. BLUEFROCK CONSIDERS IT ALL

Bagpipes, balloons, and bubbles, I have blown 'em all,
I have watched them rise and I have watched them fall,
I have heard the mermaids calling, each to each
I have eaten a peach.

Campbells, Colquhouns, and Comyns, I have known 'em all,
I have known the short ones and I have known the tall,
I have seen my second cousin sit in the gorse,
I have ridden a horse.

Sonnets, lampoons, and ballads, I have wrote 'em all,
I have dipped my pen in alternate honey and gall,
I have drunk a great deal of indescribable wine,
I have been down a mine.

Collage, cartoons, and crayons, I have done 'em all,
I have drawn on the flagstones and on the kitchen wall,
I have washed my midnight head in the forest pool,
I have played the fool.

Salons, saloons, and sawdust, I have paced 'em all,
I have wielded the little stick and chased the ball,
I have eaten a million rounds of buttered toast,
I have seen a ghost.

Gibbons, baboons, and lemurs, I have loved 'em all,
I have watched the eagles fly and the lizards crawl,
I have seen the giants sleep and the Muses snore,
Need I say more?

R. P. LISTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philosopher and author who was born in London, who received his B.A. and Litt.D. from Trinity College, Dublin, and who has been Professor of Philosophy at Princeton University since 1932, W. T. STACE *contributes a provocative paper to our series of essays on morality and religion — a series which has included the work of Rufus Jones, Barbara Ward, and Reinhold Niebuhr, and in which Mrs. Eugene Meyer will soon appear.*

MAN AGAINST DARKNESS

by W. T. STACE

1

THE Catholic bishops of America recently issued a statement in which they said that the chaotic and bewildered state of the modern world is due to man's loss of faith, his abandonment of God and religion. For my part I believe in no religion at all. Yet I entirely agree with the bishops. It is no doubt an oversimplification to speak of *the* cause of so complex a state of affairs as the tortured condition of the world today. Its causes are doubtless multitudinous. Yet allowing for some element of oversimplification, I say that the bishops' assertion is substantially true.

M. Jean-Paul Sartre, the French existentialist philosopher, labels himself an atheist. Yet his views seem to me plainly to support the statement of the bishops. So long as there was believed to be a God in the sky, he says, men could regard him as the source of their moral ideals. The universe, created and governed by a fatherly God, was a friendly habitation for man. We could be sure that, however great the evil in the world, good in the end would triumph and the forces of evil would be routed. With the disappearance of God from the sky all this has changed. Since the world is not ruled by a spiritual being, but rather by blind forces, there cannot be any ideals, moral or otherwise, in the universe outside us. Our ideals, therefore, must proceed only from our own minds; they are our own inventions. Thus the world which surrounds us is nothing but an immense spiritual emptiness. It is a dead universe. We do not live in a universe which is on the side of our values. It is completely indifferent to them.

Years ago Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his essay *A Free Man's Worship*, said much the same thing.

> Such in outline, but even more purposeless, more void of meaning, is the world which Science presents for our belief. Amid such a world, if anywhere, our ideals henceforward must find a home. . . . Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gate of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts that ennoble his little day; . . . to worship at the shrine his own hands have built; . . . to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power.

It is true that Mr. Russell's personal attitude to the disappearance of religion is quite different from either that of M. Sartre or the bishops or myself. The bishops think it a calamity. So do I. M. Sartre finds it "very distressing." And he berates as shallow the attitude of those who think that without God the world can go on just the same as before, as if nothing had happened. This creates for mankind, he thinks, a terrible crisis. And in this I agree with him. Mr. Russell, on the other hand, seems to believe that religion has done more harm than good in the world, and that its disappearance will be a blessing. But his picture of the world, and of the modern mind, is the same as that of M. Sartre. He stresses the *purposelessness* of the universe, the facts that man's ideals are his own creations, that the universe outside him in no way supports them, that man is alone and friendless in the world.

Mr. Russell notes that it is science which has produced this situation. There is no doubt that this is correct. But the way in which it has come about is not generally understood. There is a popular belief that some particular scientific discoveries or theories, such as the Darwinian theory of evolution, or the views of geologists about the age of the earth, or a series of such discoveries, have done the damage. It would be foolish to deny that these discoveries have had a great effect in undermining religious dogmas. But this account does not at all go to the root of the matter. Religion can probably outlive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

any scientific discoveries which could be made. It can accommodate itself to them. The root cause of the decay of faith has not been any particular discovery of science, but rather the general spirit of science and certain basic assumptions upon which modern science, from the seventeenth century onwards, has proceeded.

2

It was Galileo and Newton — notwithstanding that Newton himself was a deeply religious man — who destroyed the old comfortable picture of a friendly universe governed by spiritual values. And this was effected, not by Newton's discovery of the law of gravitation nor by any of Galileo's brilliant investigations, but by the general picture of the world which these men and others of their time made the basis of the science, not only of their own day, but of all succeeding generations down to the present. That is why the century immediately following Newton, the eighteenth century, was notoriously an age of religious skepticism. Skepticism did not have to wait for the discoveries of Darwin and the geologists in the nineteenth century. It flooded the world immediately after the age of the rise of science.

Neither the Copernican hypothesis nor any of Newton's or Galileo's particular discoveries were the real causes. Religious faith might well have accommodated itself to the new astronomy. The real turning point between the medieval age of faith and the modern age of unfaith came when the scientists of the seventeenth century turned their backs upon what used to be called "final causes." The final cause of a thing or event meant the purpose which it was supposed to serve in the universe, its cosmic purpose. What lay back of this was the presupposition that there is a cosmic order or plan and that everything which exists could in the last analysis be explained in terms of its place in this cosmic plan, that is, in terms of its purpose.

Plato and Aristotle believed this, and so did the whole medieval Christian world. For instance, if it were true that the sun and the moon were created and exist for the purpose of giving light to man, then this fact would explain why the sun and the moon exist. We might not be able to discover the purpose of everything, but everything must have a purpose. Belief in final causes thus amounted to a belief that the world is governed by purposes, presumably the purposes of some overruling mind. This belief was not the invention of Christianity. It was basic to the whole of Western civilization, whether in the ancient pagan world or in Christendom, from the time of Socrates to the rise of science in the seventeenth century.

The founders of modern science — for instance, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton — were mostly pious men who did not doubt God's purposes. Nevertheless they took the revolutionary step of consciously and deliberately expelling the idea of purpose as controlling nature from their new science of nature. They did this on the ground that inquiry into purposes is useless for what science aims at: namely, the prediction and control of events. To predict an eclipse, what you have to know is not its purpose but its causes. Hence science from the seventeenth century onwards became exclusively an inquiry into causes. The conception of purpose in the world was ignored and frowned on. This, though silent and almost unnoticed, was the greatest revolution in human history, far outweighing in importance any of the political revolutions whose thunder has reverberated through the world.

For it came about in this way that for the past three hundred years there has been growing up in men's minds, dominated as they are by science, a new imaginative picture of the world. The world, according to this new picture, is purposeless, senseless, meaningless. Nature is nothing but matter in motion. The motions of matter are governed, not by any purpose, but by blind forces and laws. Nature on this view, says Whitehead — to whose writings I am indebted in this part of my paper — is "merely the hurrying of material, endlessly, meaninglessly." You can draw a sharp line across the history of Europe dividing it into two epochs of very unequal length. The line passes through the lifetime of Galileo. European man before Galileo — whether ancient pagan or more recent Christian — thought of the world as controlled by plan and purpose. After Galileo European man thinks of it as utterly purposeless. This is the great revolution of which I spoke.

It is this which has killed religion. Religion could survive the discoveries that the sun, not the earth, is the center; that men are descended from simian ancestors; that the earth is hundreds of millions of years old. These discoveries may render out of date some of the details of older theological dogmas, may force their restatement in new intellectual frameworks. But they do not touch the essence of the religious vision itself, which is the faith that there is plan and purpose in the world, that the world is a moral order, that in the end all things are for the best. This faith may express itself through many different intellectual dogmas, those of Christianity, of Hinduism, of Islam. All and any of these intellectual dogmas may be destroyed without destroying the essential religious spirit. But that spirit cannot survive destruction of belief in a plan and purpose of the world, for that is the very heart of it. Religion can get on with any sort of astronomy, geology, biology, physics. But it cannot get on with a purposeless and meaningless universe.

If the scheme of things is purposeless and meaningless, then the life of man is purposeless and meaningless too. Everything is futile, all effort is in the end worthless. A man may, of course, still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pursue disconnected ends, money, fame, art, science, and may gain pleasure from them. But his life is hollow at the center. Hence the dissatisfied, disillusioned, restless, spirit of modern man.

The picture of a meaningless world, and a meaningless human life, is, I think, the basic theme of much modern art and literature. Certainly it is the basic theme of modern philosophy. According to the most characteristic philosophies of the modern period from Hume in the eighteenth century to the so-called positivists of today, the world is just what it is, and that is the end of all inquiry. There is no reason for its being what it is. Everything might just as well have been quite different, and there would have been no reason for that either. When you have stated what things are, what things the world contains, there is nothing more which could be said, even by an omniscient being. To ask any question about *why* things are thus, or what purpose their being so serves, is to ask a senseless question, because they serve no purpose at all. For instance, there is for modern philosophy no such thing as the ancient problem of evil. For this once famous question presupposes that pain and misery, though they seem so inexplicable and irrational to us, must ultimately subserve some rational purpose, must have their places in the cosmic plan. But this is nonsense. There is no such overruling rationality in the universe. Belief in the ultimate irrationality of everything is the quintessence of what is called the modern mind.

It is true that, parallel with these philosophies which are typical of the modern mind, preaching the meaninglessness of the world, there has run a line of idealistic philosophies whose contention is that the world is after all spiritual in nature and that moral ideals and values are inherent in its structure. But most of these idealisms were simply philosophical expressions of romanticism, which was itself no more than an unsuccessful counterattack of the religious against the scientific view of things. They perished, along with romanticism in literature and art, about the beginning of the present century, though of course they still have a few adherents.

At the bottom these idealistic systems of thought were rationalizations of man's wishful thinking. They were born of the refusal of men to admit the cosmic darkness. They were comforting illusions within the warm glow of which the more tender-minded intellectuals sought to shelter themselves from the icy winds of the universe. They lasted a little while. But they are shattered now, and we return once more to the vision of a purposeless world.

3

Along with the ruin of the religious vision there went the ruin of moral principles and indeed of all values. If there is a cosmic purpose, if there is in the nature of things a drive towards goodness, then our moral systems will derive their validity from this. But if our moral rules do not proceed from something outside us in the nature of the universe — whether we say it is God or simply the universe itself — then they must be our own inventions. Thus it came to be believed that moral rules must be merely an expression of our own likes and dislikes. But likes and dislikes are notoriously variable. What pleases one man, people, or culture displeases another. Therefore morals are wholly relative.

This obvious conclusion from the idea of a purposeless world made its appearance in Europe immediately after the rise of science, for instance in the philosophy of Hobbes. Hobbes saw at once that if there is no purpose in the world there are no values either. "Good and evil," he writes, "are names that signify our appetites and aversions; which in different tempers, customs, and doctrines of men are different. . . . Every man calleth that which pleaseth him, good; and that which displeaseth him, evil."

This doctrine of the relativity of morals, though it has recently received an impetus from the studies of anthropologists, was thus really implicit in the whole scientific mentality. It is disastrous for morals because it destroys their entire traditional foundation. That is why philosophers who see the danger signals, from the time at least of Kant, have been trying to give to morals a new foundation, that is, a secular or nonreligious foundation. This attempt may very well be intellectually successful. Such a foundation, independent of the religious view of the world, might well be found. But the question is whether it can ever be a *practical* success, that is, whether apart from its logical validity and its influence with intellectuals, it can ever replace among the masses of men the lost religious foundation. On that question hangs perhaps the future of civilization. But meanwhile disaster is overtaking us.

The widespread belief in "ethical relativity" among philosophers, psychologists, ethnologists, and sociologists is the theoretical counterpart of the repudiation of principle which we see all around us, especially in international affairs, the field in which morals have always had the weakest foothold. No one any longer effectively believes in moral principles except as the private prejudices either of individual men or of nations or cultures. This is the inevitable consequence of the doctrine of ethical relativity, which in turn is the inevitable consequence of believing in a purposeless world.

Another characteristic of our spiritual state is loss of belief in the freedom of the will. This also is a fruit of the scientific spirit, though not of any particular scientific discovery. Science has been built up on the basis of determinism, which is the belief that every event is completely determined by a chain of causes and is therefore theoretically pre-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dictable beforehand. It is true that recent physics seems to challenge this. But so far as its practical consequences are concerned, the damage has long ago been done. A man's actions, it was argued, are as much events in the natural world as is an eclipse of the sun. It follows that men's actions are as theoretically predictable as an eclipse. But if it is certain now that John Smith will murder Joseph Jones at 2.15 P.M. on January 1, 1963, what possible meaning can it have to say that when that time comes John Smith will be *free* to choose whether he will commit the murder or not? And if he is not free, how can he be held responsible?

It is true that the whole of this argument can be shown by a competent philosopher to be a tissue of fallacies — or at least I claim that it can. But the point is that the analysis required to show this is much too subtle to be understood by the average entirely unphilosophical man. Because of this, the argument against free will is generally swallowed whole by the unphilosophical. Hence the thought that man is not free, that he is the helpless plaything of forces over which he has no control, has deeply penetrated the modern mind. We hear of economic determinism, cultural determinism, historical determinism. We are not responsible for what we do because our glands control us, or because we are the products of environment or heredity. Not moral self-control, but the doctor, the psychiatrist, the educationist, must save us from doing evil. Pills and injections in the future are to do what Christ and the prophets have failed to do. Of course I do not mean to deny that doctors and educationists can and must help. And I do not mean in any way to belittle their efforts. But I do wish to draw attention to the weakening of moral controls, the greater or less repudiation of personal responsibility which, in the popular thinking of the day, result from these tendencies of thought.

4

WHAT, then, is to be done? Where are we to look for salvation from the evils of our time? All the remedies I have seen suggested so far are, in my opinion, useless. Let us look at some of them.

Philosophers and intellectuals generally can, I believe, genuinely do something to help. But it is extremely little. What philosophers can do is to show that neither the relativity of morals nor the denial of free will really follows from the grounds which have been supposed to support them. They can also try to discover a genuine secular basis for morals to replace the religious basis which has disappeared. Some of us are trying to do these things. But in the first place philosophers unfortunately are not agreed about these matters, and their disputes are utterly confusing to the non-philosophers. And in the second place their influence is practically negligible because their analyses necessarily take place on a level on which the masses are totally unable to follow them.

The bishops, of course, propose as remedy a return to belief in God and in the doctrines of the Christian religion. Others think that a new religion is what is needed. Those who make these proposals fail to realize that the crisis in man's spiritual condition is something unique in history for which there is no sort of analogy in the past. They are thinking perhaps of the collapse of the ancient Greek and Roman religions. The vacuum then created was easily filled by Christianity, and it might have been filled by Mithraism if Christianity had not appeared. By analogy they think that Christianity might now be replaced by a new religion, or even that Christianity itself, if revivified, might bring back health to men's lives.

But I believe that there is no analogy at all between our present state and that of the European peoples at the time of the fall of paganism. Men had at that time lost their belief only in particular dogmas, particular embodiments of the religious view of the world. It had no doubt become incredible that Zeus and the other gods were living on the top of Mount Olympus. You could go to the top and find no trace of them. But the imaginative picture of a world governed by purpose, a world driving towards the good — which is the inner spirit of religion — had at that time received no serious shock. It had merely to re-embody itself in new dogmas, those of Christianity or some other religion. Religion itself was not dead in the world, only a particular form of it.

But now the situation is quite different. It is not merely that particular dogmas, like that of the virgin birth, are unacceptable to the modern mind. That is true, but it constitutes a very superficial diagnosis of the present situation of religion. Modern skepticism is of a wholly different order from that of the intellectuals of the ancient world. It has attacked and destroyed not merely the outward forms of the religious spirit, its particularized dogmas, but the very essence of that spirit itself, belief in a meaningful and purposeful world. For the founding of a new religion a new Jesus Christ or Buddha would have to appear, in itself a most unlikely event and one for which in any case we cannot afford to sit and wait. But even if a new prophet and a new religion did appear, we may predict that they would fail in the modern world. No one for long would believe in them, for modern men have lost the vision, basic to all religion, of an ordered plan and purpose of the world. They have before their minds the picture of a purposeless universe, and such a world-picture must be fatal to any religion at all, not merely to Christianity.

We must not be misled by occasional appearances of a revival of the religious spirit. Men, we are told, in their disgust and disillusionment at the emptiness of their lives, are turning once more to religion, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are searching for a new message. It may be so. We must expect such wistful yearnings of the spirit. We must expect men to wish back again the light that is gone, and to try to bring it back. But however they may wish and try, the light will not shine again, — not at least in the civilization to which we belong.

Another remedy commonly proposed is that we should turn to science itself, or the scientific spirit, for our salvation. Mr. Russell and Professor Dewey both make this proposal, though in somewhat different ways. Professor Dewey seems to believe that discoveries in sociology, the application of scientific method to social and political problems, will rescue us. This seems to me to be utterly naïve. It is not likely that science, which is basically the cause of our spiritual troubles, is likely also to produce the cure for them. Also it lies in the nature of science that, though it can teach us the best means for achieving our ends, it can never tell us what ends to pursue. It cannot give us any ideals. And our trouble is about ideals and ends, not about the means for reaching them.

5

No civilization can live without ideals, or to put it in another way, without a firm faith in moral ideas. Our ideals and moral ideas have in the past been rooted in religion. But the religious basis of our ideals has been undermined, and the superstructure of ideals is plainly tottering. None of the commonly suggested remedies on examination seems likely to succeed. It would therefore look as if the early death of our civilization were inevitable.

Of course we know that it is perfectly possible for individual men, very highly educated men, philosophers, scientists, intellectuals in general, to live moral lives without any religious convictions. But the question is whether a whole civilization, a whole family of peoples, composed almost entirely of relatively uneducated men and women, can do this.

It follows, of course, that if we could make the vast majority of men as highly educated as the very few are now, we might save the situation. And we are already moving slowly in that direction through the techniques of mass education. But the critical question seems to concern the time-lag. Perhaps in a few hundred years most of the population will, at the present rate, be sufficiently highly educated and civilized to combine high ideals with an absence of religion. But long before we reach any such stage, the collapse of our civilization may have come about. How are we to live through the intervening period?

I am sure that the first thing we have to do is to face the truth, however bleak it may be, and then next we have to learn to live with it. Let me say a word about each of these two points. What I am urging as regards the first is complete honesty. Those who wish to resurrect Christian dogmas are not, of course, consciously dishonest. But they have that kind of unconscious dishonesty which consists in lulling oneself with opiates and dreams. Those who talk of a new religion are merely hoping for a new opiate. Both alike refuse to face the truth that there is, in the universe outside man, no spirituality, no regard for values, no friend in the sky, no help or comfort for man of any sort. To be perfectly honest in the admission of this fact, not to seek shelter in new or old illusions, not to indulge in wishful dreams about this matter, this is the first thing we shall have to do.

I do not urge this course out of any special regard for the sanctity of truth in the abstract. It is not self-evident to me that truth is the supreme value to which all else must be sacrificed. Might not the discoverer of a truth which would be fatal to mankind be justified in suppressing it, even in teaching men a falsehood? Is truth more valuable than goodness and beauty and happiness? To think so is to invent yet another absolute, another religious delusion in which Truth with a capital T is substituted for God. The reason why we must now boldly and honestly face the truth that the universe is non-spiritual and indifferent to goodness, beauty, happiness, or truth is not that it would be wicked to suppress it, but simply that it is too late to do so, so that in the end we cannot do anything else but face it. Yet we stand on the brink, dreading the icy plunge. We need courage. We need honesty.

Now about the other point, the necessity of learning to live with the truth. This means learning to live virtuously and happily, or at least contentedly, without illusions. And this is going to be extremely difficult because what we have now begun dimly to perceive is that human life in the past, or at least human happiness, has almost wholly depended upon illusions. It has been said that man lives by truth, and that the truth will make us free. Nearly the opposite seems to me to be the case. Mankind has managed to live only by means of lies, and the truth may very well destroy us. If one were a Bergsonian one might believe that nature deliberately puts illusions into our souls in order to induce us to go on living.

The illusions by which men have lived seem to be of two kinds. First, there is what one may perhaps call the Great Illusion — I mean the religious illusion that the universe is moral and good, that it follows a wise and noble plan, that it is gradually generating some supreme value, that goodness is bound to triumph in it. Secondly, there is a whole host of minor illusions on which human happiness nourishes itself. How much of human happiness notoriously comes from the illusions of the lover about his beloved? Then again we work and strive because of the illusions connected with fame, glory, power, or money. Banners of all kinds, flags, emblems, insignia, ceremonials, and rituals are in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

variably symbols of some illusion or other. The British Empire, the connection between mother country and dominions, is partly kept going by illusions surrounding the notion of kingship. Or think of the vast amount of human happiness which is derived from the illusion of supposing that if some nonsense syllable, such as "sir" or "count" or "lord" is pronounced in conjunction with our names, we belong to a superior order of people.

There is plenty of evidence that human happiness is almost wholly based upon illusions of one kind or another. But the scientific spirit, or the spirit of truth, is the enemy of illusions and therefore the enemy of human happiness. That is why it is going to be so difficult to live with the truth.

There is no reason why we should have to give up the host of minor illusions which render life supportable. There is no reason why the lover should be scientific about the loved one. Even the illusions of fame and glory may persist. But without the Great Illusion, the illusion of a good, kindly, and purposeful universe, we shall *have* to learn to live. And to ask this is really no more than to ask that we become genuinely civilized beings and not merely sham civilized beings.

I can best explain the difference by a reminiscence. I remember a fellow student in my college days, an ardent Christian, who told me that if he did not believe in a future life, in heaven and hell, he would rape, murder, steal, and be a drunkard. That is what I call being a sham civilized being. On the other hand, not only could a Huxley, a John Stuart Mill, a David Hume, live great and fine lives without any religion, but a great many others of us, quite obscure persons, can at least live decent lives without it.

To be genuinely civilized means to be able to walk straightly and to live honorably without the props and crutches of one or another of the childish dreams which have so far supported men. That such a life is likely to be ecstatically happy I will not claim. But that it can be lived in quiet content, accepting resignedly what cannot be helped, not expecting the impossible, and thankful for small mercies, this I would maintain. That it will be difficult for men in general to learn this lesson I do not deny. But that it will be impossible I would not admit since so many have learned it already.

Man has not yet grown up. He is not adult. Like a child he cries for the moon and lives in a world of fantasies. And the race as a whole has perhaps reached the great crisis of its life. Can it grow up as a race in the same sense as individual men grow up? Can man put away childish things and adolescent dreams? Can he grasp the real world as it actually is, stark and bleak, without its romantic or religious halo, and still retain his ideals, striving for great ends and noble achievements? If he can, all may yet be well. If he cannot, he will probably sink back into the savagery and brutality from which he came, taking a humble place once more among the lower animals.

DATE BEFORE DAWN

by MARY BALLARD DURYEE

I LIVE in the hills, but I wake beside the sea;
My chimney stands beside a mountain stream,
Where hills lean on my roof, outrank my tree,
Hem in my dream.

But before the song of a bird disturbs the dawn,
I wake where the surf invades the rocks of Maine,
Hard by a cove where the steadfast tide is drawn
Seaward again.

And the solid hills recede beyond my reach,
Shadows behind the streaming hair of joy
As I race the salty day on a sea-washed beach —
Girl without boy!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A British artist and writer, OSBERT LANCASTER *lived for eighteen months in Greece in a semiofficial capacity at the close of the war. Sketching and taking notes as he traveled, he has brought to his forthcoming book,* Classical Landscape with Figures (*Houghton Mifflin*), *of which this is a portion, a love of Greece and its inhabitants. His line drawings are as lively as his prose, as readers will know who have followed his cartoons in the English daily press, his contributions to many periodicals, and his books,* Home Sweet Homes *and* Pillar to Post.

THE ISLAND GREEKS

by OSBERT LANCASTER

1

A PECULIAR fascination attaches to all towns wherein two or more distinct and alien cultures have flourished side by side but where no synthesis has ever been achieved. Too often, however, the full improbable flavor of the resulting contrasts is diluted by segregation; only in the few streets adjoining the "native quarter" where the minaret overshadows the Empire-builders' pebble-dash and half-timbering, or where the upcurving eaves of a pagoda project behind the correct façades of the Third Republic, can it be savored in all its intensity. But in Corfu an architectural mélange of the most surprising sort is evenly established in the very heart of the town.

The town of Corfu has little to show that can be regarded as specifically Greek. The domestic architecture is predominantly Italian in style, relieved here and there by a façade which is to the discerning Anglo-Saxon eye unmistakably Regency. Nor has the countryside much in common with the mainland. Enjoying a heavy winter rainfall, the valleys and fields are notably green and lush, while the mountains themselves have nothing of the Attic barrenness. The trees and shrubs are of familiar kind but of quite exceptional size: enormous stone pines which seem of a totally different species from the tough and ragged little dwarfs which sparsely dot the hillsides of Greece proper, and giant olives, here left unpruned, whose twisted trunks are pierced with innumerable holes the size of a man's hand through which the daylight penetrates in a macabre, Daliesque fashion and which are not to be observed elsewhere.

The inhabitants of this exposed paradise differ both in costume and economic status from the ordinary Greek peasants. Mainland Greece is a country of smallholders where the very few large estates that formerly existed were all, with two exceptions, broken up by the land reforms of Venizelos, but here the feudal domains of the local nobility remain in many cases intact. These curious relics cling to the titles with which the Serene Republic was so generous to her colonials in the last days of her power when she had nothing else to offer, with an insistence which in ordinary times was vaguely comic but which during the Italian occupation became, in some cases, a trifle embarrassing. Staunchly royalist, those who have not departed to cut a dash in the society of the capital (an inconsiderable proportion) continue to inhabit their rambling villas, solid, unpretentious buildings in the North Italian style of the seventeenth century, surrounded by their vines and their olives and exercising their seigneurial rights with an accommodating inefficiency. Their tenants, usually darker and slighter in build than the mainland peasantry, live in picturesque but decaying villages which, thanks to an absence of dust and abundance of vegetation, accord far more closely with the popular conception of the Arcadian ideal than does the bleak Peloponnesian reality.

The women wear a costume of exceptional charm and richness, of which the Italian origin is not in doubt, for its most distinguishing feature, a wheel-shaped turban of colored ribbons braided in with the hair, has been exactly set down by Titian in his portrait of a Venetian courtesan. Whatever was once the traditional garb of their menfolk, it has now been generally abandoned, and only the two town bands cut any sartorial dash; the Royal Ionian, glorious in a uniform of the blue and crimson of the ribbon of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George and a golden helmet heavily beplumed, and the National, staunchly patriotic in white and blue with helmets of silver.

By far the most influential and infinitely the most popular of all the inhabitants of Corfu is, though dead, still visible in the flesh. Unlike the generality

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of mankind, St. Spiridion, although during his lifetime a not inactive bishop who attended the Council of Nicaea, has undertaken his longest journeys and displayed the greater energy in the course of his post-mortal career.

At the time of the fall of Constantinople his embalmed corpse, which had long been venerated in that city, had recently been acquired by a certain Calochoretti who, with a repaying prescience, had invested his entire fortune in holy relics. Having successfully escaped from the doomed city, this pious speculator made his way across Thessaly and Albania bearing his holy capital, which included in addition to St. Spiridion the mortal remains of St. Theodora, the wife of Theophilus the Iconoclast, in a country cart concealed beneath a load of hay, arriving finally at Corfu. Once established in the town, his investment proved highly profitable, the resident saint, Arsenius, soon showing himself quite incapable of any prolonged or effective response to the competition of the newcomers, and on his death the old man bequeathed a saint apiece to his two sons. St. Spiridion, who almost from the first declared far the larger dividend, was the portion of the elder, on whose death he passed into the family of Bulgaris, who still retain his person and enjoy his revenues. Today he lies richly and liturgically clad in an ornate silver coffin in his own church, where the more important and influential visitors may inspect him on request; the common people must restrain themselves in patience until his name day, when robed and mitred he passes in procession through the town seated on the episcopal throne, followed by all the dignitaries of the island.

Of his countless miracles, unflagging watchfulness for the island's interests, and prompt attention to the humblest of his supplicants, there are numerous and exhaustive accounts. I will only add the most recent proof he has afforded of his protective power. During the last war a large proportion of the townspeople showed themselves understandably reluctant, when the sirens sounded, to seek the safety of the air-raid shelters thoughtfully provided by the municipality, preferring to entrust themselves to the tried protection of St. Spiridion. One night, in the course of the worst raid which the town had suffered, when the church was as usual packed to its utmost capacity, fire-watchers were horrified to observe a bomb of enormous size whistling indeflectably down upon that elaborately decorated but far from solidly constructed building. At the very last second, when all hope appeared to have vanished, the missile, for no obvious reason, exploded with a terrifying, baffled roar but twenty feet above the roof itself, injuring none and causing but superficial damage. Whatever decline in the saint's popularity may have taken place in the skeptical period between the wars, this awe-inspiring demonstration of his personal intervention has effectively arrested it for many years to come.

Hardly less exalted if more animated visitors have from time to time taken up their residence on the island, ranging from Richard Cœur de Lion, who passed some months here on his ill-starred journey back from the Holy Land, to the Empress Elisabeth of Austria, who, rating its charms even higher than those of Ventnor, where she had previously been accustomed to pass much of the summer, built herself a villa some distance from the town. Later her place and her villa were taken by the former Kaiser, who redecorated it in a style in which tradition and modernity are nicely blended, for in the principal rooms the ceilings are both adorned and illuminated by numerous stucco *putti* blowing what appear to be iridescent bubbles, but what are in fact electric-light bulbs. Another contemporary visitor from the Teutonic north was Herr Böcklin, the Führer's favorite master, who here found the inspiration for his masterpiece, the celebrated "Toteninsel."

Nevertheless, despite, or perhaps because of, the attraction which Corfu exerts for the Nordic temperament, its beauties may appear to those with some acquaintance with Greece proper to be of too rich and cloying a quality.

2

Crete, to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other place in the world, certainly any place of similar size, possesses a power strangely to stir the imagination, even of those who have never been there, which the mere sound of the long flat monosyllable of its name is sufficient to quicken. In a large measure this is due undoubtedly to the knowledge of the vast tracts of time through which this island has played a role in history — to the realization that as many years before the birth of Christ as have passed since his death a complex civilization had here already passed the climax of its achievement and had entered on a long period of immensely sophisticated decline; but even if the Minoan culture were still as dimly apprehended as it was before the coming of Sir Arthur Evans, it would yet be impossible to treat of Crete as just another Mediterranean island, remarkable only for its greater size.

The scenery and the inhabitants, although the mists from the legendary past may serve to magnify their scale, would always, even when seen with the naked, factual eye, appear unrelated and unique. The narrow coastal plain is backed by a low range of hills behind which rises a range of considerable mountains; if this were all, the scene though beautiful would not be unparalleled, but 'way behind these summits a further range hangs snowcapped in the blue. This triple barrier of three superimposed silhouettes, of which the upper edges are clearly defined while the bases tend to lose their firmness of outline in a flat haze that forms the background for the sharp summits of the range immediately below, has much of the quality of a Chinese water color

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the best period and produces a hardly to be defined impression of artifice and unreality.

The figures which pass before this heroic backdrop seem, fortunately enough, to be all just slightly larger than life and to display a theatrical air without which they would assuredly be overwhelmed by the immensity of their surroundings. Physically, the Cretans differ considerably from the Greeks of the mainland, being in general of taller stature (although it should be remembered that the average Greek is not nearly so diminutive as the Anglo-Saxon imagination too often pictures him) and swarthier in complexion, both of which traits may perhaps derive from a strong Berber strain in the Arab corsairs, who almost extinguished the original inhabitants of the island in the ninth and tenth centuries.

Their peculiarity, in which they take immense pride, is further marked by their carriage and their eyes. The former is characterized by a dignified swagger that comes in part, doubtless, from their habit of always wearing high-polished boots, regardless of whether or not they are likely even to see a horse; and the latter are extravagantly black and piercing, jettier and more brilliant by far than the oily blackness of a Kalamata olive, which distinguishes the eyes of the Asia Minor Greek.

These physical distinctions are further emphasized by the traditional costume, which is here far more generally worn by the men than it is on the mainland. The baggy Turkish breeches with the extraordinary pouch in the seat, traditionally designed to catch the infant Mahomet, who on his second coming will be born of man, but which is utilized in the meantime, anyhow by Christian wearers, to carry anything from a primus stove to half a dozen hand grenades; the immense cummerbund whose countless folds serve more than a purely decorative purpose as they afford an admirable and much needed protection to the liver and kidneys in a climate where the temperature is subject to violent changes in the course of a few hours; and the small black turban with a pendant, satanic fringe level with the eyebrows — all combine to produce an effect of elegant ferocity which is still further enhanced by the immense mustaches lovingly cultivated by all those of an age to do so.

3

Although in classical and modern times Crete never again attained the unrivaled position it had enjoyed in the Minoan period, its history was sufficiently remarkable and unlike that of the rest of the Greek world to ensure its continued peculiarity. Colonized by the Dorians, it played an inconspicuous role during the most glorious periods of Hellenic history, and in the earliest years of the Christian epoch was only distinguished by the widespread reputation for untrustworthiness achieved by the inhabitants; a reputation so firmly established that St. Paul himself did not hesitate to accept it, and by so doing gave it a world-wide currency. As part of the Byzantine Empire it acquired, owing to its geographical position, a new importance that rendered it the pivot on which the whole naval strategy of the Empire turned, and its capture by the Arabs in the eighth century ushered in one of the most miserable periods in the history of the eastern Mediterranean.

When Byzantine rule was re-established, the character of the island had suffered considerable change, and differences had been established which are still apparent. Owing to the Arabs' practice of liquidating the male population, either by the sword or in the galleys, and stocking their harems with the female, the inhabitants had acquired a distinctly duskier tinge, and it is not perhaps too fanciful to see a further result of this prolonged occupation in the architecture of many of the villages, which, with their square, flat-topped houses and drumless, whitewashed domes, exhibit to this day a strangely African look. With the decline of the Byzantine power the island passed to the Venetians, whose mild rule not only served to preserve the native culture from the Turkish blight for more than a century longer than any part of the Greek mainland but to establish a connection with Western Europe during a vital period in the Continent's history which bore unexpected fruit in the art of Crete itself and, in one notable instance, of Europe.

During the last period of the Empire the influence of the Cretan school of ikon painters had spread all over the Greek world, gradually replacing that of the earlier Macedonian school. With the coming of the Venetians the island artists were brought into direct contact with the Italian Renaissance, with the result that not only is the characteristic formalism of Orthodox art much relaxed, and a new, scientific vision of reality superimposed — by no means invariably successfully — on the old hieratic Byzantine conception, but whole compositions and motifs are freely borrowed from the West. The traffic, of course, was not entirely one way, and in the person of El Greco, Crete nobly repaid with compound interest what she had, perhaps rather unwisely, borrowed. So much, however, has recently been written about the importance of the Byzantine element in that painter's work that it may not perhaps be out of place here to point out that the art with which Theotocopuli was acquainted in his native land was already markedly hybrid, and that the late Robert Byron's portrait of the young traveler in Venice, on whose rigidly non-realistic, Orthodox vision Renaissance naturalism had an undoubtedly stimulating but in the long run superficial effect, needs some modification.

The Western European inoculation which the inhabitants of Crete received during the Venetian period served to maintain their native vigor and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit at a higher pitch than that of the other Greeks during the long years when they were all subject to the Porte. The result was that there was no time in those centuries when the Cretans could have been said to have been acquiescent subjects of the Porte, and the years after the liberation of the mainland when Crete still remained within the Ottoman Empire were marked by an almost continuous series of revolts and uprisings which, although they invariably failed of their main objective, did secure for the island a certain cautious respect from their overlords, and incidentally provided the earliest lessons in leadership and statecraft for the great Venizelos. When at last, in the early years of the present century, victory was achieved and Crete was reunited to the rest of Greece, the islanders almost at once began to have second thoughts. The warm embraces with which they were received by their countrymen were soon discovered to have masked the most shameless pocket-picking, and the wealth of an island which was self-supporting to a degree unattained by any other portion of Greece was rapidly reduced by the depredations of successive governments that made little or no return in the way of social services.

It is not therefore altogether surprising that old men are still to be encountered who look back, as to a golden age, to the last days of Ottoman rule, when the professional storytellers were to be heard every evening in the cafés of Candia and Canea recounting their traditional sagas to an audience of grave Turks with lacquered mustaches and little sachets of musk tucked beneath their armpits, and the rhythm of an ancient way of life had not yet been disturbed by the shoddy modernity of Athens and the Piraeus. Nor is it surprising that among the younger men there are many, particularly those who as guerrillas coöperated with British liaison officers during the occupation, who advocate autonomy for an island the inhabitants of which have for years maintained an undeviating liberalism equally antagonistic both to the extreme monarchists and the Marxian democrats who alternately flourish so vigorously on the mainland.

Fascinating and occasionally impressive as are the incidents and monuments of recent Cretan history, they must inevitably tend to appear parochial and insubstantial when compared with the achievements of the race that flourished here at the very dawn of European history. Dorians, Arab corsairs, Venetian adventurers, German parachutists, have all come and gone, leaving nothing to mark their passage but an occasional entrenchment and a faint smell of blood, but in half a dozen places there are visible extensive remains of a people which, while remaining in many ways mysterious, are clearly seen to have attained a degree of material civilization unsurpassed until the present century, although they vanished from the historic scene more than a millennium before the birth of Christ.

The so-called palace of Minos dates from a period when the decline had already set in but was happily not far advanced, and must have stood in much the same relation stylistically to the earlier building which it replaced, as did Nash's Buckingham Palace to Inigo Jones's Queen's House at Greenwich. Allowing for the fact that the frescoes as they appear today are largely the work of a talented French water-colorist, the general effect created by the surviving decorations is one of immense sophistication and a carefully cultivated taste. The human figures which appear from time to time, doing the most extraordinary things with bulls or watching ballet dancing in an olive grove, are unlike any others that appear in ancient art. Devoid of that power to trouble the emotions with a suggestion of a mysterious inner life with which in varying degrees the statues on the west portal at Chartres, the earliest Chinese figure paintings, or the mosaics at Hosios Loukas are endowed, they are at the same time entirely untouched by that ferocious animality that characterizes the stone carvings of the Incas or so many Negro masks. These people, one feels, were a race of happy little extroverts unshadowed by that inhibiting preoccupation with the future life which so troubled the contemporary Egyptians, and quite unconcerned with the intellectual problems which engaged the fascinated attention of the classical Greeks.

Quite suddenly, almost overnight, this whole complex world vanishes, the bulls and the ballet dancers, the water closets and the double-headed axes. In some apocalyptic convulsion of which vague rumors survive in the legends of the Minotaur and the correspondence of the Egyptian Foreign Office, the thalassocracy of Minos is overwhelmed, its unwalled cities cast down and its palaces consumed with fire. The very suddenness of the disaster which brought to an end this first European civilization, together with that earlier, perhaps volcanic, catastrophe which occurred at the end of the Middle Minoan period, seems to be in keeping with the extraordinary character and landscape of this island and to have established a tradition. The tempo of history, one feels, can never be the same in Crete as elsewhere, and the triumphs and disasters that occur on its shores will always have a cataclysmic quality whether they be occasioned by vast tidal waves thrown up by some submarine convulsion, the unheralded descent of sea-borne barbarians, or a German army corps dropping from a cloudless sky.

4

The Cyclades, seen from the sea or the air, have none of that dreamlike quality with which one is accustomed, doubtless unjustifiably, to invest the Isles of Greece and which does in strong measure attach to Corfu. Barren, concrete, and unyielding,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their uncompromising silhouettes, unsoftened by mists or even, so clear is the air, by distance, they provide visible proof that grimness is not necessarily always gray, nor solely an attribute of northern climes. The hard blue sea, the brilliant white of the few scattered buildings, the reddish earth, make up a scene that is none the less austere for being highly colored. Samos, however, is nicely traditional; avoiding on the one hand the lushness of Corfu and on the other the Cycladic harshness, it approximates far more closely the popular conception than any of the other islands I have seen. Sufficiently restricted in size to render it impossible ever to forget that one is on an island, close enough to its neighbors and the mainland to preclude any uncomfortable feeling of remoteness, amply provided with wooded creeks and long beaches, it would seem to fulfill the most exigent island-fancier's every demand.

The principal town, Vathi, is situated on the opposite side of the island from the ancient Samos, at the head of a bay that narrows almost to the dimensions of a creek. Much of the charm of the place lies in the miniature scale on which it is conceived; leaning from a first-floor window on the minute quay, it would appear possible without undue exertion to shake hands with a friend aboard one of the small caïques tied up below. The churches in the town itself are not remarkable, but on the surrounding heights, and indeed throughout the island, are a number of monasteries neither very old nor in the accepted sense important, but which, with their abundance of painted domes, color-washed walls, and invariably inaccessible situation, lend a pleasingly theatrical, almost Russian ballet, air to a landscape in which the various elements — the mountains, valleys, cliffs, and sea — are already so compressed and, as it were, out of perspective as to achieve a sophisticated yet primitive quality more often to be found in the stage sets of Goncharova or the backgrounds of an ikon than in nature.

The island of Chios, away to the northwest, differs from Samos in almost every respect. Large in size, with a long history of commercial importance, celebrated in ancient times as the birthplace of Homer and in modern times as the scene of an appalling massacre that inspired Delacroix and delivered an effective jab to the well-cushioned conscience of Christendom, it quite lacks the remote and unexpected quality of its smaller neighbor. The port itself makes no very favorable impression; along the quayside stretches a line of drab, 1900 buildings, cafés, offices, and stores, many of them in an unattractive yellow brick meticulously pointed; and only the skeletons of the big seagoing caïques in the shipyards and the row of windmills along the water's edge give character to the prospect. Immediately behind this depressing façade the scene, though more animated and less Western, is scarcely more rewarding: a not very impressive mosque, a bazaar that is confused without being picturesque, and a plane-shaded market place chiefly filled with the wares of the local potters, flat dishes usually marred by meaningless decorations in chalky white and high-necked amphorae that have a mean look after the splendid big-bellied pots of Crete — and that is all.

At the south end of the town, however, the scene is completely different. Here the dingy shopping streets gradually lose themselves between the high walls and shady lanes of the campus, the most remarkable residential suburb of which perhaps any town can boast. If one steps aside through any of the ornamental but crumbling gateways which impose an ineffective barrier of rusty wrought iron between the urban squalor of the street and the discernible greenery beyond, one enters an Eden-like region of terraced but neglected gardens, long perspectives of olives and thick groves of lemon stretching away up the gentle slope until they merge imperceptibly into the open mountainside. Technically one is trespassing, for these gardens — or rather this park, for no visible boundaries divide one property from another — are the private paradise of the long-established and immensely wealthy Chiot shipowning community, but none will question one's presence, for these shuttered stone-built mansions that loom up here and there through the green shade are almost all empty and deserted, as silent and abandoned as the shipyards in the harbor, their owners a thousand miles away in the air-conditioned comfort of the Dorchester or the rhododendron-shrouded coziness of some half-timbered Surrey mansion, far beyond the reach of the compelling fragrance of the lemon blossom, which is here so strong as to be discernible, so it is said, when the wind is offshore, five or six miles out to sea.

5

In sailing from Chios to Mytilene one passes the mouth of a gulf at the head of which lies the city of Smyrna, a town that was once the most important Greek center in the whole Levant, Giaour Izmir, but which today is but the decaying provincial capital of a formerly fertile region reduced in twenty years to a barren jackal-infested wilderness. Nevertheless, as the spiritual home of the Anglo-Levantines, the most influential and for the English traveler perhaps the most dangerous of all the various Greek minorities, it still exercises a certain influence on the life and fortunes of modern Greece.

Descended from the English merchants of the Levant Company, and all bearing aggressively Saxon names, these people present a most fascinating study in the conflicting effects of heredity and environment. At first sight their essential Englishness is overwhelmingly apparent; their pipes seldom if ever leave their mouths, their Harris tweed jackets

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are split up to the shoulderblades, all their ties are club, while the likeness of their homes, sticky with shiny chintz and plastered with Cecil Aldins, is not today to be found elsewhere outside the pages of *Punch*. Yet should the conversation take a business turn, it is not long before the lupine Levantine skeleton is discernible beneath the old Marlburian sheepskin; a sudden elevation of the eyebrows involuntarily expressing not surprise but negation, a vaguely circular gesture lightly sketched by a firmly gripped pipestem, and a telltale crack appears in the beautifully modeled Metroland mask. Completely bilingual and clinging firmly to their British nationality, the Anglo-Levantines are undoubtedly useful not only to various commercial firms but also to H.M.G. in the roles of consuls and vice-consuls and, in time of war, of liaison officers. Unfortunately they labor under the considerable disadvantage of being detested by the Greeks, in whose eyes their assumption of the old school tie in season and out is but a threadbare disguise which, when adopted by those in whose veins there flows no English blood of later vintage than the eighteenth century, is by implication an insult to the Greek nation.

Mytilene is second in size to Crete among the Greek islands but much further removed in the scale of natural beauty. Not that it lacks attraction, but rather that its quality has a slightly tarnished, Riviera flavor, and where nature has rested content with her easier, slicker triumphs, man has achieved prodigies of laborious ugliness. The capital is one of the most self-consciously hideous small towns it has ever been my lot to visit, and whereas the deliberate intention may possibly have been outdistanced in England or northern France, the effect, in the absence of the merciful blurring of less favored climes, is unsurpassed.

Save for the ruins of the castle, now sheltering, as is usual in these latitudes, the local brothel population, no traces of antiquity remain; nevertheless the principal monument of the town, the cathedral, though modern, is certainly not deficient in architectural interest. A large foursquare building in a dingy reddish stone, one might assume, on first-catching sight of its writhing silhouette, that it was the work of a provincial Austrian architect of the eighties who had at some time acquired a nodding acquaintance with the works of Norman Shaw, but closer inspection will prove such a judgment superficial. The extraordinary quality of the detail, which seems rather to have been squeezed out of a toothpaste tube than hewn in stone, the elephantine proportions, the arbitrary but undeniably original employment of classical motifs, all lead me to classify it as what I can only suppose, being quite unacquainted with the Turkish mainland, to be a variety of very late Asia Minor Baroque.

The journey from the coast to the extraordinary village of Agiasso produces much of absorbing and legitimate architectural interest. The houses along the coastal belt are, at first sight, admittedly extravagant in design, but their oddity is not in the least wayward but the result of an intelligent response to an overwhelming functional need. Immediately on entering the pilgrimage village of Agiasso, crowning the summit of a rounded hill, one is aware of an extraordinary, enclosed atmosphere as of a stronghold of some remote and peculiar people.

The men are all clad in the traditional island costume, baggy dark blue Turkish breeches encircled at the waist by a wide black cummerbund, a sleeveless braided waistcoat, and a round fur cap, but despite this conformity of dress they have a strangely alien look. As elsewhere, they tend to cluster all day long in groups in the *platia*, which here, however, quite lack the normal animation of a Greek village crowd, and the usual high-pitched buzz of chatter audible several streets away is replaced by a low and slightly sinister swell of humming and muttering. It is said that this apparent surliness is quite in keeping with the local character, for the village has a bad reputation all over the island, which, combined with the local dialect, spoken nowhere else and quite incomprehensible a few miles away, has encouraged the belief that the Agiassotes are a race apart, descended perhaps from some aboriginal people who, before the coming of the Ionians, lorded it over the whole island but were driven in the course of the centuries back into the central mountains where this village represents their last stronghold.

Today Mytilene is in a far better position economically than the other islands. The olive harvests have been good and the inhabitants displayed during the occupation an exceptional facility for concealing their stocks from the Germans in secret reservoirs and underground storerooms. Unfortunately an ingenuity that was originally developed to outwit the common foe is now employed to defeat the economic plans of the central government, and much of the oil which should appear on the home market at a controlled price is smuggled away in caïques by night to the Turkish coast and there more profitably disposed of on the Smyrna black market. It is, therefore, curious that where the general practice is so far removed from those leftist ideals of planned economy and state control, current politics should be dominated by the most severe Marxism; for of all the Greek Islanders the Lesbians are the most obstinately and vociferously Red.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Atlantic "First"

A STORY

"I lived for the greater part of my life in a mining town of the soft coal section of Pennsylvania," writes JAMES BINNEY, *now a college instructor of English composition. "My father, my brother, and other relatives spent many years in the coal mines and, as a boy, I too worked in a mine, though that of course was some time ago." Mr. Binney tells us that despite state regulations and the vigilance of the best superintendents, accidents like this do occur, though with nothing like the incidence of fifty years ago.*

NIGHT WITHOUT STARS

by JAMES BINNEY

WHEN Sam left the mine tipple and started for the mine entrance, sleet was falling, and a cold wind was blowing from the northwest. He looked at the sky. Not a star was to be seen behind the gray monotony above him. He pulled his cap down over his forehead and walked on. "I guess," he half whispered, "I guess the men'll like the wind a lot better'n they'll like what I've got to tell them." Sam's position as boss in a rather small non-mechanized mine of the nineteen-twenties was a responsible one.

The men stood in the cold, huddled together for protection against the sharp blasts as they waited for the motor and cars which were to take them into the mine. The man trip was late; Sam told them that they should have waited in the motor barn. Old Mario's face was blue with cold; his son's slim body seemed too burdened with the heavy safety lamp he carried on his back. Donaldson had a ragged overcoat drawn close about him, and his gloved hands pressed against his ears. Sam took his place among them, swearing to himself and feeling ashamed of his own chickenheartedness, but he could not say what he knew he must say soon.

The motor came, and the men piled into the front cars. Six o'clock in the evening by Sam's wrist watch; nine hours until the man trip would bring them out again. Sam grunted. He had sat upon the head of a bolt, and it was burning cold. He moved over along the lap side of the car to rest upon comparatively warm wood. The motor, wheels grinding monotonously, went forward; and the coal cars, filled with men who bent over to keep from cracking their heads against the jagged roof, rumbled into the main heading. The wind no longer beat against them. The small headlight on the motor split the dark ahead with a fluttering white circle; each miner's lamp sent up a flare of its own. They approached a low spot, and the men doubled up for safety. Sam watched Scotty, who seemed to have the entire heading measured; he sat erect most of the time, drew his head down just the right distance and at the right moment to miss a projecting rock, then straightened up once more.

The motor gained speed. Jubu, a young Slav with a thin pimpled face, teased his friend Jarviski; Scotty told smutty jokes in a low cracked voice and laughed at them himself before he came to the point; and Donaldson, his buddy, laughed until he almost lost his balance on the edge of the car. Only Mario, worn, aged, and twisted, seemed gloomy. He leaned in his place with his eyes half closed, his cracked and bent hands pulling nervously at his white handlebar mustache — a man seemingly already finished with life and work. Mario had bad lungs. Another year and only young Angelo would stand between Mario and want. Angelo was blowing lustily at a shapeless mouth organ.

Jubu's laughter rose above the rumble of the wheels. "Listen to Angelo," he shouted, twisting his lips comically. "He sings love tunes. He takes a woman to bed with him these nights."

Angelo grinned foolishly.

"When do you make Mario grandfather?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Give me time," Angelo said dryly. "I've been married only a week."

"Have lots of kids," Scotty advised. "Nothing like kids around your house, eh, old Mario?"

Mario took his hand from his mustache. "I never have no keed but Ang'lo."

Sam was thinking gloomily that these were the men he had to take into Right Six — had to go through to reach good coal on the other side of a rock fault. The long heading hadn't been worked for several years because the coal was too low and dirty; the roof leaked and was dangerous; there was draw slate, mean, ugly stuff a foot thick between the coal and the solid rock. Sam did not forget that the place was a gas pit — the men called it Hell's Hallway. Reluctantly, Sam broke the news. "Well, boys, tomorrow we go into Right Six."

Old Mario made a face. "Sam, you one beeg liar, you joke weeth Mario, think mebbe he's asleep, huh?" Sam shook his head.

"Whose order?" Scotty demanded.

"The super's and he's in dead earnest. There's no other place for us to work until we get through to the good coal. When we're through the fault, everybody who sticks gets a good place."

"Hell with the super!" Donaldson exclaimed.

Sam cursed. "Just a minute, you guys. I'm telling you what the super said. I ain't responsible. He means it — and it's all he can do. You don't think I want to go in there, do you?"

"Sam," Mario protested sadly, "I tell you one thing — the roof in Right Seex, she's come down, sure as hell. Damma bad place."

"Just till we get through the rock," Sam pleaded halfheartedly.

There was silence, then a man said, "I guess we'll work in Right Six. I know the super. Him and me were workin' in the big shaft a year ago. We was down about sixty feet and had dynamite and caps layin' around the bottom. Three of us workin' and the super there lookin' things over, when some damn fool on the riggin' above drops a hammer. Scared? I just put my head into the wall and waited for the big bang. The hammer struck a half inch from the caps, but they didn't go. The super looked around just like this and grinned and said, 'Well, Dick, another half inch and you and me'd be angels.'"

"That's him," Donaldson said. "He ain't got nerves."

"Right Seex, damma bad place," old Mario repeated.

The man trip thundered on into the dark, and Angelo, strangely morose, played no more love tunes on his mouth organ.

2

TWELVE days in Right Six were twelve days of trouble for Sam. He tried to make things as easy as possible for the men, but no man can do anything about low coal and a leaky roof and stuff as hellish as draw slate. Scotty came out wet one morning and took pneumonia, Jubu's leg was crushed under a fall of rock, men came from the heading several times with shovel handles broken in the middle. Sam worked in fear that the roof would cave and bury a miner. He caught Jarviski in the heading with a cigarette. The poor fool just looked at him and threw the thing away.

"Get your time," Sam said. He knew what it meant to crave a smoke, but open flame in a gas pit is plain suicide.

"Couldn't help it," Jarviski complained, pulling at his collar.

"I'm damned sorry," Sam told him.

Jarviski turned away humbly, realizing too late that his carelessness had cost him his job. He had a wife, too, and a small child, and Sam pitied him. There was nothing ugly about Jarviski, nothing revengeful; he merely grinned sorrowfully and shrugged his huge shoulders.

"All right," Sam said. "I'll get Barney to get you a job on the tipple. You won't get so much money."

"Thanks," Jarviski said. He walked away, and Sam wondered if the man had deliberately used the cigarette as a means to escape from Right Six.

"They say I'm too soft," Sam thought. The "they" meant his wife and friends who thought he might some day be super himself if he showed the proper gumption. But he couldn't condemn Jarviski — Sam wished he had the whole shift out of Right Six.

Merely to walk up the heading was disheartening — rock piled high on both sides of the gob, draw slate reaching to the roof, coal streaked with sulphur — there wasn't any good coal here. Sam stopped at Donaldson's place. The man's black face was smeared with roof water.

"Hard going?" Sam asked.

"Damned slow."

Sam grinned. "We'll all be making money when we get to the good coal."

"If gas doesn't stop us." Donaldson touched Sam's arm. "Better go up and see old Mario. He's got the willies."

"What's up?"

"See for yourself. He won't tell me."

Sam found old Mario resting with his back pressed against the cold rock wall of the mine. He was sitting on the gob and eating a sandwich. The flare of Sam's lamp fell upon the miner's hands — twisted, battered old hands with curved fingers and palms covered with calluses which sulphur water had cracked wide open. Old Mario smelled strongly of onions.

"Whew!" Sam said. "What you trying to do, Mario, kill the rats?" He wondered if Mario was really as old as the men said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mario looked up and grimaced solemnly. "Mario no give damn for rats, Sam." He pulled at the boss's sleeve. "Mario hears the tap-tap."

Sam stared at him.

"The old man's gone crazy." Sam hadn't seen Angelo in the shadows. "He says he hears tapping all the time."

"Have you heard anything?" Sam asked.

Angelo hesitated. "I hear things — rocks creeping — rats mebbe — things like that. I don't think there's tapping like he means."

Sam sighed. He knew there was trouble in Mario's story if it got to the men and was believed. Many of the miners would share Mario's conviction that tapping — or imagined tapping — warned of an impending explosion. Sam didn't know whether he believed in tapping or not; certainly it was superstition, but he had been in Hykesville in 1924 when gas had exploded in the mine, and men had sworn that they heard tapping before the big bang. He looked at Mario. The old man's face was drawn and worried, and his thin lips were trembling under the handle-bar mustache.

"Nothing but rats, Mario," he said. "You hear rats." He felt an aching sympathy with the bent old man whose days now were filled with terror as well as toil. Old Mario hadn't much life left, but he held on to what he had.

"No, damma, no," Mario said with a sob in his voice. "No rats. Pretta soon the beeg bang."

Sam laughed. "Rats know, Mario, and before the big bang they come out." This was another superstition, and Sam didn't believe it himself. But he shivered, and not from cold, for it was easy to be afraid in the dark when one met fear in others. And old Mario was afraid.

"I wanna Ang'lo go home to his Maria," Mario said humbly.

Sam patted him on the shoulder. "All right, Mario. Angelo can go home. I'll have you both put on the tipple. Then when we're through the fault, I'll give you the best place in the mine — high coal — good clean coal — you and Angelo can make all the money in the world."

"Ang'lo go now?" Mario asked.

Sam nodded, but he wondered what the super was going to say when he sent three men from Right Six to the tipple. He was being soft again. But Mario and Angelo would do more good at the tipple than they'd do inside whispering about tapping and big bangs. "It's all right, Angelo. We'll save you a place. Take the old man home and let him rest. Better have him see the company doctor."

"Thanks, Sam," Angelo said. "But we'll stick till morning." He whispered, "My dad's getting old. There's nothing wrong with him except he's getting funny ideas these days. It's the same at home."

Sam reached over and touched Mario's arm. "Take it easy, old Mario." Then he spoke to Angelo. "Don't let him work hard. Make him rest, and keep him quiet about the tapping. You know what will happen if the men get nervous. We'll never get to the good coal."

Angelo grinned. "You mean it about the good place, Sam? I promised Maria I'd get her a new car next spring."

"Honest to God," Sam promised. "You men who were willing to stick will be taken care of."

"Your word's good for me," Angelo said.

"Honest to God," Sam repeated. He never went back on his word, and he meant what he said now.

3

His inspection tour was discouraging. Everywhere he met doubtful men; some of them were afraid; some couldn't stand the hard work; all were impatient, tired of the draw slate and dripping water, sick of Right Six. Sam told himself he wished to hell he'd been a farmer, or a textile worker, or a railroader, anything but a mine boss who had to coax men to go into a sweating gas pit.

He had been gone several hours when he came back into the heading near the place where he had left Angelo and Mario. His lamp was burning low; he stopped to make an adjustment. The wall to his right seemed indistinct, as though he were seeing it through smoke or fog, but he knew he could have reached out his hand to touch the rock. He was standing half bent over, shaking his lamp, when it came — a low, faint tapping. Mario's tap-tap. Sam shivered involuntarily — then he laughed. A rat raced across the floor a yard ahead of him. He straightened up and walked on. He stopped again. Ahead, the light from his lamp silhouetted a giant shadow against the wall.

Mario came out of the dark and stood before him. The old man seemed to be trying to speak; his lips moved but no sound came from him. He merely waved his hands and cried wretchedly, and motioned feebly with his head.

Sam's first thought was that the old man had finally gone out of his head. "What is it, Mario? Are you sick?" he asked.

Mario mumbled incoherently and pointed. Sam rushed past him and ran through the heading. He was thinking of Mario's tap-tap and telling himself that there was no danger from gas as long as there was no open flame.

The place where he had last seen Angelo was the same, and Sam looked about puzzled, and he cursed Mario silently as a crazy old man. Then he heard moaning, and moving forward several paces he saw Angelo. The youth had been caught in a fall of rock. One huge chunk had come down upon his back as he bent over, and now he was held in a powerful vise, his stomach forced down upon his legs, his body slowly being crushed, his hands still gripping a pick handle.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sam dropped to his knees. He was alone with Angelo although now he heard Mario screaming in the heading. He heard men shouting far away. Angelo's eyes were open. He tried to speak and blood trickled down the corners of his mouth. Sam took his hand.

"Get me out, Sam," Angelo gasped weakly.

Sam promised, but he knew that underneath the rock Angelo was completley broken.

Men came up to the cave-in, and Sam directed them in a half hour's effort to free Angelo. It was difficult and dangerous work with more of the roof ready to come down. Two of the men had taken Mario away. When the last of the rock was pried from Angelo's body, he had been dead for some minutes. His mangled corpse was laid on the hard floor and covered with a ragged overcoat.

Donaldson scratched his head in bewilderment and whispered to Sam, "Mario's waiting down there at the crosscut." His voice was filled with horror. "We can't let him see the boy now."

"No," Sam said. "He can't see him now."

"Better take the old man home."

"You stay here." Sam motioned to several of the men, and they moved out quickly. Sam's legs felt weak and numb as he walked; he had been crouching on his knees for more than a half hour. His lamp flashed into the gob, and a rat scampered from an obscure corner and disappeared into the dark.

"Who would have thought it when we came in," a man said, "the kid playing his mouth organ same as always — a guy never knows when his number is up."

"I was at Hykesville once when a rock fell from the roof and caught a motorman. He might have been anywhere else along a three-mile track, but there he was just at the moment the rock came down. Damn funny how things happen." Someone was talking behind Sam.

"Damn funny," Sam said. He thought, Angelo might have been at home if he'd done as I told him. I ought to be the kind of a guy a man fears — they'd be glad to go when I say go. The thought was to return to Sam in days to come when they were working in high, clean coal.

At the intersection of Right Six and the main heading, they found two miners with Mario. The old man was sitting silently staring into the dark. Sam tried to speak; he found his mouth dry. They waited for the motor trip, and when it arrived, they dumped coal from the last car to make room for themselves. The motor started its low purring. Sam stiffened suddenly and drew his coat up around his neck. Very gently he touched old Mario's twisted and callused hands.

EASY TO PACK

by HORTENSE FLEXNER

THE books go back into the box
With sweaters, starfish, sandy shells,
My typewriter has rusty locks
(Much fog this year with lonely bells),
The landlord spider takes on my estate,
He'll fasten doors and not procrastinate.

How did white sailboats set like quills
In vast blue ink; long hours of sun,
Cloud shadows floating on the hills
Add up to weeks of work undone?
Can summer be contained in this small store
Of ferns and mosses from a balsam floor?

Now close the trunks, but fold in these —
Red ember caves beneath gold logs,
Evening's pale light on rusty trees,
Tight yellow mushrooms, brackish bogs,
Against the subway hour, do find a chink
For lobster traps and gulls that sit and think.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Bostonian who has often matched his strength with the sea, WYMAN RICHARDSON, *as his father before him, has found his heart's desire in the remote and rustic Farm House at Eastham which gives him and his family quick access to the ocean, the Nauset Marsh, and one of the most beautiful beaches in all Cape Cod. Here Dr. Richardson retreats, to fish, to write, to hunt, or do nothing. This is the third of a series of articles on the moods of Cape Cod which Dr. Richardson is contributing to the* Atlantic.

SEPTEMBER SEA

by WYMAN RICHARDSON, M.D.

1

FROM the Farm House at Eastham on outer Cape Cod, we can look over the hill and across the Nauset Marsh to the dunes, and beyond them, where they are low or have become hollowed out, to the sea. Sometimes its color is a bright blue, sometimes green, sometimes gray. Not infrequently a fog bank, lying offshore like a huge rolled-up carpet, will suddenly begin to unroll itself, and to blot out sea and dunes alike. However, really to get the feel of the sea, to know its whims and caprices, its gentleness and its fury, you have to be right there, in it or by it.

The sea's moods are never the same. They may, and usually do, change with startling rapidity. Better to be standing on the beach than to be out in a flimsy boat if the sea's anger is suddenly aroused. Even then, you may be in trouble.

Pitted against the vast ocean, which, unhindered, stretches off to the east, and around the earth's curve, to the coast of Spain, is the Nauset Beach, the Great Beach. From the tip of Monomoy, for forty miles, it runs almost due north, unbroken except for narrow inlets into Pleasant Bay at Chatham, and the Nauset Marsh at Eastham. North of the Nauset Coast Guard Station, it is bordered by relatively high cliffs, while to the south the only barrier to the marsh is a line of sand dunes, some low, some high. Peculiarly enough, however, the cliffs seem to be the most vulnerable. Within my memory, the old Nauset Lifesaving Station had to be abandoned, and, on a hill 200 yards to the rear, the new Coast Guard Station built. The old station toppled into the sea before all the material in it could be salvaged. This means that I have seen the ocean eat at least 120 feet into the land during the past forty years.

Not so on the dunes. Houses are built along the dune beach, and houses are washed away; dunes grow big, and then disappear; the 100-yard-wide strip of land is cut through in big storms and high tides, and sand comes spreading over the marsh grass; but the cut is soon plugged again, and the marsh remains undisturbed. What the sea takes from one spot, it builds up in another; and each year the piping plover must hunt for a low, beach grass covered rise of just the right height for a nest. The dune beach, though its contours are ever changing, remains unbroken, its defenses intact.

The sea is never really quiet. Even when it is at its most serene, there comes from it a continuous low hum, or murmur, which waxes and wanes, and out of which arise a lot of little sounds. Voices do not carry far at the sea's edge, no matter how calm it may happen to be. Secrets, if you must have them, need not be whispered here, for even the spoken voice will not be heard except at very close range.

I remember, one night in September, fishing the beach by moonlight. We arrived about ten o'clock, with the tide at half flood and the moon high and full. There was not a breath of air, and the ocean was as calm as I have ever seen it. Even then, however, there was a slight uneasiness about it, a very gentle heave and thrust, that caused small waves to tumble against the beach and send a whispering cadence back to the dunes.

It seemed almost as bright as day, as we somewhat gingerly waded into the cold water and began to cast. Tight riffles, made by schools of bait, appeared at the edge of the shelf. Soon bass began to break water in the midst of these schools, but the familiar pistol-shot sound of their feeding, which we frequently hear in the marsh, was so muffled by the sea's quiet voice as to be almost inaudible. As is usual when we get excited, our casting immediately began to suffer, and backlashes appeared. The bass would chase the bait right up onto the beach at our feet, not four paces away. I

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hooked one with only a rod's length of line out. The fish grabbed my eel and started off with a tremendous burst of speed. The whirling reel handle caught my thumb before I could get it out of the way; and, for several days, a very painful thumb it was.

We caught three bass in short order, all small — that is, five to seven pounds — and then they stopped biting. We fished right over the high water, without any more excitement, until well after four o'clock, when the moon already was becoming orange-tinted. And all this time, not the slightest riffle disturbed the glassy calmness of the sea. It seemed almost as if we were fishing from the shore of the Salt Pond.

Some day, try casting, with your surf outfit, into the Salt Pond. You take your stance at the edge of the pond, and make your whiplike cast. The rod, as it snaps through the air, produces a swishing sound; the reel spool utters a loud whirring noise, somewhat resembling an old and rickety electric fan; and the bait hits the water with an immense splash that will frighten any bass within a hundred yards.

Take the same cast on the beach, however, and no matter how calm the sea, you do not hear a sound. When the bait hits the water, there is a splash, to be sure, clearly visible in the bright moonlight, but it makes no noise, and probably only serves to attract the attention of any near-by bass.

No, even in its quietest, most docile moments, the sea is a trifle restless, its immense energy only reluctantly restrained. Standing, knee-deep in water, halfway down the rise, there is no need to keep a watchful eye, lest the oncoming wave cause you a wetting. But the power is there; you can feel it, as gentle currents play about your feet.

Tonight all is peace and quiet: watch out for tomorrow!

2

Sometimes we find the sea in a really joyous mood. I well remember one Sunday later in the fall. There was a brisk northwest breeze, remnant of the previous day's nor'wester that had cleared away an easterly storm. The blue sky was filled with small, broken cumulus clouds, which hurried across the Cape as if on their way to some important rendezvous at sea. The air was clear and sparkling, and just cold enough to give us the energy needed for our beach walk.

The marsh was full of black ducks. When we came by the Goose Hummocks, or, perhaps more accurately, by the site of the Goose Hummocks, for they long since have been washed away, we started at least 500 ducks off the flats. Flocks of sheldrake, red-breasted mergansers, interspersed with a few early whistlers, were trading up and down the channel. On the flats, bunches of red-backed sandpipers were scattered about. A few late black-bellied plovers, running fast and stopping suddenly, were stoking up preparatory to taking a long journey. We guessed their intentions by noting their constant calling, knowing that on such a day they are likely to push off for warmer climates. It was not until we rounded the point of the beach at the Inlet, however, that we really felt the joy of the sea.

The tide on the outside was at half flood, and already the outer bars were well under water. The northwest breeze had kicked up quite a chop through which moderate easterly seas, generated by the recent storm, were still rolling in to the beach. The ocean was a brittle blue, speckled here and there with whitecaps, especially offshore, far from the lee of the dunes. The choppy waves, riffled by the wind, danced gaily along, apparently bedecked with bright jewels which glinted and shone in the sunlight.

Meanwhile the surf kept pounding steadily in against the breeze, the crest of each wave plumed with a white streamer which drifted off to leeward. The bigger waves were breaking mostly on the outer bars, but smaller secondary waves came prancing up to the beach, and fell with happy abandon at our feet.

There was a constant stream of fowl flying south, some low, some high. Long lines of eiders, the males a stunning contrast in black and white, passed by, barely skimming the surface of the water, and often disappearing behind a wave crest. Loose bunches of coot, mostly whitewings, flying fairly high, came hurtling by, their heavy bodies propelled by their relatively small wings at an incredibly rapid rate. A flock of loons, the big loons, came along, also headed south. (A "flock" of loons may consist of eight or ten birds. Each loon is separated from the next by at least 300 or 400 yards. In the daytime they can maintain liaison by sight. Perhaps at night they close ranks.)

Occasional flocks of black ducks came in straight from the east, boring steadily into the wind until they had crossed the dune strip and pitched down to meet their brethren in back of Teal Hummock. Several skeins of geese, most of them in an unusually unkempt formation, drifted down alongshore, crossed the dunes a short distance above the Inlet, and, steadily gaining height, as well as order, disappeared to the southwest.

The beach itself seemed nearly white, and was almost overpoweringly bright. We had to squinny when we looked toward the north to see if the old wreck by the Beach House had come out again. We found that it had, after having been buried for two years; and when we came up to it, we sat for a while on one of the big timbers, wondering what had been the fate of this once staunch ship.

Finally we made our way back to the Coast Guard Station and the car. Our spirits were light, our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

minds free; and a mild joke was unusually happily received. Why not? The sea was in a happy mood, and so were we.

3

In its regal mood, the sea is superb. This is most likely to occur during the hurricane season, in August or September. The storm need not be experienced ashore. Generally, no report of such a storm is available, though possibly, if one perused the shipping news, one might find reference to some severe storm at sea. Such a storm, originating, say, in the Caribbean region, may pass by, many hundreds of miles offshore, and create huge waves which, unhindered, roll on and on, finally to crash with a thundering roar on the Nauset Beach.

From the Farm House platform, on such an occasion, when we take our morning observation, we see long rollers coming in through the Inlet on the flood tide. Every once in a while, a column of ocean spray, gleaming in the bright sunlight, will rise straight up into the air, above all but the very highest dunes. In spite of a fresh westerly breeze, the roar of the surf, a mile away, comes plainly to us, now suddenly louder from the northeast, now from the southeast.

From the bluff at the Coast Guard Station, we have a magnificent view. Wave after wave, in stately majesty, comes rolling slowly and irresistibly toward the shore. On the outer bar, the water piles up in a veritable mountain, and as the crest topples over in a mass of white foam, the illusion of a snow-capped mountain peak becomes even more striking. As the water shoals up, steeper and higher become the waves. Their backs begin to hump up, and curve away in an easy slope to the following trough, while the forward wall becomes more and more concave. Eagerly the top of the wave rushes on while the foot, in its struggle with the friction of the sandy bottom, is more and more slowed up. The suspense is almost unbearable, as, for one breath-taking moment, the wave seems to hang in mid-air. Then comes a deafening crash, which shakes the beach, and a smother of white foam leaps high into the sky, as if to snatch at the sun.

Take out your watch and time the interval between crests. Eleven seconds? Twelve seconds? Even thirteen? No ordinary storm built such waves as these! Such a storm must have been of real hurricane proportions.

There is a good, panoramic view from the bluff; but to get the real feel of the sea, you must be down on the beach. Watch out, though; the tide is rising, and already some of those thunderous waves are eating away the steep face of the dunes. From the beach, you do not have the same perspective, but the immense size of the waves becomes very much more apparent. As you stand near the top of the rising, so high is the oncoming wave that it seems to tower over your head. The roar is intensified, a constant all-pervading din, interrupted only by the louder crash of each succeeding breaking wave. Conversation is impossible. A few words, shouted into the ear, are as much as you can manage. And along the beach, the sunlight is diffused into a halo effect by a fine fog of spray.

Try now to figure which are destined to be the bigger waves, and which the smaller. From above, this seems relatively easy; from below, it becomes a thousand times more difficult. It has been said that every seventh wave is a big one; but this has not been my experience. There seems to be a certain rhythm, it is true, and big waves do tend to come in threes; but the rhythm is not dependable, at least not sufficiently so to count on if you have to launch a lifeboat. However, if you have great patience and great experience, there will always come a time when the seas are relatively small. Take her out then, if you must; take her out surely and quickly, and never, never think of turning back. Likely you will have to climb up over a steep mountain of water, and you may smash down so hard in the next trough that the bow goes clean under; but, if you have figured correctly, and if you keep heading out, you will make it.

How, then, about coming in? If it was a thousand times harder to predict the seas from the beach than from the bluff, it is still another thousand times more difficult when you are actually at sea. I know, because I have been there.

Many years ago, a couple of friends and I elected to row a sort of half dory from Scituate to Duxbury Beach. Not until after we were out in it did we realize that there was a tremendous surf — the longest and biggest, we found out afterwards, that had been seen in years. Being young and stubborn, we continued on our way. Loaded down with duffel, we could not keep too far offshore because the fresh southwest breeze would then begin to slop water aboard; nor could we come in too close, and risk being caught by a breaking sea. Once, we decided to pass inside a shoal which lay about a half mile offshore. I shall never forget that tense moment when, just as we came abreast of it, a huge wave began to mount higher and higher. Fortunately for us, the wave did not topple, and the danger, for the moment, was over.

However, at Brant Rock Point we gave up. Beyond the point, the southwest chop was too much for us. We chose a spot directly opposite what was then the Brant Rock Lifesaving Station, and began to edge in toward shore. Just here the difficulty began. At what spot were the waves, on the average, beginning to break? If you knew, you could come up close to that spot, wait for a series of small waves, and follow in behind one of them as fast as you could row, in order to get in before the next big one came along. This sounds very well on paper,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but it did not seem to us so easy as we lay on our oars and watched the great waves thunder into the beach.

At this point, one of the Lifesaving crew waved a red flag, and we hung off. In what seemed like a very short time, the lifeboat, not then motorized, was negotiated out through the surf and came alongside. We transferred our gear and ourselves, and cast the dory adrift. The Captain put us amidships, and then very slowly began to creep inshore, keeping his head turned over his shoulder as he tried to gauge the weight of the oncoming waves.

For a long time we lay there — fully fifteen minutes I should think — when suddenly he cried, "Now!"

The boat came to life as the crew bent to their oars. Then ominously a wave, smaller than most, to be sure, rose higher and higher astern. The lifeboat came up on the wave's crest and, gathering speed, slowly started to point her bow downward. All at once she began to yaw to port. The Captain, with his steering oar over the starboard quarter, put all his weight on it but could not straighten us out. Quick as a flash, the stroke oarsman jerked his oar out of the lock and slid it over the same quarter. This proved to be just enough to bring us around; and we shot in, riding the wave, at what seemed to me the speed of light.

I do not know how close a call this was. From what little experience I have had, I should say it was too close; for had we yawed around just a little further, nothing on earth could have stopped us. In a jiffy, we would have turned broadside to the sea and been rolled over and over like a bobbin on a spinning machine. As it was, we landed gently on the beach. Quickly we hopped out, very thankful to feel terra firma beneath us, while the crew heaved the boat up out of reach of the next wave.

I have heard it said that, if one is in a banks fishing dory and must come in through a heavy surf, the thing to do is to lie down in the eyes of her, and wait. The dory is supposed always to come ashore, upright and dry. However this may be, when finally we looked around for our little abandoned boat, we were astonished to find her right side up on the beach. We looked inside, and there was not a drop of water in her.

Yes, when the sea is in a regal mood, it is wonderful to watch it from bluff or beach. But my advice would be to remain there, or, possibly, if not subject to seasickness, to stay far offshore. Anything in between means trouble, bad trouble.

"I PERSONALLY" AWARDS

Over the years the *Atlantic* has established the claim of publishing the work of more new writers than any other national magazine in the country. This is particularly true in the field of nonfiction: here, the *Atlantic* has brought into print a succession of autobiographical narratives, the true stories of men and women who have shared with the reader the truth, the humor — and the difficulties — of a singular experience.

Remember Mary Antin, the impassioned immigrant, who spoke for millions in her touching account of "The Promised Land"; Lucy Furman, who wrote so tellingly of the Kentucky mountaineers; Eleanor Risley, operating — on a shoestring — her apple orchard in the Ozarks; and far north, Hilda Rose on her Stump Farm. Bill Adams and Hugo Johanson sent us their salty stories of the sea. There were Nora Waln in the House of Exile, Agnes Newton Keith in North Borneo, and Betty MacDonald on her incomparable Egg Farm. Every one of them broke into print in the *Atlantic*.

To encourage more of such stories we have set up three awards of $1000 for the three best autobiographical narratives submitted before December 1, 1948. The stories must be drawn from experience and be veritable in detail. The awards are not intended for war material, and fiction will be disqualified. The length is for each writer to determine, but we suggest manuscripts of not less than 2500 words or more than 25,000 words. The narratives may be written by an amateur or by a professional writer. On page 1 the contestant should write "For the I Personally Award"; and postage, we hope, will be enclosed. — The Editors

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Atlantic Serial

LAUGHTER IN THE NEXT ROOM

by SIR OSBERT SITWELL

As a Captain in the Grenadier Guards, Osbert Sitwell came unscathed through the heavy fighting in Flanders, and with the final victory in 1918 he, his sister Edith, and his younger brother Sacheverell turned to the arts with that sense of release and opportunity which the war had so long suppressed.

His friends and acquaintances included Shaw, Mary Webb, Bertrand Russell, T. S. Eliot, the Huxleys, Roger Fry, Maynard Keynes, Virginia Woolf, Siegfried Sassoon, Isadora Duncan — the seething artistic and literary and fashionable world of a London newly awakened from the long night of the First World War. Osbert Sitwell gives us charming, unconventional portraits of these people, and resumes the account of his intense, almost medieval father, his delightful but impractical mother, and the life at Renishaw, the ancient family residence in Derbyshire. This is the third of four installments to be drawn from the new volume of his autobiography, begun in Left Hand, Right Hand! *(1944) and carried on in* The Scarlet Tree *(1946) and* Great Morning! *(1947).*

23

THOUGH the practice of his art may afford a writer his chief pleasure, no less than his principal and constant source of worry, though, too, a sudden inspiration may constitute his greatest luxury, yet a minute account of this, his real existence, would be — can only be — of but slight interest to the reader. How is it possible to picture for him the quotidian miseries and splendors of a life attached to the inkpot, the many months spent at a table, the hours when every disturbance is furiously resented, the other, more occasional moments when every interruption is welcome, the evenings when an author looks on his work and finds it good, or those frequent nights when it seems to him to have fallen unbelievably short of what he had intended, the inflations of self-conceit and the agonies of self-reproach, the days when everything grows to giant proportions because it has meaning, the afternoons when all dwindles to pygmy and shows none? Who would wish for a book composed of these?

Further, though authorship is, in a sense, a peripatetic profession, since the Muses commune with an author often on long walks, through woods, or on the top of mountains, and he is able after this fashion to conquer obdurate details, and albeit he can pack his fountain pen and write anywhere so long as the place pleases him for writing, yet also it is the most static of careers, entailing for the majority of its practitioners a nearly monastic seclusion and regularity of life during a greater part of the year. Because, even if the particular poem or story on which he is engaged, or proposes to start, does not in reality occupy many weeks, nevertheless to have the energy and leisure in which to give the process of creation and growth its chance of fullest development, the author must be allowed to dwell within a nobly proportioned edifice of days and hours, so that he does not have to hurry or cramp his productions.

The author cannot press out the final flicker of fire or obtain the last spark of energy, if he knows he must soon begin preparations to leave his work in a fortnight's time, in order to deliver a lecture, or, it may be, see his mother. He must be granted, if he is to achieve his best, as many days as are necessary for him not to be obliged to count them, a period peaceful and unharassed. Adventures, troubles, joys, the irruption even, of a dearest friend into the quiet and regular rhythm of life that a writer has to establish, can break up a whole book. Moreover, if employed upon a poem or something which requires an equivalent trancelike intensity, the writer will remain for some days, or it may be weeks, in so nervous and supersensitive a state, or feel so dull and numb to the outer world, that any slight shock, a pointless altercation or a mere change in his mode of existence, may destroy the life in what he is at work creating.

Remember, too, when next you turn the pages of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the book you have by your chair, that, if it be a serious attempt, it can scarcely have been completed in under eighteen months and may have taken much longer, and thus you touch the very essence of an author's time, as well as a solid block of it. This does not mean, of course, that he has been slave to the penwiper and the blotting pad day and night for that whole period; but in the volume, notwithstanding, will be, I should hazard, twelve hundred hours of actual composing, writing, and revising; that is to say, if it were concentrated, fifty days of twenty-four hours, without time off to eat or sleep. And in addition, the book will have consumed countless weeks of indirect labor, and will have cost him the endless troubles provoked by forgetting to answer letters, and keep appointments; because he has had something better to do, gentle reader.

The room in which an author writes is of infinite importance to him, his whole world for those fifty periods of twenty-four hours. Light, heat, and absence of noise are the first and most essential requisites: but the feeling of the room, the view from it, the way the light falls in it, are also of great importance to him. To speak less generally and more of myself, I love large apartments, richly furnished, but to rest in, and not for work. A great deal of my writing has been done in the barest of hotel bedrooms.

My novel, *Before the Bombardment*, which I recognize as the cornerstone of the house I have tried to build, was begun and finished in two consecutive winters in South Italy, in the whitewashed cell of a hotel which had formerly been a monastery, with a fire of logs of orange-tree wood glowing on the hearth with its own peculiar green and yellow flame, or hissing and perfuming the dry air of the bitter mountain cold (which in winter descends to sea levels), and with a window placed so that from where I sat — often, as I thought, just looking out of it when I should have been concentrating (though that, too, had I known it, was an indirect part of the novel) — a view of sea, plumed like a peacock, and of distant ranges beyond, presented itself to me, and seemed to stretch forever into the innumerable and diverse beauties of air and sky at that season.

Escape with Me — at least, the second half of it — was written, in a disused kitchen, domed and shaped like a Moorish marabout, opening on a terrace, in the ancient ruined city of Antigua, Guatemala. There, in tropical heat, the great prospect girdled by volcanoes and the blue blossom of jacaranda trees, I sat, picturing Peking, the while a sentry vulture, posted at a small window, no doubt by the order of his organization in case I should die during writing, would, at intervals of about an hour, flutter a hideous blue-bottle-dark, serrated wing in at the aperture or, more perturbing still, poke his bald, carrion-colored neck through it, to see if I were yet ready for him and his band; when, with an accuracy of aim of which I should never have dreamed myself capable, I would hurl my copy of *The Concise Oxford English Dictionary* at him through the narrow opening, and he would give a squawk, which said all too plainly, "As you know, duty is duty, and it's only a question of time if you stay here long enough," and then flap hungrily away, to return a minute after I had gone out onto the terrace to retrieve my invaluable missile.

To take another instance, most of the poems in *England Reclaimed* were composed in the bedroom of a hotel outside Syracuse, as was, a few years later, *Winters of Content*, in spite of the many troubles, and the perpetual letters that in consequence would assail me and had to be answered, relating to a previous book, over which a libel action was threatened. (The injured lady, I recollect, gave an interview to a newspaper, in which she said, "Sitwell compares me to Madame Bovary. I do not know who she is, but my friends tell me she is a French classic.") The volumes of my autobiography, so far as they have progressed, have been written at Renishaw, in my small study enclosed within the thick walls of the oldest part of the house. Here, among towers of books and accumulated papers, are to be found, too, many objects familiar to me since my earliest childhood, for the room formerly served my father as his chief writing place.

24

Quite apart from attempts at forcible feeding, from requests to write prefaces or epilogues, or a few favorable words to be quoted on covers, read manuscripts and send criticisms gratis, open — or shut — exhibitions, give interviews on any subject, autograph books, attend conferences, join clubs, sign letters of protest and manifestoes, take part in symposiums, speak on the BBC for infant fees, support every sort of society for the prevention of one thing and encouragement of another — or sometimes the same — write articles, celebrate centenaries, deliver lectures, and all those perpetual and ingenious schemes to make you catch colds and agues in a thousand different ways, and so prevent you for a time from working — or better still — forever; quite apart, then, from all this (which is the lot of every well-known English-speaking writer), my parents by themselves would have been sufficient to render impossible any serious and consecutive effort. To their children, they constituted a profession in themselves, and one which wore out health and exhausted patience.

When, a few years later, I was at last successful in persuading my father that he would be happier if he resided abroad, the paths of his children became a little easier: but until that moment it was out of the question to work untroubled and with ease at home in England. The letters from my father

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which rained in by every post, on subjects ranging from the composition of the atom to the best empirical methods of cutting your toenails, but, so far as I was concerned, for the most part related to business and complained of my lack or misuse of ability, concluding often with a *catalogue raisonné* of my faults of character and conduct, were enough to oblige one to use up every scrap of energy in reply.

My sister faced the storms in her own flat — even though, by coincidence, she was curiously liable to be away when my family came to London. My father's views on woman's place in the world — which was that she should be out of it — allowed her a little more freedom from his letters (on the other hand, my mother demanded her presence the whole time), whereas it was his duty as father, ancestor, and descendant in one, to torment my brother, and still more myself in my character of eldest son, on every conceivable occasion. He liked to make plans, to inflate and deflate them at will, in the manner of a child playing with a toy balloon, and would plague an idea as a dog worries a bone. In addition, he must know exactly what we were doing or proposing to do. "It is dangerous for you," he used to point out, "to lose touch with me for a single day. You never know when you may not need the benefit of my experience and advice."

To combat this, first to obtain half of one's own life, and subsequently a still greater proportion, I was obliged to invent a technique. In this direction, success crowned my efforts — to such an extent that at one moment I had thoughts of opening a Bureau for Advising Sons with Difficult Fathers. The position nevertheless held continual possibilities of further trouble, for nerves became exacerbated and if somehow we tricked our parents into allowing us the time in which to write a book, the reviewers of the period would be sure to fall on it in the particularly insolent and vituperative manner then reserved for us.

Thus — for the reader may doubt the truth of this, dismissing it as a symptom of that occupational disease of the artist, persecution mania — when *Before the Bombardment* appeared, one popular critic of a Sunday paper said that I spat on the whole of the Victorian Age and that the book should have been called *Great Expectorations!* "It is not," this same sensitive being pronounced, "so much a matter of taste or good breeding, as a matter of sportsmanship . . . I shudder at the vulgarities." . . . The *Outlook* pronounced that I was "fussy" about the war, and through the general storm and roar of rage, the still small voices of the Mayor of Scarborough and of the then Rector were heard to say respectively, through the medium of an interview, "I have not read the book . . . it is in thoroughly bad taste," and "It is a vulgar caricature. The best thing is to treat it with silent contempt." Alas, the critics did not adopt the last, singularly original remedy recommended to them.

Let me add in gratitude that almost the only understanding review I received of this novel, as a year or two earlier of *Out of the Flame*, was from the benevolent pen of Mary Webb. In a review in the *Bookman* she wrote: "His [the author's] considered judgement is very terrible. We must remember when we shiver under this savage irony, that the author and others like him are recently come from Calvary, and that the vinegar they proffer there is surely this vision of life as a bleak irony — a cruel and obscene jest. . . . The book is packed with wit, humour, subtlety, and, though liking some of the author's poems extremely, I had not realised his reserves of intensity until I read his prose." But "Merely caddish," said the *Yorkshire Post*, the paper chiefly read by my mother's friends, who would, when they were in London, go round to see my parents, giggle in an embarrassed but jolly way about us, and confirm my father and mother in their view that as writers we possessed no talent and no future. ("You ought to stop it. It isn't fair on you two dear things!") It would be almost sure, as our old Nurse Davis used to say, to "set them off" again. By then, the writer of the book would also find himself often in quite a bad temper.

25

Therefore, to avoid altercations, and because the unhappiness my parents caused, and the contemplation of their own unhappiness, responsible for it, might have attained to the quality of tragedy, the technique to be applied was bound to be farcical, for farce lowers the temperature and reduces proportions. . . . First, I will take the most gross example of the kind of incident that resulted.

In January, 1922, my father was in London and asked me to come and see him. Wise from experience, I knew that the interview he proposed could only lead to further trouble between us, for he was in a most intransigent mood. But I could hardly refuse to meet him. In consequence, I made the excuse that I was ill. (This seemed serviceable, because it was most improbable that we should meet by chance, and if we did, it was, I knew, still more unlikely that he would recognize me.) He replied, on Monday of the week in question, that he would call on me at 5 P.M. on Saturday.

In the days which followed, I forgot both my alleged illness and my father's proposed visit, and on the afternoon he had selected I had gone, quite unperturbed, to tea with Jean de Boschere, at the other end of London. He lived in Bayswater, and was entertaining various friends — among them, Aldous Huxley. Alas, before many minutes had passed, I remembered something. All at once, at 4.30, as though a bell had struck in my mind, I recollected the immediate menace of my father's visit. Dashing out into the growing January dusk

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that seeped from sky and ground, and squeezed between the pillars and the houses, I found the street empty of human life as an early canvas by Chirico, nothing but pillar after pillar, railing after railing, and a few distant, decapitated bodies walking under the wet circular extinguishers of their own umbrellas.

In those days, I walked very fast, and since it was obviously hopeless to wait for a passing vehicle, I set out at once to cross London on foot, and reached Carlyle Square with only five minutes to spare, for my father was always punctual. I tore off my mackintosh and raced upstairs. . . . Alas, the doorbell rang before I had time to undress. Hastily removing my wet shoes, and ruffling my hair, I threw myself, still panting from the exertions of the past half hour, into my bed, arriving in it just as my father opened the door. No doubt I appeared to be very feverish. Fortunately, our housekeeper, Mrs. Powell, never lost her nerve. Showing my father upstairs, she had remarked: —

"Sir George, the doctors do not wish anyone to remain with the patient for more than five minutes. I will notify you when your time is up."

My father entered, seated himself in a chair, and regarded me, as I lay there, clutching my bedclothes up to my chin, as in a French farce, and wearing on my face, no doubt, a wild expression.

"I'm afraid I hadn't realized, dear boy, how ill you were," he remarked, "but I hope it's only nerves!" Here, he extended a finger towards my neck, to feel the heat of my skin; but I clutched the bedclothes all the tighter, and had an inspiration.

"The doctors can't make out what is the matter with me," I said. "They've had several cases like it. Apparently, it's infectious!"

My father pushed his chair back and got up with a jump. He uttered hastily the words, "Well, I'm afraid I must be getting back now — so much to do!" and left the room, long before Mrs. Powell could return to tell him that his five minutes were up.

In order to prevent this kind of occurrence, and other constant interruptions and interferences, it appeared absolutely necessary for Sacheverell and myself to absent ourselves from London for fully half the year, and to leave no address behind us. With this object in view, we ordered a supply of special writing paper, of which for many years we made frequent use. Engraved on it, at the right-hand corner, was the name of an imaginary yacht, *S.Y. Rover*, and opposite, it carried a burgee, showing a skull and crossbones in white, on a black ground. By this means we could always reach my father by post, if so we wished, for we could write to him from where we were staying for the autumn and winter months, explaining that our friend Jonah's yacht had "just put in" at Ostend or Naples or Athens, or wherever it might be — and that we had "come on here for a few days' rest, while the craft is being overhauled." We would add, "In the meantime, dearest Father, do not trouble to answer until we can give you an address. Our next stopping place is uncertain, and the letter will only be lost."

The singular contradiction about this particular adapting of items from the classical repertory of farce was that two young men had to employ subterfuge against their stern father, not in order to shirk daily toil or to spend money lavishly, or to disguise the fact that they were living with the most shrill and gilded of mistresses, but merely in order to exist more quietly and cheaply than they would have been able to do at home, and to work hard at their profession!

26

Occasionally, of course, plans misfired. Amalfi constituted our first-chosen and much loved refuge, and we would stay there for many months in the Cappuccini. This hotel, which, until a century before, had been a monastery, belonged to the same proprietor who owned at Cava dei Tirreni, some thirty miles away, the hotel in which all English travelers of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries stopped a night, on their way from Pompeii to visit the then newly identified temples at Paestum, or on their return thence to Naples. Signor Alfredo Vozzi, the great-grandson of the first owner of the two hotels, was accustomed, therefore, by heredity to the ways of English travelers — he understood them. There was something about him of both the patriarch and the *grand seigneur*, and he thoroughly comprehended the character of his own hotel, and refused, until circumstances compelled him, to modernize it.

At that time, no lift had been installed, and since the hotel hung high up on the cliff side, a visitor could only reach it by climbing three hundred steps, or by allowing himself to be carried by two men in a chair. This remoteness from the world, and the absence of central heating, helped to keep it comparatively empty in the winter, when it became to my mind an ideal place for writers. The simple lines of the old white building fitted into this fantastic landscape of mountain and sea, of painted villages poised on crags, of broken towers and castles of stone, of huge limestone cliffs, with natural caves and grottoes, and here and there the likeness of a window in the rock, of flying buttresses and turrets and sheer walls, as neatly as a snail does into a crevice. The belvedere, on a long gently curving terrace high placed on glittering, impregnable rocks, was scattered over, from November till March, with jonquils; above all there was the view, the unrivaled view of sea and distant mountains, and over these at all hours in heat or cold, the light of Neapolitan skies, bursts of light from behind clouds, or torrents of lights from a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crystal-clear dome, light reflected from rocks and sea, and never playing twice the same variations on its themes of vertical and horizontal, of mass and plane.

I was aware that my father also liked Amalfi, but now when he came to Italy, his plans for the restoration of the castle at Montegufoni, no less than his fears of putting a strain upon his heart by having to climb so many steps — for he resented having to pay five lire to be carried — rendered a visit to it unlikely from him. In time the phantom *Rover* had begun to wear a little thin, and in 1922 Sacheverell and I abandoned it temporarily, and for the sake of variety, in favor of a mythical invitation to explore Asia Minor with a party of excavators. Posts would be uncertain, we had explained: better to write no letters — We had then gone straight to Amalfi and begun work.

We were, respectively, progressing with it fairly well when, one evening, a feeling of suspense began to darken the air. What could it be? The composer William Walton was staying with us. He spent most of the time by himself in a room containing a typical South Italian piano — similar to those upon which, as you pass beneath in the street of a Southern Catholic city, you hear young girls practicing, high up, from iron-barred convent windows. Here he would sit composing and copying out at a large table facing a window on the cloister, the whiteness of which in the sun filled the smoky air with a redoubled and spectral light; he would hardly move except to go to the window ledge from time to time, where he would cut a Toscana cigar in two with a safety-razor blade he kept for that purpose. He smoked these half-cigars almost always as he wrote. Even William then, who had not seen us for many hours, admitted in the evening that he had felt some influence too. It soon explained itself. At dinner, the German manageress came up to us and said: —

"The herr director at La Cava, he has joos telephone to say a big English Barone arrive here tomorrow mit servant, and we are to kill first thing in the morgen fourteen chicken."

To us the meaning of this esoteric message was clear. The news of the immolation — for so to a stranger it must have sounded, a sacrifice such as that ordained by Cetewayo or some other paramount Zulu chieftain — gave to those initiated the clue. In the French phrase, it signaled my father's approach. Especially in Southern Italy, where meat is always of an incomparable hardness of flesh, the killing and eating of chickens had become part of the System. They had to be slain as early as possible; otherwise they, too, would be tough, in which case, my father, with a sigh, would push the plate away, saying, in a voice of tragedy, "*Troppo fresco per me.*" . . . The stories on which I was engaged, *Triple Fugue*, and Sacheverell's *All Summer in a Day*, had to be thrown aside and hidden, while we held a council. Fully interpreted or decoded, the words of the manageress had told us, then, that my father was sleeping the night at La Cava an hour away by motor, and was coming here some time the following day, with Robins, for a visit of at least a week; each chicken being the token of a luncheon or a dinner. . . .

It would be of no avail to try to escape: it was too late, he would be sure to find out, and it would only look discourteous. The sole line of action open to us was to pretend to be expecting him, to have come here on purpose, and give him an affectingly warm welcome. In support, that old phantom, the *Rover*, only just dismantled, would have to come out of dock again. The owner had changed his mind, we decided, and had persuaded us to board her at Naples, preparatory to a cruise in the Pacific. And hearing that my father might spend a week at Amalfi, we had come here on the chance of seeing him, and to rest for a few days beforehand. (He never objected to the idea of rest: but if you had mentioned that you were at work on a book, a look of intense concern would immediately be seen to fix itself on his face, and he would issue one of his customary and familiar warnings, in a tone suggesting that you were proposing something rash beyond hardihood, such as trying to swim the Atlantic for a wager; "Oh, I *shouldn't* do *that* if I were you! You'd better drop the idea at once. My cousin Stephen Arthington had a friend who killed himself by writing a novel!")

27

No one knew at what time he was to be expected; but we were aware that he liked early hours, so it was better to be on the watch almost from sunrise. It proved a tiring day. All the morning we hung out of the loggias of our rooms, ready to wave enthusiastic greetings, our eyes straining at the immense and classic view; albeit on this occasion not for its beauty, though it was a perfect and typical October day of the South, strayed from the fold of summer, and far away, beyond the multicolored sea, mosaicked by the tides and little shiftings of the sand, by the clearness, too, of the water, that showed just the same degree of transparency in blue and green and purple and gold that is to be observed in the great mosaics of Cefalù and Monreale and other churches of the old kingdom of which this had been part, lay the thin girdle of gold and silver — of sand and foam — which divides the sea there from the land, culminating in the range of mountains, Mont' Alburno towering over them, its rocky bulk, owing to its bareness, catching again all the colors of sea, sky, and air, and, as it were, presenting a kind of summary of them. No, our gaze was reserved for the road, which, here and there, could be seen ribboning its way precariously above precipices.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When luncheon came, one of us had to remain on duty — but, indeed, we had little appetite, a single tortuous strand of macaroni and an unripe tangerine sufficed us. Then, back again we went to our vigil for the entire afternoon. About five o'clock, at last, a motor — to be more precise visually, a high column of dust — could be seen whirling on the road in and out above the coast, towards the hotel. At the gate far below, it became stationary and began to subside, and out of it stepped a well-known figure in a gray suit, crowned with a gray wide-awake hat, and carrying a gray umbrella lined with green against the sun's rays, which made his red beard all the redder. Snatching from Robins, who followed him, the celebrated life-buoy air cushion, which was one of his properties, in case he should be tired during the climb and be in consequence obliged to sit awhile on the rock, he looked up at the hotel and saw us wildly waving our handkerchiefs. He pointed and said something to Robins. It was too far for us to distinguish clearly the conflicting emotions passing over his countenance, but Robins told us afterwards what his words had been. Feeling his pulse, he had said, "Do you see them, Robins? . . . They might have given *me* a heart attack!" . . . The visit, of a week's duration as we had foreseen, passed off quite satisfactorily.

A later episode, connected with the same place and arising out of like circumstances, can be classified in a different, more frightening category: for a moment farce assumed a more imposing mantle. . . . One autumn my brother and I were just again leaving England for a long secret session of work at Amalfi, when, the very evening before our departure, my father remarked casually: —

"Your mother and I thought of running over to Amalfi for the winter, and staying at the Hotel Cappuccini. She would be quite happy all day on the terrace."

In this emergency the good ship *Rover* could be of little use. As so often before, I was obliged to improvise. Since the essence of our opposing systems of strategy was that my father planned every move for months, or even years, ahead, it was impossible to defeat him along those lines: instead I must depend on the element of surprise, backed by inspiration, power of fantasy, *élan*, and the feeling of the moment. Now, therefore, I summoned a landslide to my aid — and it responded!

"Oh, haven't you heard?" I asked. "There's been a very bad landslide at Amalfi; and several parts of the terrace have been carried away. It was in the *Daily Mail* only a few days ago. . . . I thought you would be sure to see it."

This news checked my father's plans. It rendered Amalfi, he said, quite impossible for a stay for him and my mother, as they must be able to take a walk on the level, without the necessity of always having to climb the steps to and from the town. But Sacheverell and I were not so sure they might not change their minds again, and decided it would be wiser to alter our own arrangements, and go elsewhere. And when, in a week's time, we reached our new refuge, in Sicily, the first local newspaper we saw informed its readers, in terms of magniloquent sorrow, that a grave landslide had just occurred at Amalfi, and that two portions of the famous terrace of the Hotel Cappuccini had been destroyed. . . . Henceforth, I avoided making an excuse of that sort.

28

When in London — and the periods we spent there were now not so long, for, in addition to being obliged to seek sanctuary abroad while working, I was still prospective Liberal Candidate for Scarborough, and had often to live there for a month or two — we liked to abandon ourselves entirely to its life. There were all kinds of amusements to be found or to be made, both large and small. One of them occurred in the return of Tetrazzini to Covent Garden. Sacheverell — already an ardent lover of Italian opera and singing — asked our friend Richmond Temple, who was a director of the Savoy, where she was staying, whether the famous prima donna would receive us, to present her with a wreath of bay and myrtle as a tribute from the young writers of England. Madame Tetrazzini indicated her willingness, and it was arranged. About seven of us took part in it, including Aldous Huxley and my sister and brother and me. The night before, Aldous and Maria Huxley very hospitably entertained us to dinner, and afterwards, while Aldous was composing the speech for us with Sacheverell — who, it had been decided, was to deliver it — at his side, Julian Huxley, I remember, walked up and down the room in a state of enchantment at the idea of the ceremony.

Eventually, the speech was finished, and the next day, after luncheon, we assembled at the Savoy, and were conducted to the Tetrazzini's private suite. Her sitting room, into which we were shown, had been converted for the occasion into a bower of white lilac: a camera man, with a towering camera and a flashlight assistant, and several journalists, were in attendance. All was ready for her to make her appearance. The bedroom door was now flung open, and the famous prima donna entered. Short, fat, aging, wearing an overelaborate brown crepe dress, with much lace attached to it, she nevertheless had a captivating air of kindness and good nature, and walked as one used to receiving acclamation. She advanced slowly, making a conventional theatrical gesture of greeting and pleasure, with her right hand to the poets, drawn up in line, and with her left hand to the camera man, up his ladder ready to pull the trigger, and to the journalists, their pencils ready. The tall figure of Sacheverell,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very young — just over twenty — stood heading our deputation, and Aldous, overtopping him, just behind. Slowly, very slowly, she continued to move toward us. The camera man was just giving the signal, when suddenly the great singer caught her foot in a rug, and fell flat!

There are those, I know, who hold that no fall, whatever the circumstances of it, can ever be funny. All I can say is that I disagree with them. . . . Fortunately, she had come to no hurt, and still more oddly seemed singularly undiscomfited by her misadventure. She was helped up, and straightened her dress; the poets straightened their faces; the camera man again got ready; Sacheverell was just going to read our message, when, this time, impelled I suppose by curiosity, Tetrazzini snatched the paper from him. Sacheverell, who dislikes speaking in public, was nevertheless determined to go through with it, so he snatched it back, saying at the same time in his deep voice, "*Prego, Divinissima,*" and began to read. The camera clicked — and so there a delightful occasion remains, enshrined in the dusty office files of newspapers.

29

Our chief extramural activity in 1919 — for my part-editing of *Art and Letters* counts as a professional — was the organizing at the Mansard Gallery at Heal's of the Exhibition of Modern French Art: of which Roger Fry, sponsor of the two great exhibitions of Post-Impressionist pictures in 1910 and 1912, wrote that it was "the most representative show of modern French art seen in London for many years." Associated with my brother and me in collecting the pictures was a Parisian-Polish dealer, who subsequently became celebrated, Zborowski. With flat, Slavonic features, brown almond-shaped eyes, and a beard which might have been shaped out of beaver's fur, ostensibly he was a kind, soft businessman, and a poet as well. He had an air of melancholy, to which the fact that he spoke no English, and could not find his way about London (to which city this was his first visit), added.

The days before the opening of the exhibition are memorable to me because of the interest of seeing the pictures unpacked, and of hanging them. During the war it had been for so long out of the question to see modern French pictures at all, except for a single specimen at some gallery, that considerable excitement now evinced itself. The July evenings were very hot, and after dinner, about nine o'clock every evening, while my brother, Zborowski, and I supervised the hanging, friends would come in from the Eiffel Tower Restaurant and from Fitzroy Street near-by, to watch. Among those present at these unveilings would be our hierophant, Roger Fry, who walked round from his studio. The exhibition, though by no means enormous, included pictures by — among others — Othon Friesz, Vlaminck, Derain, Matisse, Picasso, Modigliani, Survage, Soutine, Suzanne Valadon, Kisling, Halicka, Marcoussis, Léger, Gabriel-Fournier, Ortiz, André Lhote, Utrillo, and Dufy, and sculptures by Archipenko and Zadkine.

Derain and Picasso had both made their personal appearance in London that summer, when Diaghilev had produced the two finest ballets of his second period, *La Boutique Fantasque*, and *The Three-Cornered Hat*. I had been present at the first night of both performances, and shall never forget the excitement of first seeing truly modern works of scenic art upon the stage. Derain's drop-scene for *La Boutique* and Picasso's for *The Three-Cornered Hat* were probably the most inspired and original that had been painted for over a century. Picasso had long been the favorite of the *cognoscenti* of modern art, but Derain was a comparatively new star, and had much impressed them. And I remember one evening at the Mansard Gallery, as a glazed and framed canvas by this artist was being unpacked, and Roger Fry was admiring it, a friend drew attention to the fact that a currant had become wedged between the paint and the glass. A Philistine was just going to remove it, when Roger boomed out: "Better leave it alone. He probably placed it there intentionally. It makes rather a swagger contour!"

Sacheverell and I were very eager for the exhibition to be a success, as much for our own advantage as for the good name of the English public of art lovers. Sacheverell was most anxious to leave Oxford, but my father would not hear of his doing so, if he intended to devote his life to writing. To be a dealer was different. However, in the end, the idea of our starting a gallery broke down, for an enterprise of that kind needed capital, and we could find none: so, as matters turned out, it proved our sole joint venture in this field — though one, I believe, of which we can be proud.

Rather than the great established names, and familiar masters, it was the newcomers, such artists as Modigliani and Utrillo, who made the sensation in this show. And my brother and I can claim the honor of having been the first to introduce Modigliani's pictures to the English public. It had been possible before to understand the beauty of his drawings: but the paintings offered a new and a greater revolution. The nudes, especially the reclining figure derived from Giorgione and Titian, manifested an astonishing feeling for the quality of oil paint: a technical mastery and exploitation strange in itself, because the artist had always wanted to be a sculptor, and only the cost of the materials prevented it. I was not in a position to buy so many of these canvases as I should have wished, but at least my brother and I were able to acquire a magnificent example — for the Parisian dealers who owned the majority of Modigliani's work in the exhibition suggested, knowing our great

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

admiration of this artist, that, as a reward for our services, we might like to select a single picture and pay them what it had cost them. Accordingly, we chose his superb "Peasant Girl"; for which we paid four pounds, the average gallery price for a painting by him being then between thirty and a hundred pounds.

The opening day of the exhibition, the first of August, proved that crowds could be attracted to a gallery even during the holiday season, then still rigidly adhesive to a particular month. In order to prevent the public — who, it must be remembered, had seen no modern European painting for four years — from stampeding, we had persuaded Arnold Bennett, a friend of ours and a lover of pictures, to write the preface to the catalogue. We had hoped that his acknowledged common sense, his plain respect for competency and success in any branch of life, together with his high contemporary reputation as a novelist, would to a certain extent shield the pictures from the ugly display of abuse and bad temper which here greets every manifestation of art new to the country: but in vain!

We were fortunate enough to sell a good many pictures on the opening day. Arnold Bennett bought on my advice a splendid nude by Modigliani, and to someone else who consulted me, I recommended another fine picture by the same master, and a Utrillo. For these two, he paid a sum of about seventy pounds: within five years he could have sold them — I am unaware if he did — for at least two thousand six hundred pounds.

The catalogue, with its preface by Arnold, was widely bought; unfortunately the beginning of the list of pictures in it carried the notice, "This collection has been brought together by Osbert and Sacheverell Sitwell"; which served to focus public rage on our two heads: though a considerable amount, on such occasions, was always reserved for my sister, even when, as in this instance, she was in no wise implicated. My brother and I acted in the gallery as shopmen in turn with our friend Herbert Read, selling catalogues, answering inquiries, and often quieting, or trying to quiet, protests — about the pictures. The table at which sat the one of us who had taken on the duty had been placed in the middle of the gallery, and below, by its side, stood an enormous wicker basket full of sheaves of Modigliani drawings, from which the visitor could choose a specimen for a shilling. . . . I may add that my brief experience as salesman taught me much in a short time as to the manners adopted by people who ought to know better, towards shopmen. Several times I was treated with gross rudeness by men and women, unaware of my identity, and in after days, when I met and recognized them I found it difficult to be persuaded to like them.

Every day, the public tantrums, whether inside the Mansard Gallery or outside it, in the columns of the newspapers, increased. For the most part the critics showed themselves impressed, at the lowest were civil: it was in the news and correspondence columns that riots and mutinies broke out. A notably irate series of letters, arising out of a favorable account of the pictures by Clive Bell, appeared in the *Nation*, and continued for six weeks, a fortnight after the exhibition had closed! Throughout, the attackers maintained a strong moral note, and one of them declared that at one moment he had felt the whole collection of pictures to be "a glorying in prostitution"!

30

The fury of the Philistine was reflected in unexpected quarters. London had been suffocatingly hot during the last part of July, and since Mrs. Ronald Greville had most kindly asked my brother and me to stay with her at Polesden Lacey, we went there for the first part of August. Always we greatly enjoyed our visits to her, and the house was near enough to London for us to be able to go up every day to our exhibition, and return in time for dinner. The immense party at Polesden in the early days of August, 1919, possessed its own very distinctive features. . . . My brother and I arrived about five o'clock on one of the last sweltering days of July, at Bookham Station. Bank Holiday, due before very long, had plainly produced in advance a sweaty yet listless and confused bustle. Nobody, one could see at a first glance, knew where anything was, and we found no motor waiting for us outside. As we waited there under a projecting glass roof, our feet burning on cinder-colored, incised tiles, and gazed before us into a vacancy of asphalt above which the heat danced a fandango barely visible, we turned to notice, standing by us, an old gentleman, plainly another prospective guest at Polesden. We did not know who he was, but presently a porter came lumbering along with his suitcase, and on the label, hanging limply from it, I read *W. H. Mallock*.

This author already belonged to a remote and romantic past. His book, *The New Republic*, which had made him famous, had appeared over forty years before, and the title of none of his numerous subsequent works had become so familiar in the ears of the public. I had never seen a copy of *The New Republic*, far less read one, but I had constantly heard it referred to, and with respect, by those members of the older generation whose judgment in reading I trusted. Moreover, I was prepared in my mind to like its author, since our friend Robert Ross had greatly admired him and had, indeed, been one of the advisers who had recommended and secured for him a Civil List Pension, when the former beloved star, young and brilliant, of literary drawing rooms now fallen to dust, had come on bad times.

My pity had been stirred by what I heard, so that on realizing the identity of the old *chinoiserie*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tottering about in the heat in a state of despair, searching, not too energetically but fussily, for the missing Rolls, and ever and anon taking off his bowler hat to mop his forehead — as he did so disclosing a single damp strand of hair, long and undulating by nature as the Monster of Loch Ness but now wound and flattened round his crown like a turban — on realizing, as I say, his identity, I went up to him, introduced myself, offered to guide him the one and a half miles to Polesden, and, what was more, volunteered to carry his luggage for him, though nothing irks me so as having to convey my own. So, we started off on the long, long trek, he with a slight spinning motion from a giddiness of sorts that seized him, while Sacheverell and I staggered under our loads. We tried, though out of breath, to talk to him, to show we did not mind our burdens; but he was in some manner suspicious, perhaps especially of men younger than himself.

Very far from him, we comprehended, were those days of amber when he had looked with the all too clear eyes of youth on the great of his time, on Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater and Jowett, and many famous men now forgotten and unlamented, had heard them talk, and had, in a novel, made their converse still better, so that he was their master, though so young, and they, his puppets. In the years that had passed since his triumph — for the reception of his first book cannot be called less — his rather cynical temper of mind had become accentuated, until he had grown to distrust all intelligence and artistic perception, and had been turned by the hardening of his arteries into a pillar of prejudice. Only a love of the classics remained to him out of all the gifts with which he had started — or so I thought.

When we arrived, the sight of ambassadors and ambassadresses, of statesmen and grandees, and the fleshy phantoms of former beauties, famous in his day, seemed to restore him. He almost unbent when our hostess greeted us. "I am so sorry you all three had to walk. And you carried Mallock's luggage! It was most kind of you." "Poor old Mallock!" she confided in me later, "I've hardly seen him since he used to come to Charles Street in my father's time, when I was a girl. I met him the other day, and asked him here for the sake of old times — but I'm afraid he's grown very old — too old for either work or pleasure — I only hope he'll enjoy himself here!" . . . I think he did.

Every day, accounts of our exhibition, photographs of the pictures, and attacks on them caught his eye, and inflamed his spirit against us: for he had allowed the fact that I had dragged his luggage through the heat in a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade by no whit to mollify his feelings towards either my brother or me. And it soon became evident that in certain directions the passage of the years had by no means impaired his powers, but had merely changed the course of them. What had been an ability to create — or at any rate interpret — imaginatively had now become executant. He proved to be an ingenious and assiduous organizer. Each evening, when Sacheverell and I returned to Polesden, no less tired out by heat of the days than rendered uneasy by profitless argument in the gallery, and by the ferocious attacks delivered on us in the evening papers, we would find the bulk of the guests assembled to meet us, grouped either just outside the front door, or on the stone steps of the loggia. They were fresh as if they had just issued from a rest cure, yet fiery in spirit as only bridge and golf can make people. It was plain that they had been marshaled here by an invisible intelligence for his own purposes, arranged in order of height and eminence, almost as if a photograph of the house party were to be taken. This chorus of ambassadors, political peers, retired speakers, ministers and their wives, was ready for us: the figureheads had been supplied, if not with arguments, at least with sentiments of an unimpeachable respectability, by one more wily, though generally speaking less well preserved, who had contrived by a little judicious muddling to make them associate in their minds a political regime they disliked with certain works of art.

"I think Bolshevism should be put down!"

"I have no sympathy with Bolsheviks in politics or art."

"Cézanne wanted shooting."

"I should think Sargent was good enough for anyone." Such were the *fade* but locally unexceptionable sentiments chanted impersonally into the air, as if spoken to invisible spirits, at our approach.

It had to be admitted, then, that this nightly counterrevolution had been prepared with extreme skill and executed with audacity. Moreover it must have required a deal of patient planning and lobbying, all the more remarkable when you consider that, owing to physical disabilities connected with his age, Mallock at that time could never find the answer to any question put to him until it had been repeated to him again twice, once by the interrogator, and once by himself. What was more, the whole of this work he carried out every day in secret, without a word of it or of the nightly demonstration reaching our hostess or our several friends, among the guests, such as Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, or Lord Blanesburgh, who would have championed us.

I think it was the photographs of the Modigliani portraits, appearing now nearly every day in the press, which furnished Mallock with his chief weapons: just as the pictures themselves exacerbated the public. Especially the artist's manner of rendering necks annoyed — but that is altogether too mild a word — those unused to it. In the gallery it was the same. "Why does he paint people with necks like swans?" I used to hear asked, with passionate,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

venomous derision. And out of this rage, I believe that it would have been possible at last to extract a mathematical formula, the heat of the anger seeming to be based on the number of times the neck of the given Modigliani could be multiplied to make the neck of the person protesting. The thicker the neck, the greater the transports of its owner, and the thicker still would it become, swelling from fury.

But it would seem that Thomas Carlyle had put Paid to our debt to Mallock in advance for us. In *Talking of Dick Whittington* by Hesketh Pearson and Hugh Kingsmill, the authors tell us that Joseph Chamberlain, at the height of his fame as a Radical politician, visited Carlyle one day with W. H. Mallock, who had just come down from Oxford with the reputation of a brilliant youth with a great career before him. Mallock, apparently, had been too brilliant during the visit, for, as he and Chamberlain were putting their coats on, Carlyle, who had gone up the first flight of stairs, leaned over the balustrade, and called out, "Can ye hear me, Mr. Mallock?" Mallock having expectantly signified that he could, and no doubt thrown himself into a cordially receptive posture, Carlyle continued, "I didna enjoy your veesit, and I dinna want to see ye again."

31

During the course of the following autumn, the terms on which we found ourselves with my father became less strained, and we determined to try to persuade him, either to advance us the money to buy, or himself to purchase as an investment, a hundred or more pictures by Modigliani for which we were in treaty. Some of them were already in England, and the whole collection could have been acquired for between seven hundred and a thousand pounds. Though I had almost refrained from making such a suggestion for fear of the reception it would most certainly incur, yet when at last I ventured to broach the subject, and even after he had seen some of the pictures, which surely did not match his taste, my father showed himself inclined to agree to some arrangement — it was but another of the fascinating contradictions in his character ("They may think I shall, but I shan't!"). Still further to ease relations, and a little, perhaps, in order to pursue the point, my brother and I invited him to dine with us on the night of his sixtieth birthday, January 27, 1920, at our new London house, 2 Carlyle Square.

Sacheverell and I had migrated thither from Swan Walk in the previous November. Most of the possessions we took with us consisted of pictures, glass, and books — for the rooms at Swan Walk had contained little furniture. The little there was belonged to the owner. As often in my existence, I had just the bare luxuries of life and not the necessities. We owned neither beds, tables, nor chairs. This only made our glass and books more precious to us, and it was plainly safer to convey them to their new destination, personally, by taxi, than to trust them to carriers or furniture removers. In consequence, I had been forced to take a number of terrifying prismatic journeys in cabs, and I remember the winter sunshine suddenly streaming in as we turned a corner, and the dazing difficulty I experienced, like that a conjurer so often and so triumphantly poses to himself with billiard balls, of keeping the fragile bubblelike cases, full of crystal ships or flashing-winged hummingbirds, and the vases and bowls of coruscating colored glass, simultaneously in their place.

When all these objects had arrived, there existed, of course, no tables on which to stand them. In the height of the furniture boom of 1919, when small chests of drawers, made of deal, were selling for fifty pounds each, it proved no easy matter, with little money, many old debts, and the expense of a new residence, to find the necessary furniture, and we were compelled for a year or two to camp out, rather than live, in the house. I contrived, however, to buy from the former owner half a dozen beds, and some armchairs. The dining-room table, painted in every color, as if it were a palette, the surface then being ground down and polished to represent marble, had been a kitchen table, and was adapted for me to its new purpose by Roger Fry; who had also chosen the colors for the drawing room and himself helped to paint the ceiling.

A piece of furniture of rocklike strength, and with a real personality, this table has served me at Renishaw in the last eight years for the writing of the several volumes of this long autobiography. I sit at it at this moment, before my task, a large, adjustable, 1840 gout stool ready for swell-foot, straddling across one central bar supporting it. Its top is now covered with sheets of blotting paper of various colors, on which stand many fountain pens, clustered together like reed pipes, while round them surges a litter of notebooks, piles of papers, ink erasers, pots of ink, spectacles, spectacle cases, India rubbers, pencils, boxes of cigarettes, manuscripts, all in what must appear to strangers to be inextricable confusion. In a sense it exhales life, testifying to the daily struggles and long hours of an author's day: but, as between the sheets of blotting paper I catch sight for a moment of a chink of the marbled surface underneath, it saddens me with other thoughts, by reminding me of many delightful hours that are past, and conjuring up many ghosts, not least among them the painter of the table himself: ghosts famous or obscure, who at one time or another sat round this table, and whose manner, whose voices, whose laughter, it now evokes, to reach me once more across the unfathomable gulf into which all must fall.

Certainly this table brings back more occasions pleasant, than the reverse; but that of which I speak

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

turned out to be one of the least fortunate. The dinner party for my father's sixtieth birthday was a risk which, perhaps, should not have been taken. To begin with, the decoration of the rooms, being neither Italian, nor William Morris, nor a conceit of Lutyens's, was sure to annoy him. If he liked any of our possessions, he would remark — and how often has he not said it to me, in the grieved voice of altruism he reserved for such disguised strictures — "I notice that you and Sachie seem to have much more pocket money to spend than your mother and I. . . . *We* can spend nothing on *ourselves!*" While if he did not like them, he would equally repine. In the same fashion, if Mrs. Powell provided us with a remarkably good dinner, we were extravagant: and if, on the other hand, in order to please him, we could persuade her to send up a bad and skimpy meal, it showed how we mismanaged our affairs. To strike the happy mean was impossible.

32

The worst mistake we made, on this occasion, and one we were bitterly to regret before the evening was over and for many years subsequently, was to ask my father's only friend, Mr. MacTotter, the Silver Bore, to meet him. . . . At first all went well; until the Silver Bore, who was as good-natured and, indeed, sentimentally friendly as obtuse (his continued friendship with my father must have been due solely to his never being conscious when he and his friendship were not wanted), brought out of his pocket a small package containing a birthday offering. After fifty years, the most elementary sense of psychology should have prevented him from falling into this error — for error it was, if he intended to please my father, to whom any present on an anniversary constituted an affront. When the paper was undone, the parcel proved to contain a gilded snuffbox, big enough to hold cigarettes, and though, of course, in the best of taste, unquestionably a pretty and elegant object.

When my father saw what it was — for he refused himself to touch it with his hands, as though he thought it might communicate some fever, and allowed the Silver Bore to rattle about among the tissue paper for him — he sank into a slow, sulky, smoldering passion, of ill omen to his sons' plans. The entire mask of bonhomie which he had prepared for the evening crumbled. He drew me aside at once, and remarked, "A shocking waste of money, much better spent in other ways. Most selfish! *I* can't afford that sort of thing!" (In reality, he feared he might later have to give a return birthday present to the Silver Bore, and though not ungenerous with gifts, he liked to choose his own time for them, and on these grounds disapproved of festivals such as a birthday or Christmas. At hotels abroad, he would always try to wish the headwaiter "A Happy Christmas!" first, before that smart and important recipient of presents could get it in, and if his butler, Robins, on Christmas morning, offered him his greetings, my father would snap out, in a tone of intense fretfulness, "Yes, yes, yes, I *know!*") It took minutes that seemed like hours to restore any semblance of good humor to him, but eventually we succeeded in coaxing him into a state of icy geniality, if such a contradiction in terms may be permitted. The dining room itself aroused no particularly unpleasant comment, and he ate the meal with apparent enjoyment. Nor did he complain overmuch at having to climb stairs to the drawing room after dinner.

Arrived there, I took my father into the back part of the room, to show him our Modigliani, hanging over the fireplace. . . . Being at the lowest a man of imaginative and aesthetic perception and, in some branches, of a liking for new ideas, he treated the picture seriously, and listened to all I had to say, until it seemed clear that he would at last fall in with one of our plans. Alas! At this very moment the Silver Bore, who entertained a neurasthenic dread of being "out of things," and whose eyes always roved fitfully — and when I write *fitfully*, I mean it — away from the person to whom he was talking, in search of suspected hidden diversions, broke loose from the other room, where he had been prating and gibbering to my brother of teaspoons and porringers, and stampeded up to my father and me. Noticing that we were looking at a picture, the newcomer turned his gaze in the same direction, and as he grimaced and quavered at it, a new tempo of indignation began to govern his trembling, which grew quicker and more convulsive.

As Modigliani's peasant girl, monumental, posed forever in her misty blue world, peered steadily out of her frame, between her thin, goose-like eyes, at the quivering, agitated, but well-tailored mass of the elderly gentleman opposite her, the struggle between them became — if only it had not been too poignant, because I already recognized that my brother and my fortunes were deeply implicated in it — an interesting duel to watch. Inspired as MacTotter was by Good Taste, which inevitably blindfolds its victims, since it arms them for their battle against art with a system, if not of aesthetic values, at any rate of academical respectability and decorum that can ostensibly be used on behalf of beauty, rather than as, in reality, against it, something in the painting before him clashed, I suggest, with the ideals upheld by the Queen Anne Coffeepot: wherefore this was not and could not be art.

Personal prejudice, moreover, no less than principle, entered in. The quality of her immense and static dignity not only outraged the burgessdom of England, of which he was an incarnation, but offended more particularly against his own in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voluntary vivacity, bestowed on him by Saint Vitus. The peasant girl, he considered, had no expression, no movement. So intense was his emotion that at first it seemed as if he could not, for very anger, use his voice. But in the end all this agitation and waste of energy found their equivalent in sound, a high, defensive whinnying, long maintained. The peasant girl, immobile, held her ground. Not so, alas, my father. He would not look at the picture again: he was frightened out of it, by conventional opinion as thus expressed.

A kind of sequel occurred some five or six years later. My brother and I returned to London after a prolonged absence abroad, spent in working at Amalfi. The evening after our arrival, a friend, an artist and collector of modern pictures, came to dine with us. When, later, we were sitting in the drawing room, he said, "I've been wondering, by the way, whether you'd like to sell me your Modigliani. I'll give you a handsome price, eighty pounds!" He was aware that I had paid four pounds for it, and when I could not make up my mind what to do, for I both needed money and hated to part with the painting, he added, "You won't be doing badly: you'll have made a profit of nearly two thousand per cent!" After reflection, and in spite of Mrs. Powell's protests, I accepted his offer — only to learn a week later that the purchaser had resold it for two thousand pounds, while two or three months subsequently it was to be seen in the window of a famous Parisian dealer for the equivalent in francs of four thousand pounds.

The great rise in the value of Modigliani's pictures had taken place during the months we had been abroad, and out of touch with the world of galleries. It was evident now that when my father had permitted the Silver Bore to giggle and jiggle him out of his almost formulated intention to buy the collection of Modigliani's paintings, he had been laughed out of a fortune. Since money values constituted a standard that the Silver Bore admitted and understood, I decided to write to him and point out what he had accomplished. This I gave myself the satisfaction of doing; for he was only a few years over sixty and, unless warned, might still perform a similar offense, should he by chance again see a beautiful modern work of art.

I do not know where "The Peasant Girl" hangs now: but there, caught in the artist's net, is the cautious, wry-necked peasant girl of Northern France, with her fair hair, sharp, slanting nose, and narrow eyes, who, for so long as paint lasts, will typify the thriftiness, shading down into avarice, the suspiciousness and obstinate endurance of the peasants of a flat and sandy country, where willows and animals, rather than hills, which scarcely exist, constitute the landmarks. Very near are these people of whom this young girl is a representative to the world of trees, animals, and birds — especially, perhaps, of birds. She is related by blood to Breughel's peasants and to Teniers's boors, has the same powerful grip on life, but is less jolly and jocose. Her smiles are rare, and there is about her a wooden melancholy that accompanies the quality of her strength.

You can see her driving home a flock of geese, wearing on her head a kind of flat, black hat, and guiding her charges sometimes with the aid of a long rod. A few early December flakes of snow begin to fall so that soon her cheerful-colored face shines feebly, and then is lost in a whirling universe of goose feathers. Her walk, as she waddles along, with a pertinacity which surely even death cannot subdue — it is her physique rather than her soul, which seems eternal — belongs less to the animals than to the web-footed families of birds. But her stubborn vigor is human, and in the light of it you can read her future. You can see her on a hot summer evening, kicking her foot listlessly against a stone, while the smallest birds jump and fly and sing in the branches of the willow or osier over her head. You can see her dutiful courtship, and the dowry, perhaps a necklace of pebbles, the linen and simple furniture she would bring her husband, and her life as a mother, a Frenchwoman of simple faith and belief in hard work, in scrubbed boards, polished brass, and copper that gleams. You can see her sitting in church, listening intently and understanding nothing, for the sounds of the farmyard mean more to her than the words of the good or learned. (To her thinking, it is the capacity for hard work, I believe, rather than the immortal soul which differentiates human beings from beasts.)

You can see her in the earliest morning, with perhaps the only flash of poetry that lifts the common sense of her spirit, resting for an instant against a wooden post in the yard, in the young light of a summer morning which has in it already all the buds of June's tender perfection of leafiness, stillness, and expectation of a Golden Age never to come, while her ear yet remains attentive to the sounds of the animal world: the grunting of pigs, those earth-bound and translated creatures from a fairy story; the voices of the cows, calm and logical, with their occasional complaints of the supply of adrenalin reduced, and nature tamed in consequence; and to the hissing of the geese, issuing now in formation from the door, across the roughly cobbled yard, littered with straw and dung. This flock is still her favorite, and through some process of unconscious approximation, her eyes and nose have grown still more to resemble those of the birds you saw her driving through the vanished flakes of fifty years or more ago. Now her voice, too, has a toothless hiss in it. But with all this, she still remains the wry-necked girl, with the lank hair of the forsaken, with hands clasped, resting stoutly on a wooden chair in a transparency of vaporous blue.

(To be concluded)

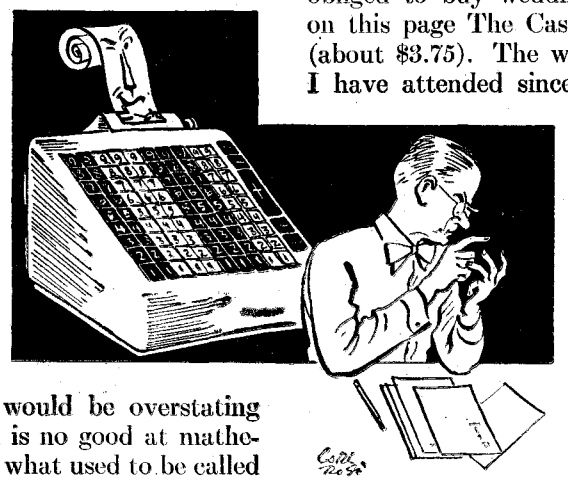
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Accent on Living

THIS MONTH

One of the great rewards of adult life is its relative freedom from arithmetic. Unless a man is teaching the stuff or obliged to compute the characteristics of a proximity fuse, he gets by comfortably on long division and the ability to add a column of figures totaling less than one thousand. He may have trouble with his womenfolk, who are always asking him how to multiply fractions or how many times $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches goes into $4\frac{1}{5}$ yards, but even these posers he can usually shift to the girl at the notions counter.

He avoids coördinates, never ventures into dry versus liquid measure. The sailor climbing a mast at the rate of fifty feet a minute on a vessel going ten miles an hour may be graphing himself as a straight line or a graceful arc, but the well-placed adult cares not which. If he needs to know the cost of 6.5 gallons of gasoline at 19.7 cents, he simply looks at the gas pump.



He counts no change, balances no check stubs, and regards any windfall as so much gravy without peering too closely into the bookkeeping behind it. It would be overstating him to say that such a man is no good at mathematics: he is no good even at what used to be called "number work."

As one who works in the written word and whose square roots go no higher than $\sqrt{81}$, I have a feeling of occupational snugness in watching Warren Weaver (page 88) set forth the Skewes number. I am impressed by how compactly Skewes expresses his number, with all the economy of a line by Pope — nothing wasted. If I read Mr. Weaver aright, this was the largest number for which Skewes had immediate use, and one can applaud his moderation in not blowing it out further just as a stunt. But two billion persons, furiously putting down zeros for two thousand million million years, wind up with an impressive total any way you look at it. In our disnumerical (see René MacColl's article, page 87) security, let us think kindly of Skewes and indeed of every sailor climbing a mast at fifty feet a minute.

Several items of unfinished business arise from recent Accent on Living subjects. The first was the failure of our August contributor Q. de Goût to denounce the pasteboard, or at any rate paper, straw as a means of sipping a mint julep. The oversight was pointed out to us by Cary Robertson of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. He was willing to admit the use of a glass sipper or a wheat straw; the latter, he said, even had a rather pleasant "natural" flavor, fit to mingle with such other fine natural substances as bourbon and mint.

In the May *Atlantic*, for the benefit of those obliged to buy wedding presents, there appeared on this page The Case for the Marmalade Spoon (about $3.75). The weddings and receptions that I have attended since then seem to support the reasoning of the article, but I find that it should have offered an essential bit of advice to grooms and ushers: The Case for the Turndown Collar. There is something in the structure of a rented cutaway — probably an ingenious use of whalebone or spring steel — which causes the coat collar at the back to stand off, rigidly, about four inches behind the occupant's neck.

In the days when men actually wore wing collars, a neckband shirt had a loop in the back to prevent the tie from climbing. Another anchoring device was a large hinged, back collar button, projecting so formidably as to be perceived as a lump even under the coat collar that did fit. But the queer architecture of the rented cutaway exposes these mechanisms so flagrantly that one might just as well let the tie jump the collar and climb ear-high. Such was the choice of most grooms and their attendants whom I saw in the mating season just passed. The 1949 class should, therefore, consider on its merits the Case for the Turndown Collar.

C. W. M.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A consultant in mining geophysics in Reno, Nevada, H. K. STEPHENSON, attended Mount Union College, got his Ph.D. from Princeton, and was engaged in a variety of scientific work for the Army in most of the war theaters.

WITCHING WANDS AND DOODLEBUGS

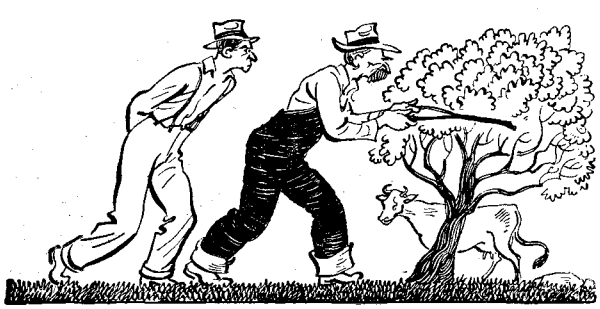
by H. K. STEPHENSON

ONE of the most invidious influences to combat with logic and reason is that of the witching-wand practitioner, commonly known as the water-douser or water-witch. Usually associated with the search for underground water supplies, the proponent of this type of activity will (for a fee) make his passes over an area and give his judgment as to the most likely location for a well. The trappings of the trade are a model of simplicity. The water-douser merely hunts up the nearest peach tree (or willow or hazel or whatever suits his purpose) and cuts his wand with a pocket knife. Often this wand is in the form of a Y-shaped twig, two arms of which the operator grasps in suitable manner. The "witching" then consists of traversing the ground until the twig, drawn by some irresistible attraction to a buried aquifer, points down and signifies the end of the quest. The labor of digging the well and proving the find is generally up to a less gifted, but more muscular, individual.

Discussing the whys and wherefores of his methods with a practitioner is like arguing the merits of a ouija board. The believer simply and dogmatically says, "It works," and an investigator with an analytic turn of mind is left to his own devices.

In the mining industry one encounters a similar variety of individual, who has some mystic contraption or occult power for locating ore deposits. Claims are advanced of ability to locate any and every type of ore deposit, but most of the effort, as might be expected, is directed at locating gold, the prime goal of the get-rich-quick'er.

Occasionally a partisan will show up who applies the witching wand as such, but the complexity of ore problems leads to a corresponding complexity of the gadgetry. The ramifications of the cult have led to the use of a general term — "doodlebug artists" or "doodlebuggers" — for those who use simplified methods of ore location.



The methods employed by doodlebuggers are often highly individual. There is the man with the sensitive feet, encountered by a geophysicist on a field survey in the Lake Superior iron range country. This man discovered his power one day when he was walking through a mining district. At first puzzled because his feet seemed to "vibrate" at certain spots, by wondrous powers of deduction he concluded that the vibrations were due to hidden ore deposits beneath him. From then on he was a professional, and offered to market his services to any hopeful citizen who wanted to locate a mine.

There is the "baited" gadget, which can be preloaded with the object of the search (gold nuggets, iron ore, oil, or other desirable items) and thereby automatically becomes sensitive to the chosen substance. *This variety of device is usually offered* for sale to prospective prospectors.

A machine of this type attracted so much attention in a Western mining area that a test was arranged by a representative of a mining school. The claim was that the "little black box" would locate gold, so typical samples of high-grade gold ore from the school's collection were placed in suitable hiding places around the laboratory. The prospector was then turned loose and asked to find the samples.

By chance he actually did find a couple of the hiding places. When he had satisfied himself and 'lowed he had found all the specimens, it was pointed out that he had failed to indicate a large stock of high-grade gold ore and nuggets located only a few feet away in the next room. His reaction was to stamp off with his gold-finder and the ejaculation, "Tests! All you want is tests!"

A group of Southwestern businessmen were once beguiled by a gifted gent whose ore-finder was simply a small wooden wand that he waved about like an orchestra leader. He claimed the ability to locate a variety of ores, but in that particular district he was after tungsten. Whatever indications the little wand gave were a mystery to everyone except the operator, but his prospecting could be done at long range and while riding in a car.

The businessmen, to prove the method, took him for a drive through a mining district, with instructions that he was to point out any areas where he got ore indications. Apparently he pointed out enough operating mines to convince them of the worth of the method, for they next started out in virgin territory. The prospector following the instructions of his wand, the businessmen following the prospector, they were led to the top of a high, rocky ridge. Finally they came to the goal, where the operator marked a location, predicting ore at a depth of thirty feet.

Elated, the backers arranged to have a mine shaft sunk at the spot. In due course this was done, and at the thirty-foot depth they encountered solid, barren rock, the same as at the surface. Then, to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

assuage their discouragement, the wand proponent took another "reading" and decided that the ore was a little deeper. After several bouts of this kind, in the end the group abandoned a shaft over a hundred feet deep and as barren of ore as the sands of Cape Cod.

In the Canadian gold fields a young fellow turned up with a laborsaving device for prospectors. Since there were large potential areas for prospecting in the region, some means was needed to narrow down the quest. This lad's technique was to secure a map of the area in which his interest centered at the moment, spread it out on his desk, then make a series of passes over the map with an ordinary surveyor's plumb bob suspended on a string. By this means he got "indications" of the most promising spots. So far as is known, he did not set out to promote the idea, but used it only in an attempt to further his own prospecting.

A gentleman in Illinois once printed and distributed a pamphlet concerning a marvelous device "about the size and shape of a fountain pen" which could be had in return for fifteen dollars. This tricky little gimcrack would locate all types of ores, and was especially handy as a treasure-finder. Since treasure is traditionally buried in an iron kettle, the promoter added to his prospectus a statement that when an iron pot is buried, then dug up and removed, its effect remains at the spot, and his instrument would still give its buried-treasure sign. Thus, presumably, he had an out whenever a disgruntled and treasureless purchaser of the gadget showed up.

A California practitioner took a diathermy machine on vacation with him and, while fooling around with it, discovered by some obscure means that he could tune it to the "vibrations" of metallic ores, particularly gold. He claimed to be able to locate a gold deposit twenty miles or more distant. The machine, operated in a hotel room, would give him a rough direction from which the gold vibrations were coming; then he would bundle the machine into his car and trace the indication down to the exact spot. In the available records there is no indication that he ever dug at a spot picked by his machinations. Before receding into obscurity he made a nuisance of himself at a Western university with his repeated requests to be allowed to "measure the vibration rates" of all the minerals in their collections.

The files of mining engineers, geologists, and geophysicists would yield many examples of similar crackpot schemes and ridiculous contraptions. They provide a fascinating study of the imagination and gullibility of the human organism. Some of the ideas and devices are dreamed up with the deliberate intent of fleecing the citizenry either by selling them the methods or by promoting the stock of worthless mining properties. Others of the faithful sincerely believe in their techniques, and spend years of their lives in an effort to prove that anyone with the foresightedness to believe their tall tales can have the world's riches at his feet.

At the present time reserves of the metallic ores have been markedly depleted by war demands, and many mining corporations are turning to established geophysical prospecting methods as the only practical means of finding buried ore deposits of which no evidence appears on the surface. With such a trend it is a certainty that the doodlebug artist will become more active than ever, and his ingenuity will be stimulated to new heights (or depths).

René MacColl, Washington correspondent of the *London Daily Express*, is a frequent contributor to Accent on Living.

DISPLEASURE

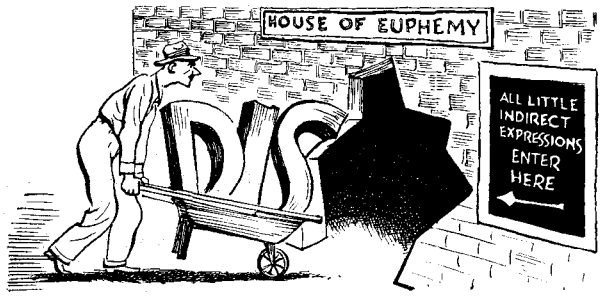
by RENÉ MacCOLL

This is a mealymouthed age. A time of euphemism and circumlocution. We refuse to face facts, even in print. Shrouds have long since become slumber robes, and coffins caskets. The prickly words of the Elizabethans have been chased into the deep shelters.

This soothing, crooning flight from reality has lately taken a fresh turn. Its agents have found the ideal prefix with which to lull the unwary and reassure the timid. This prefix is "dis." Give your molasses man a "dis" or two to play with and he will be back within the hour, a flock of verbal capons quacking quaveringly at his heels.

Here's how it works. You are writing a piece. You reach the phrase "Her father was found drunk." Too brutal. So you reach for your "dis" and you turn around and back daintily up on the problem. Result: a hygienic "Her father was found dissober."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Two prime examples of this trick have recently caught my eye. In a magazine article the British economist Geoffrey Crowther discards "recession" — the hitherto modish substitute for the forthright, monosyllabic "slump" — in favor of "disinflation." The other item is an extract from a recent analysis of the business outlook by the Federal Reserve Board. "The substantial dissaving in 1947 reflected the consumer willingness to spend freely. There was a significant rise in the number of dissavers." Let us pay more attention to dissaving. "Why, Bobby, your piggy bank is empty!" "I know it, Pop. I've been dissaving again."

What, one may ask, is wrong with the verb *to spend?* Whom is the Federal Reserve Board afraid of? Why this finger-in-mouth coyness? Why don't they come right out and say that there are too many spendthrifts? If this tendency grows, I can foresee in the headlines, instead of "Fleeing Maniac Slays Four," the news that "Fleeing Man, Dissane, Disenlivens Quartet."

With an able assist from Crowther, the Federal Reserve Board, and the mealymouths in general, I am about to make a very tidy packet with a new soap opera. Title: *Mrs. Cutbud's Dismemberment.*

Mrs. Cutbud is a dishappy-go-dislucky sort of woman who always manages to get the dislong end of the stick. She worries herself diswell. Everything is going disright. Her son has dispassed his exams. Her husband has just got a disraise from his firm, and she suspects that her daughter is being markedly disaloof with a married man.

But there is always Sorrell, the handsome doctor. For years theirs has been a disearthy friendship. High-minded, he makes only dispasses at Mrs. Cutbud.

"Sorrell," she tells him, "sometimes I feel that I am going to discontinue it all. Here am I dissitting all day long over a discold stove and what do I get out of it?"

Sorrell urges her to go away with him. "You are dissaving the disworst years of your life," he assures her.

"But — my husband?"

"Disworth a thought."

"When we first married I used to run my fingers through his hair," muses Mrs. C. "Now" — a bitter laugh — "he's got dishair."

And so on.

SHUSH!

by DAVID MORTON

The dawn,
If not quite red,
Incontestably a suspicious pink,
Arriving with equal light for all,

Peers over the eastern hills
Like Russia looking at Europe,

And is saved a summons
Only by the late-rising habits
Of the Committee on Un-American
Activities.

SCIENCE

Warren Weaver is Director of the Division of the Natural Sciences of the Rockefeller Foundation.

SIZE

by WARREN WEAVER

The very big, the exceedingly tiny: there is a queer and almost universal appeal in each. Largeness is nearly always impressive, sometimes involves importance, often results in the beauty of grandeur, and in some instances evokes awe or even fear. Smallness can be mean and puny, but much more generally it is attractive. Kittens, puppies, colts, miniature models — all these are pleasant and interesting.

To be precise about size, one must measure, and then state the numerical result. And to describe the flagrantly outsized, one has to deal with very large and very small numbers.

To write such numbers easily, and to be able easily to multiply and divide them, we have to make use of one of the many convenient tricks of elementary algebra. We all remember (or should) from our high school mathematics that 10^2 means the product of *two* factors, each equal to ten; that is, 10^2 is a short way of writing 10 times 10, or 100. Similarly 10^3 means the product of three tens. Every time you multiply by ten you add one zero to the product. Thus $10^3 = 1000$, and $10^6 = 1{,}000{,}000$.

Once you get the basic idea that the exponent in the shorthand form stands for the number of zeros in the written-out form, the rest is easy. When you multiply anything by 10^4, the factor 10^4 adds four more zeros. Thus the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

product of 10^7 by 10^4 must have four more zeros than does 10^7. The answer is 10^{7+4} or 10^{11}.

We have discovered an important but simple rule: *To obtain the product of two powers of ten, just add the exponents; 10^2 times 10^5 equals 10^7, and 10^{13} times 10^4 equals 10^{17}.*

The rule is true for any exponents, even though they be negative. Take, for example, 10^{18} times 10^{-4}; the product exponent 14 is obtained by adding the positive number 18 and the negative number −4.

A number with a negative exponent merely means the reciprocal of that number; thus 10^{-3} means one divided by 10^3. Just as a positive exponent means "multiply," a negative exponent means "divide." So 10^{-6} means one divided by ten six times, or one one-millionth, and 10^{-9} means one one-billionth. One little point more and we are through with the algebra lesson: dividing by the reciprocal of a number gives the same result as multiplying by the number. Thus, 500 divided by $\frac{1}{5}$ is 2500, just as 500 multiplied by 5 is 2500.

We are now almost ready to display some of the numerical records for sizes. But first we must have a sort of gentlemen's agreement on one point. For the number which measures anything depends upon the size of the unit used. A distance of one mile is measured by the number 5280 if we choose to use feet as our linear unit, or by 63,360 if we prefer inches. The smaller the unit used, in other words, the larger is the number that measures any given physical quantity. Thus any contest to produce a big number could apparently be won by the man who just chooses a small enough unit of measure.

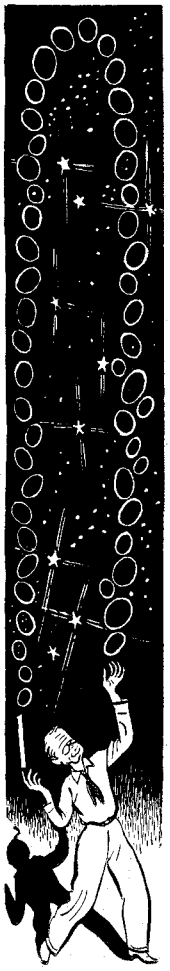
We will avoid this difficulty by agreeing to measure everything in the smallest possible unit that has any direct physical meaning, but not in any still smaller artificial units. As we go along we shall find this convention reasonably workable, even though vague.

Although science deals with myriads of composite or derived quantities, it deals with very few basic quantities. Of these basic quantities we shall speak of three — length, time, and number of things.

What is the biggest length, or more specifically, what is the largest number that can be associated with a length? The greatest distance that seems to have any physical meaning is the estimate which relativity theory assigns to the diameter of the universe. This is something like 10^{29} when measured in centimeters. But according to our gentlemen's agreement, we shall use for our unit of measure not a centimeter, but the smallest distance which seems to have reasonably direct physical meaning. This smallest length is the diameter of the smallest known thing in the universe: a proton — the name for the nucleus of a hydrogen atom. Its diameter in centimeters is 10^{-13}. Thus our largest distance number is 10^{29} divided by 10^{-13} or, what is the same thing, 10^{29} times 10^{13}, which equals, by the rule of adding exponents, 10^{42}. If written out in full, with all its forty-two zeros, in the body type used in this magazine, this number would be about three inches wide.

How about time? The longest time interval to have any meaning would seem to be the age of the universe. The estimates of this vague and romantic quantity are of course highly variable. The age of our earth seems rather firmly set at about 3350 million years, or about 10^{17} seconds.

The relativists calculate a similar figure for that remote moment which they would refer to as the beginning of the expanding universe, by which they mean the time when the explosive expansion of matter ceased and a more sedate natural expansion began. As to the original start of the explosive expansion, Eddington, the star performer in this speculative field, once ventured to guess that the total age of the universe is probably less than 2000 million million years, or some 10^{22} seconds.



But in what smallest unit shall we measure the age of the universe? A second is surely not small enough, for even horse races are timed in smaller units than that. Time intervals as short as one thirty-millionth of a second have been measured in the laboratory, but since we can afford to be generous we will take for our unit of time the interval of a single wave (corresponding to the ticktock of a clock's pendulum) of the highest frequency phenomenon known to science — namely, cosmic rays.

Here again the situation is not very clear. There are surely cosmic rays whose energies correspond to frequencies of 10^{25} per second; and there is recent evidence that the energies are so great as to correspond to frequencies of about 10^{30} per second. Adopting, for good measure, this latter figure, the biggest sensible time number is found by measuring the age of the universe in units which are only 10^{-30} seconds long. Thus this greatest time number comes out about 10^{47} if we take the age of the earth or the expanding-universe figure of the relativists, or 10^{52} if we choose Eddington's maximum figure. In either case the time number is, we see, substantially bigger than the greatest distance number we have chosen to consider.

How about numbers of things? There are over two billion people — or 2 times 10^9 — on earth, but that is a very mild fact indeed; for there are roughly a million times as many cells in the body of a single man as there are people on earth. There are billions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

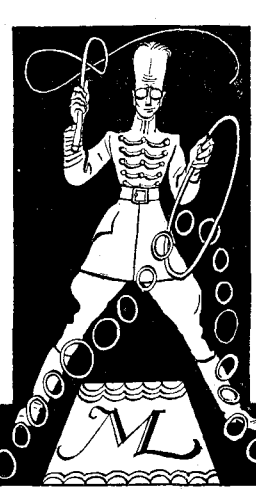
of billions of stars (of which, incidentally, the average human eye can individually see fewer than 3000 at any one time). In fact, there are about 10^{11} stars in each galaxy, such as our own sun-planet-Milky Way system, and probably about an equal number, 10^{11}, of galaxies in the universe, making something like 10^{22} stars in all. But these stars are in turn composed of the elementary particles of the physicist, such as protons and electrons. The biggest number of things must be the total number of elementary particles in the universe.

It is an almost incredible feat of science that this number has been estimated. Again it was Eddington who was responsible for the reasoning. The details of the argument are by no means clear, nor are they universally accepted by physicists and cosmologists; but his conclusion was that the total number of protons and electrons in the universe is about 10^{80}.

For the three entities so far examined — lengths, times, and numbers of things — we have estimated the maximum numbers 10^{42}, 10^{52}, and 10^{80}. Are these three the largest numbers to which any sensible or direct meaning can be assigned?

The answer is a resounding negative. For example, modern technology has produced a much larger meaningful number. In telephoning from San Francisco to London the original energy of the human voice must be amplified time after time in the process of being transmitted to the listening ear in London. The over-all amplification factor of this process is about 10^{256}. This number, if written out here with all its 256 zeros, would take about six lines. If there were as many universes as there are elementary particles in the one universe, these many universes would still contain a total number of elementary particles fantastically *small* compared with this number 10^{256}.

And this is by no means the present record. For the logical processes of the mind have found definite use for numbers larger than this by far. It is perhaps not surprising that it is the mathematicians who have made the extremest excursions. (Mathematicians make use, of course, of a symbol for "infinity"; but this is really not a number, but rather the name of the process of getting indefinitely larger. They have also invented transfinite numbers. We are concerned here only with numbers which can be directly associated with some describable finite process. Also, of course, we rule out the artificiality of breaking the record for the largest meaningful number by just adding, say, a million to produce a new number whose meaning then is that it is a million larger than the previous titleholder.)



We do not stop to pay our respects to the number 10^{400}, which a mathematician has very recently found to be involved in the proof of a theorem concerning prime numbers, but pass on directly to what appears at the moment to be the all-time record holder. In a way too complicated to concern us here, an English mathematician named Skewes, again in connection with a theorem about prime numbers, found specific use for what we will call the Skewes number, namely: —

$$10^{10^{10^{34}}}$$

This symbol stands for the utterly fantastic number which, if written out in full, would have

$$10^{10^{10^{34}}} = 10^{10,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000}$$

zeros. Mind you, this is not the Skewes number: it only expresses the number of integers it would take to write out the Skewes number! What would be the task of writing out, in full, the Skewes number? Let us think of using tiny type in which we could print, say, a million microscopic integers per inch. Suppose we could, in some unimaginable way, print lines of integers which would be so long that they would stretch across the diameter of the whole universe. Suppose that, from the very beginning of the universe, 2000 million million years ago, a staff of two billion persons — all there now are on earth — had spent their entire time, night and day, printing out such lines of integers across the universe, and just to add fantasy to fantasy, suppose every person had printed at the rate of a million such lines every second of all this time. Through all that totally unimaginable effort only about 10^{72} integers could be printed. But 10^{72} integers, even though it is admittedly a few, is a wholly negligible number compared with the handsome number which stretches across the page a few lines above. Our crazy process would, in fact, not succeed in making any effective start whatsoever in printing out the Skewes number in full.

Thus the human mind, in the exploration of size, has penetrated far beyond the numerical limits, as we now can envisage them, of space, or time, or matter. Have we reached an ultimate meaningful number? Surely we have not. At the moment the Skewes number seems to be out in front, and by so comfortable a margin that it can afford to relax.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLLYWOOD

JACK MASTERS left Sandhurst in 1934, served in India with the Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles, during the war was with General Wingate's Chindits in Burma, and was decorated with the D.S.O. and O.B.E. He retired from the Indian Army at the beginning of this year.

THROUGH THE FILMS DARKLY

by JACK MASTERS

I DO not pretend, of course, to be an expert on slang, but I do like, in casual conversation, to put Americans at their ease by a judicious use of current racy idioms. English-made films are quite free with their utilization of American cant, and I have frequently made useful notes, by lighting matches during the performance and jotting down the more vivid and memorable phrases.

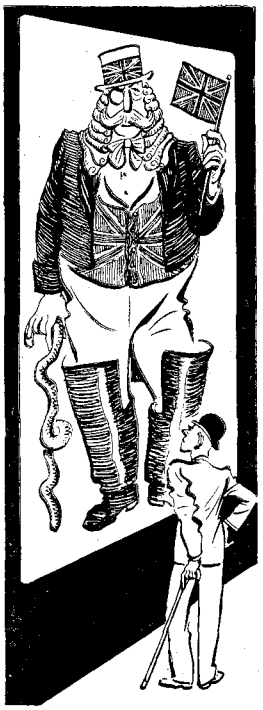
This forethought has paid off remarkably well. The other night, in the bar of my New York hotel, I ordered a dry Martini and said cheerily, "Twenty-three, skidoo," to the bartender, who was kind enough to offer me a cup of steaming hot coffee.

Shortly before that I came upon a man on Ascan Avenue, in Forest Hills, Long Island, whom I greeted with "So's your old man." To his dog I said ingratiatingly, "Sez you; sez me." Both dog and master hurried off to relate their experience.

Upon my arrival here, several months ago, I told the customs officer that it looked to me as though the United States were the cat's pajamas. After a cursory examination of my luggage he escorted me to a cab and told the driver to hurry and take me to wherever I was going — demonstrating a type of thoughtfulness not always encountered in customs officials.

It is my considered opinion, however, that Americans, on the other hand, should be extremely careful how they employ the English slang, so-called, that is bandied about in Hollywood films, because it is often inaccurate and out of date. A brief tabulation will perhaps explain my point: —

Phrase Used in Movie	*Date in Fashion*	*Probable Meaning*	*Fairly Modern Equivalent*
Corblimey	1900	I am surprised, shocked!	!!!!!!
Eye sye, myte . . .	Never	May I have your attention, please?	Oi!
Abso-bally-lootly	1924	I concur.	Bang-on.
'E's napoo.	1916	He's dead.	He's had it.
Wot 'o, pel!	?	Good morning.	Good morning.



The England inhabited by these users of picturesque, if anachronistic, slang is of a noble simplicity, designed with a single stroke of some unknown master in the beginning, and kept reverently intact by devout disciples ever since. It consists of three elements: (1) 12,000 acres of park and pasture owned by a lord, or by Bulldog Drummond, and containing a rambling country house; (2) a small market town; and (3) London. When the fog lifts or drifts away sufficiently for one to get a clear view, which it generally does after no longer than twenty minutes, one can appreciate, particularly if the film is in technicolor, the rare quality of this landscape and its animated scenes.

Here are the familiar vivid yellow-green fields, startling as a slap in the face; the old brick houses glowing from some vast secret conflagration within; the young lordlings at play prior to being tucked into bed by Her Gracious Ladyship. Here are the orange faces of the huntsmen peering over their purple coats and between the ears of their varnished walnut race horses; here, more diabolically close, are the same orange faces as, with no effort, they and their mounts rise disembodied through the air over a sixteen-foot hedge, post, and rail to land among the hundred heedless thoroughbred dogs yapping at the heels of the scurrying fox.

And here are the dewlapped judges, permanently buried in the full wigs they are thankful to be forced to wear only once or twice a year in real life; the fleets of long, low, convertible roadsters with their tops permanently down; the distinguished barristers, Sir Charles, Sir Morgan, Sir Henry; the male protagonist, Captain the Honorable Viscount Montmorency of the Blues — and we know his role is important because no one but Montmorency would dare face his Adjutant wearing the buttons of the inglorious General Service Corps, tartan trews borrowed from a friend in the Cameronians, yellow boots, and Hussar spurs.

Here are the English trains — snail-slow, gas-lit strings of minute boxlike cubbyholes on wheels, creeping apologetically through a fog they know they ought not to move in; crossing (quite correctly) the Forth Bridge on their way to Aberdeen, and crossing it (incorrectly but without surprise) on their way to Birmingham, Plymouth, Haddingham Hall, Lancaster, or Harwich; thinking, perhaps with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regret, of the times in real life when they used to be scheduled to make a daily trip between London and Newcastle in four hours, or of that day in 1938 when one of them got up to 125 miles an hour and averaged over 100 miles an hour for 40 miles.

Here is London without its scarlet-beetle buses, its million trains, its traffic-operated lights, its antlike swarms, without its shops or suburbs. Here is the essential core, drawn from its wrappings and presented alone: a glimpse of black, treacly water, the tower of Big Ben, a policeman in a Keystone helmet. . . . Then there are very slow, reverberating footsteps, a Cockney ejaculation, a brief chase in a cobbled alleyway, a shot of a man in a snap-brimmed hat — and the fog boils up again.

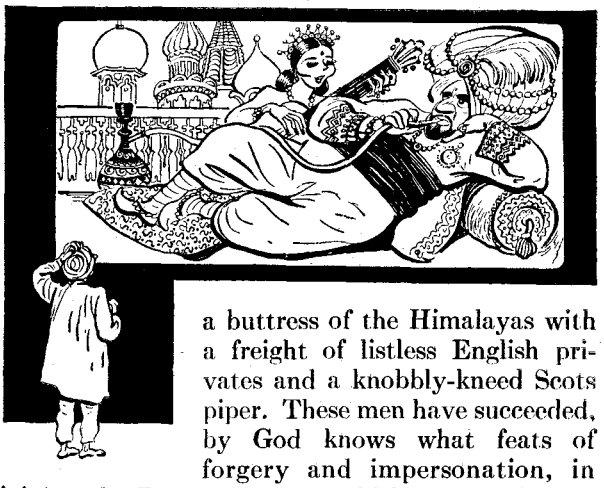
But I am, after all, merely a colonial Englishman from India, and am probably not really qualified to speak for the native British Islanders. It is more seemly, perhaps, that I offer up praise on behalf of Britons who have lived or worked in India or Pakistan — those fabulous regions in which, according to the best California research, motives are never complicated and the thermometer stands steady, rain or shine, at 114 degrees. It is far more convenient than the variations of heat and cold, pleasant and unpleasant, that some of us experienced in these countries — the snow, the hard winter mornings, the gray, dull glare of the hot weather.

In That Place, Englishmen are either sweating heroes or sweating cads; but that is preferable to finding, as some of us did, that our degree of perspiration varied with the temperature and our behavior with our characters. The sweat of the Hollywood Anglo-Indian can only be compared with the unbelievable Niagaras of rain, the solid walls of water, which are Hollywood's capricious monsoon, striking, as the plot pleases, in January, May, or November.

In That Place we all wear peculiar but attractive white topis of a pattern favored roughly seventy years ago by lady missionaries. We keep our topis on until two in the morning to ward off, I suppose, the lascivious effects of the moon; indeed, we seldom remove them at all, except to greet the Colonel's daughter, who wears jodhpurs, a similarly shaped topi, and a thin shirt, and who never, never sweats.

There is my old friend, the Hindu Maharajah Mir Chandra Gopalaswami Khan Singh, with his swarming retinue of Mexican servants. The Maharajah, I note, is wearing an outcaste's turban, Sikh trousers, and Mohammedan slippers. His wife, that exotic creature, has nose rings, bangles, trousers, a Mohammedan yashmak to cover part of her face, Hindu caste marks, and the forehead, eyes, and nose of a well-tanned Pasadena cigarette girl.

Later we come upon an elderly elephant caparisoned for a fair in faraway Bengal and looking unhappy, as well he might, climbing unsteadily up



a buttress of the Himalayas with a freight of listless English privates and a knobbly-kneed Scots piper. These men have succeeded, by God knows what feats of forgery and impersonation, in joining the Bengal Lancers, which, in my time at least, used not to have any British personnel except commissioned officers. The elephant's mahout maintains he is a Sikh, but since he is very black, a foot or two under height, has no beard, smokes a hookah in blatant defiance of his religion, and has borrowed a turban from a Mahratta stable boy, we suspect him of being the hero in a baffling disguise — perhaps George Raft himself.

But time is drawing to a close. And so, as the soft-voiced khitmatgars sing in the chutney bushes and long lines of pink flamingos wend their homeward flight across the golden path of the setting sun, we bid a regretful farewell and aloha to these colorful lands of mystery, lands of enchantment — Hollywood's British Commonwealth and Empire.

THE OWLET AND THE GAMEKEEPER

by R. P. LISTER

A LITTLE fluffy owlet, short and fat,
Upon the topknot of a fir tree sat;
He thought of baby rabbits and of mice,
He thought of human beings once or twice.
It can be said, and said without demur,
He was a most profound philosopher.

A keeper passed, a sturdy realist;
He raised his gun and aimed; and fired; and missed.

And so, my dearest pillicocks, we see
Two kinds of creature on this earth there be;
One thinks and dreams and idles in the sun,
The other Works and Acts and Gets Things Done.

Without the Keeper we'd be in a mess;
We would not miss the owl; yet none the less
The keeper missed him. Oftener than not
The man of action's such a rotten shot.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

The oldest of the famous tennis-playing Palfrey sisters of Boston, MARGARET PALFREY WOODROW *has found, in reading to her child, that books for Younger Readers (known to the trade as "juveniles") are too often unnatural, uniform, and oversimplified. She quotes chapter and verse of the bad ones and then goes on to give examples of the really good ones.*

"READ TO ME"

by MARGARET PALFREY WOODROW

1

"READ to me!" The voice may be three years old or four or five, or even six. Its tone is imperative and it speaks to parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins, and unwary friends all over the country. We have all, at some time or other, been forced to respond to it. We have all shared experiences which range from unique excitement to unique boredom.

The excitement explains itself. The right book for the right child is a new world; the adult in charge must be dull indeed if he cannot take part in the adventure. But the boredom is another matter, and its discouraging prevalence today deserves investigation.

In this age of concern for the preschool child it is nevertheless a lucky relative who is handed even a mediocre book to read aloud to a three-year-old. If your nephew is seven or ten or twelve — in other words a reader who is temporarily inclined to listen — the selections at your disposal will be varied and interesting. But beware of little sister's bookshelves. High up and out of reach you will probably find *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, *The Wind in the Willows*, the Grimms' *Fairy Tales* and the *Just So Stories*. Near-by and dusted off are the pretty new books, all the birthday presents and Christmas presents which have accumulated for three or four or five years, more books than one child should own and all of which the child loves heartily and indiscriminately. Few of them are worth the dusting, or the space they occupy.

The last consideration, apparently, in most modern books for children is the ear. In fairness we must admit that other senses are pleased and excited. Most often it is the eye: illustrations these days are often charming and usually lively, although parents are occasionally forced to confiscate ridiculously frightening animal pictures. Sometimes the facts are fun in themselves: life in China or in Holland, or the humdrum delightful details of daily living at home, brushing teeth, tying shoelaces, feeding the kitten, welcoming the new baby. There are circus books where the animals slide or can be made to stand out from the page. Most of the mechanical devices, till they break, continue to bewitch parent and child. In general, each book is apt to have one point in its favor, some special virtue which would engage an adult's interest for one reading at least, if he could shut his ears. But the words! If only the child were willing, as the very littlest are, to "look at the book." We all know to our sorrow how soon the cry changes to "Read!" And if we seem to skip, "What does it *say?*"

It says very little, and that little strangely. It is primer language without the old-fashioned primer's iron purposefulness. These modern authors have no intention of teaching the child to read. But they seem to have decided, "Let us write the kind of book which he might read if he could." The result is language that has no apparent purpose except to accompany the pictures and to be very, very plain. It is prose that is no prose; it is almost indescribable except by direct quotation.

Here are typical selections from the library of any American child between the ages of three and six. Marjorie Flack in *The New Pet* writes: —

> Once there was a boy and his name was Dick. Dick had a little sister and her name was Judy. Dick and Judy lived in a nice little red house with their father and their mother. Dick and Judy and their father and their mother were all very happy living together in their little red house.

Then there is *The Little Dog Who Forgot How to Bark and Other Stories*, one of the Wonder Books, which goes like this: —

> Kiki was a little black and white dog. He had one white ear. He had one black ear. He had a white spot in the middle of his back.
>
> Kiki was very unhappy. He had forgotten how to bark.
>
> He tried to think how to bark. He tried and tried.
>
> At last he ran to Gray Owl. Gray Owl was very wise. He looked at Kiki. He ruffled up his feathers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It is possible, of course, to be lucky; there are discoveries well worth making. Elizabeth Hamilton offers us one in *The C-circus*: —

> There was once a jolly lady named Mrs. Prunella Smith. She had a round smiling face and was built rather like a baked apple. She had three children whose names were Charles, Catharine, and Clara Belle.
>
> Mrs. Smith was fond of animals, liked bright colors, and loved traveling. She owned a traveling circus that went all over the world.

Water Birds, one of the Encyclopædia Britannica Picture Stories, is another exception: —

> There are many different families of Water Birds. They can be found on rivers, lakes, or beaches. There they make their homes. They swim, and fish, and fly.
>
> The Mallard Family lives in almost all parts of the country. They are about the largest American ducks. Mallards are the wild ancestors of farm ducks. They are very easy to tame.

These last two books are as delightful as they sound. We all own others, such as James Thurber's *Many Moons* and Munro Leaf's *The Story of Ferdinand*, which give pleasure to all ages. But the good books, as footsore parents wearily discover, are all too rare. In our experience anything as satisfying as the calmly informative style of the Encyclopædia Britannica series is unique, and Mrs. Prunella Smith who was built rather like a baked apple is an imaginative rarity.

2

As for the rest, what is to be said about it as language? There can be no question of recognition. To any literate parent it must be familiar as night and day: the cozy and slightly patronizing tone; the utter simplicity of construction (sentence after sentence of subject, verb, object); the staccato rhythm; the rigidly limited vocabulary — and the rigid exclusion of anything that might be called an idea. Invention falters: there are few positive remarks to make about this prose except to call it denatured. It is far easier to discuss in terms of what it is not, for its character is wholly negative.

It is not vulgar, it is not ungrammatical. Heaven knows it is not difficult or confusing — immediately, at any rate. Is it, on the other hand, altogether clear? There is nothing particularly logical or illuminating in such a sequence as: "At last he ran to Gray Owl. Gray Owl was very wise. He looked at Kiki. He ruffled up his feathers." This kind of disconnectedness, the disjointed in thought as well as in language, is a symptom of formlessness that extends throughout book after book. How seldom they are tightly knit. What real connection exists between events? In the world of the Fables, in the Bible Stories, in the Grimms' *Fairy Tales*, an early sense of form and logic, of the rhythms of destiny, is wonderfully cultivated. Too many modern children are exposed instead to chaos.

How much else this language is not. It has no individuality, no voice. An author's name means little; it's in the drawings only that we can find a style. It is almost never amusing (amusement, too, is for artists only). There is no music in it of any kind, least of all the music of the great simplicities: "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you." Nowhere can there be found a word or a phrase that would ring in a child's ears, or light up his mind.

Yet "In the beginning was the Word" — and no wonder. Involved as children are in what Whitehead has called the remarkable intellectual feat of putting names to things, words are magic. You can make a child drunk with words, as I discovered through reciting all the poetry I happened to know by heart to my daughter, long before she knew many words herself. But she knew the word "More" and she would murmur it spellbound whenever I paused, as if I were giving her milk to drink. We continued, month after month, until the words she could not understand began to irritate instead of intoxicating her. So we shifted comfortably to Mother Goose and Stevenson and A. A. Milne, and then it was time for stories. But I have never allowed poetry of some kind to dwindle away.

There is a superstition that children are perpetually threatened by a kind of storybook which is really not for children at all, a book written instead for the eternal adult-child and foisted on the young only because reading and rereading it so charms the parent. This myth is strengthened by the kind of talk we often hear: "I hated *Alice in Wonderland*" (or *The Wind in the Willows* or some other) "when I was a child. I didn't learn to like it until I was older." Yet how seldom this needs to be true if parents take the trouble to experiment.

Timing is everything, surely. *Alice in Wonderland* has been a great success with my daughter from the age of about three and one-half. (It may bore her at eight; she may re-enlist at eighteen.) For three and one-half, however, *The Wind in the Willows* entailed too much skipping and translating to be worth the effort. I have known I must postpone the Grimms' *Fairy Tales*, because of nightmares. We began the *Just So Stories* by three certainly, and all was clear as a bell, scarcely anything for me to explain beyond an occasional Parsee.

If every restless and rebellious parent would only question and explore, the myth that these child classics are for adults only would undoubtedly soon die a natural death. There is nothing, after all, necessarily mysterious or difficult about good prose. It is worth rediscovering to what, exactly, we are subjecting little children when we put them in the hands of an artist and abandon them to the workings of a first-class imagination. It is worth rereading, one after the other, a few famous opening

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paragraphs. Rudyard Kipling starts *The Elephant's Child* with: —

> In the High and Far-Off Times the Elephant, O Best Beloved, had no trunk. He had only a blackish, bulgy nose, as big as a boot, that he could wriggle about from side to side; but he couldn't pick up things with it. But there was one Elephant — a new Elephant — an Elephant's child — who was full of 'satiable curtiosity, and that means he asked ever so many questions. *And* he lived in Africa, and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities.

The Wind in the Willows, by Kenneth Grahame, begins: —

> The Mole had been working very hard all the morning, spring-cleaning his little home. First with brooms, then with dusters; then on ladders and steps and chairs, with a brush and a pail of whitewash; till he had dust in his throat and eyes, and splashes of whitewash all over his black fur, and an aching back and weary arms. Spring was moving in the air above and in the earth below and around him, penetrating even his dark and lowly little house with its spirit of divine discontent and longing. It was small wonder, then, that he suddenly flung down his brush on the floor, said, "Bother!" and "O blow!" and also "Hang spring-cleaning!" and bolted out of the house without even waiting to put on his coat.

What distinguishes this writing? Rhythm, first of all. In each passage, rhythm sets the stage, establishes a tone, captivates the ear, sweeps interest along, and — so important from the child's point of view — compels understanding. Kipling explains what he means by " 'satiable curtiosity," but he has done far more. The repetition, the play on words involving a little joke (quite within reach of a four-year-old child), "and he filled all Africa with his 'satiable curtiosities," works a charm: the new words are clinched.

There is humor, though it may be delicate and glancing, in each paragraph. There is vividness; there is drama. Clearly a storyteller is in control. And if we reopened *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* or *Peter Rabbit* we should find there the same qualities.

We cannot afford to put these books away, high up and out of reach; we must not lose faith in artistry. Literary terms may seem irrelevant, outside the range of four-year-old experience; but they refer, if art means anything, to realities the child is perfectly capable of absorbing. Remove them and the loss is plain. It is easy enough to teach ourselves this lesson by translating one or two of these paragraphs into the primer language of today.

Here, for instance, is Kipling: —

> Once there was a little elephant named Tiny. Tiny lived in Africa with his Mummy and his Daddy and all the rest of his family. Tiny was big and black and he had bright eyes and floppy ears. But Tiny was not like the circus elephants you have seen. He had almost no trunk, — just a wriggly little nose instead. None of Tiny's family had trunks either. What funny elephants they were!
>
> Tiny liked to ask questions. He asked lots and lots of questions. One day he asked his Daddy . . .

The desecration is obvious enough. It is equally obvious that none of this immediately concerns the listening child. Any three- or four-year-old, in fact, if asked to choose between the travesty and the original, would almost certainly vote for Tiny the Elephant. Discrimination is not the child's business: it is our business.

Paradoxically, these days, our major task in literary discrimination is to make sure the doors are open, not shut, and that thresholds may be crossed. We are no more in favor of The Forcing of Innocents than watchful educators are; we appeal merely for free exposure. If we complain that the picture-book stage is needlessly prolonged, we do not do so because we dislike picture books as such. We simply insist that the child who looks can also listen, that the world he lives in not only feels and tastes and smells and looks but also speaks.

Its speech is not all baby talk or primer language, nor is its substance limited to the flat statement, the noted fact, the bare activity. Question and qualification surround the three-year-old; he is full of them himself. Give a child reasonable access to the ranges of expression and he will quickly learn the joy of putting into words what is not easy to express. His experience will take on new values: nightmares, even, may be exorcised. His vocabulary will match his growth and he will grow through his vocabulary. For nothing, surely, is more barren than the modern practice of urging young people to enlarge their vocabularies by memorizing three new words a day. The system is understandable when we are learning a foreign language. But in one's own tongue this acquiring of the word out of context, this straining for expression when the need is absent, implies a separation between language and life that is completely unreal.

Discrimination begins at home. We parents, and sisters and cousins and aunts, and uncles, and grandparents are in control. We do the buying and the reading. In the end it's we who impose sentence and pay the penalty. If we can bolster up our own courage, have faith in our own literacy, make up our minds that Literature alone is good enough for little children, rewards will multiply. It is surely safe to prophesy that if we dust off and resurrect the classics, new ones will be born. If we are stern enough in our demands we may hope to encourage many more writers to enrich this field where child and adult meet on common ground. We may convince the author who is an author that only the best will serve our purposes and that the laws of supply and demand now operate in his favor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Men

Essayist and critic, LEON EDEL *was deep in his study of Henry James when the war called him. He served as a Technical Sergeant in the Third Mobile Broadcasting Company and later as a Press Control Officer in Germany. On his discharge in 1946 he returned to his editing of Henry James's collected plays and his work on a definitive biography of the novelist.*

THE JAMES REVIVAL

by LEON EDEL

1

THE posthumous reputation of Henry James is a curious story such as he might have written himself — such as he *did* write — about frustrated authors, neglected and unappreciated and then discovered or "revived" under fortuitous circumstances; or writers acclaimed in life but so misunderstood that their reputations are a chronic mockery of their work. Henry James has been dead for thirty-two years. He had become a legend even before the final moment in Chelsea on February 28, 1916. For decades a resident in England, his portly presence removed and distant from his American public (such as it was), he was merely a dignified textbook name to the generation that came of age shortly after the turn of the century. There is a story that he was referred to as the "late Henry James" at a great public gathering in the 1890's and no one protested. Apocryphal or not, this story is symptomatic of his reputation as he neared the end of his long and creative life.

This was due in part to the fact that, after the brief period of his success in the late 1870's and early 1880's, the gulf between Henry James and his public widened. A complex, fastidious artist who subjected emotion constantly to the rule of reason, a man who delighted in artistic experiment (and therefore a man of the literary laboratory rather than the literary market place), he lived an intense inner life, like some monk, with Lamb House, his English country home, for a cell, and Rye, in Sussex, for his cloisters. He ventured into the world only to enjoy for brief periods its social amenities and bask in the warmth of appreciation offered by a limited circle, but never sufficient to satisfy him. He presented to those who knew him in his final years a ponderous personality weighted with words and memories and isolated from a world that crumbled about him in the early days of the First World War.

To this obscurity, which he did not invite, we must add a certain semi-anonymity which he did. He was intensely secretive by nature. He believed in the "private life" (and wrote a story of that name). Some years before his death he built what he described as a "gigantic bonfire" to which he consigned the greater part of his forty-year-old accumulation of letters and papers, preserving only a few copybooks which contained notes still usable in his work, and such letters as could safely be read by eyes other than his own. For his own papers he had a rigid law: not to leave "personal and private documents at the mercy of any accidents."

Yet he must have been aware that a literary personality leaves his signature in many places; in the letters, for instance, which come from his writing table to remain in others' custody. Henry James's letters seem to have been written in constant awareness that they were at the mercy of accidents; they are often evasive, overloaded with euphemism and irony, painfully discreet, brilliantly wordy. Occasionally he lets go, and the moment he does, he ruefully urges his correspondent to burn the letter. It is interesting to reflect that many who received such letters could not bring themselves to comply with his request; perhaps because even when Henry James did let himself go, it was not very far.

When it came to the posthumous papers of other writers he had no such qualms; he would not encourage excavation into his own past, and certainly would not assist in the wielding of the pickaxe and spade (as he told his bibliographer, LeRoy Phillips), but he had more than a normal degree of curiosity about his predecessors and contemporaries. He observed, on reading Hawthorne's notebooks, that "the attitude of the biographer is to desire as many documents as possible." He clearly relished an opportunity to examine a sheaf of Byron's unpublished letters. He wrote two biographies. He wrote reviews of volumes of biography, letters, diaries of other writers, with too evident a pleasure not to have known that some day he too would be exposed to literary excavation.

And yet he obviously feared it. It is implicit in one of his most successful tales (recently translated,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

almost beyond recognition, to the screen), *The Aspern Papers*, in which the hero unsuccessfully seeks to obtain the surviving papers of a Shelleyesque figure; and it is explicitly stated in *The Real Right Thing*, in which the biographer is haunted by the ghost of the subject of his biography.

His secretiveness led him to employ what he termed "mystification" not only in alluding to his technical virtuosity in putting his tales together, but in his evocation of the "visitable past" of his life. His autobiographical formula was to hint, to evoke, to mystify, to bewilder. He carries this process at moments, particularly in his prefaces, to a point of quite exasperating coyness and, for the modern reader, of bewildering obfuscation. His desire to mystify was carried over into such little autobiographical fables as *The Figure in the Carpet*, *The Death of the Lion*, and *The Next Time*, which treat of writers and their reputations; the first is a challenge to critics to look for the underlying pattern in his work; the second an ironic comment on society's incapacity to *feel* with the artist; and the third on its failure to give him recognition and economic security.

2

Since 1943, the year of the centenary of his birth, some spark from the preserved flint of his mind (preserved in more than seventy-five published volumes and dozens of articles buried in old periodicals) seems to have set a fire, and we have had a rapid succession of works about him.

The reprinting of some of his novels and tales, long neglected, both here, in England, and in France, has begun in that sporadic and seemingly haphazard manner that is one of the constant and unfathomable mysteries (or perversities) of the publishing world. Quite suddenly he seems to be like his Jeffrey Aspern, of whom he wrote that "today, after his long comparative obscuration, he hangs high in the heaven of our literature for all the world to see." It has been rather surprising to the James cult, which for so long had taken a comfortable proprietary interest in the novelist and which now pleasantly discovers that he is no longer, as Max Beerbohm described him in a gentle, jesting sonnet, "the marmoreal darling of the few," but the possession of the many.

We are not yet, however, completely in possession. The facts of Henry James's life have indeed suffered a "comparative obscuration" to which he contributed with such assiduity. "Mystification" could only inspire curiosity, and curiosity speculation, much of it fruitless critically. The road to Henry James is cluttered with subjective criticism, like so much dandelion fuzz, to be blown away by the first wind of fact. The James cult further encrusted the man with a coating of apocryphal anecdote that has only lately been scraped off, with much good humor and critical insight, by Simon Nowell-Smith in a skillfully compiled little volume, *The Legend of the Master*, published in England.

But we still have a Henry James of shreds and patches. Parts of letters have gone into the making of a book on William; other parts are fitted into the recently published family mosaic; still others are in the original *Letters* published almost thirty years ago by Percy Lubbock and revealing to us Henry James the social lion rather than the creative artist. So that while our vision of the man has constantly been enlarged, it remains still out of focus since we lack those primary materials which would answer certain questions and clarify certain judgments that at present can only be regarded as tentative.

During the past year we have had three substantial volumes in America to testify to the renewed interest not only in the novelist but in the other remarkable members of the James family. We owe these volumes largely to F. O. Matthiessen of Harvard, whose enthusiasm and productive energy have in a large measure contributed to the James "revival." Mr. Matthiessen's Jamesian labors have grown larger and more extensive with time. In the past six months his name has figured on a stout anthology of James's "American" novels and tales — a selection from such fiction as was set in the American scene as distinct from the European — and an even stouter anthology of writings of the James family; and finally he has edited, together with his Harvard colleague, Kenneth B. Murdock, the surviving notebooks, which take their place on that small shelf of abiding American volumes of self-revelation where stand *The Education of Henry Adams*, the journals of Emerson, the notebooks of Hawthorne, and Henry James's own *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*.

In *The James Family*, of course, Mr. Matthiessen is not treating of Henry alone, but of his extraordinary father, who with the years has been overshadowed by the brightness of his sons' achievement; his older brother, who was our most famous philosopher; his sister, who kept a remarkable journal; his mother, who is always spoken of as "self-effacing" but who exercised an unusual influence on her sons, and in particular, Henry; and his younger brothers, who also possessed a fund of creative energy that seems to have been burned out by the Civil War, in which they fought, and the frustrations they experienced in its aftermath.

Mr. Matthiessen's family portrait is revealed to us through the writings of the father and his children, for they were all highly articulate, and brilliantly so, whether in formal utterance or in the informality of their correspondence. Introspective, "psychological," they matched their wits, merged their feelings, argued, and looked upon all life with a sharp humor, a fierce passion, that found different expression according to the individual but flowed from the same fount.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The greatest success of this book is the skill with which Mr. Matthiessen has selected his material, reprinting much that has been long out of print, and drawing judiciously upon the family papers generously bestowed upon Harvard (and now in the Houghton Library) by the third Henry James, who died only recently. The third Henry — the oldest son of William and nephew of the novelist — not only bore his illustrious name with great dignity but was a skillful biographer in his own right. Knowing the value of the document to the scholar and critic, he assembled the family papers over many years, obtained the coöperation of other owners of Jamesiana, and thus made available to posterity a great collection of which Mr. Matthiessen gives us a fine, rich sampling.

The James Family thus enlarges, incidentally, our picture of the novelist, since we see him in the family circle. The *Notebooks* take us into his study, and here we can observe him, at last, in the very act of creation at his writing table, fingering his subjects, contriving his plots, building his characters, pouncing upon the "air-blown particles" around which he weaves his fantasies, drawing for his tales not so much upon his acute observation of the limited social world he chose as his field, as upon the deeper substance of the consciousness — *his* consciousness.

He is revealed to us also struggling with his material, harassed by fears and uncertainties, telling himself to "keep cool and not to worry," and finally, in illuminating passages that have in them the quality of passionate prayer, calling upon all the "powers and forces and divinities to whom I've ever been loyal and who haven't failed me yet — after all: never, never yet!"

The epic poets invoked their Muse with formal prayer and eloquence; but in Henry James's notebooks we are confronted with the extraordinary spectacle of a novelist, in our century, wooing his Muse with a mystic fervor, addressing it with a show of emotion and passion and endearing terms in French and Italian, *mon bon* and *caro mio*. ". . . my poor blest old Genius pats me so admirably and lovingly on the back that I turn, I screw round, and bend my lips to passionately in my gratitude, kiss its hand." It is in such passages, charged with fever and the glow of creation, that we come closer to Henry James than at any time in the past.

But Henry James the man, and the artist, still remains, as Edmund Wilson observed recently, a "singular and specialized person" for all that we now know about him — one of the most complex figures in our literature. His father and brother gave concrete expression to their ideas in their writings and they are there for all of us to see. Henry James dressed his ideas, and his view of the world, in the garments of art, in the form of rather elaborate and sometimes fantastic fables. The sources of his creativity, the direction it took, the strange compulsions which drove him from fiction to his abortive experiments on the stage, the use to which he put the knowledge thus acquired, his hunger for appreciation in a world that was not really hostile to him, his "psychologizing" and exploration of the fringes of consciousness, his constant sense of frustration, his role as an American in the world — these and many other questions remain to be fruitfully explored.

We will need more documents; remembering the "gigantic bonfire" we may not find them. Perhaps the answer lies in Hugh Vereker's (*The Figure in the Carpet*) advice to the young critic to look into the work itself — "the particular thing I've written my books most *for* . . . there's an idea in my work without which I wouldn't have given a straw for the whole job. . . . The order, the form, the texture of my books will perhaps some day constitute for the initiated a complete representation of it." The *order*, the *form*, the *texture* — close readers of Henry James will know the meaning of this.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ATLANTIC Bookshelf

THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD WEEKS

SUMMER began with the odor of cinders, sunlight on the red plush seats and the dusty varnish of the day coach which took you to Point Pleasant. Summer burst into view with the first sight of the ocean seen between the cleft of the dunes, the sunlight dancing on the water with a million spearpoints and the sand a dazzling white. You had to shut your eyes it was so blinding.

Then the days ran together into those blissful variations on the Ocean and the Bay: tennis in the early morning with the clay court still damp, swimming before lunch, sailing, racing, tennis again, the enormous thirst when ice water from the cooler gave you a pain between the eyes, cherry jiggers or a marshmallow whip at Priest's, the cruises down the Bay, beach parties with the roasting corn, and the Hops on Saturday nights, when the college hatbands — Cottage, Ivy, St. Anthony, Psi U, and Zete — walked off with the older girls who had a smile for you during the week.

Suddenly it was time for the Water Sports. They came on the Saturday before Labor Day, and jingo, where had the summer gone! On Friday, floats were towed up the Metedeconk River and anchored three hundred yards apart, and by Saturday noon the lane of open water between was lined by the entire output from the Yacht Club: the big cabin catboats, the *Romp* and *Pastime*; the Brewsters' fat sloop, the *Nan*, and Ruford Franklin's beauty; the sneak boxes and the Gloucester one-designs; the motorboats, the Sutphens' cabin cruiser and the Hydes' with its roomy cockpit — fifty or sixty assorted boats on each side, anchored deck to deck, and at the midpoint the Commodore's big black yawl, all rigged out in flags.

The small fry came first and the Tub Race was their climax. It took all the skill of the Committee to ease the contestants into those round wooden washtubs, to line them up with toes touching the float — and make sure that no one sank before the start. At the crack of the pistol sixteen pairs of hands began thrashing the water. The overeager forged into the lead, filled up and submerged. You needed nice balance and a steady rhythm to cover those fifty yards at a winning pace and not sink. A skinny guy with nervous energy had the edge.

Then came the swimming races with no one ever able to "crawl" as fast as Al Norris of Lawrenceville. Then the boats — the dinghies first, each cockleshell spurting along, oarlocks groaning, with the inevitable collision, and if Fortune laughed some contestant, in his haste, missing the water entirely and rowing himself right over backwards. The canoes were more graceful, especially in the Singles when the boy from North Hatley who had been taught by the Indians came through standing up. In the Doubles of course you always cheered for the most popular of the newlyweds, but somehow they could never steer a straight course. It was always a dogged middle-aged couple who wore them down and crossed the line.

So the afternoon ran its course with plenty of refreshments — the basket lunch, the Shandygaff, and a special box of Huyler's Butterscotch Kisses for those too young to smoke. When each event was decided the winner swam, rowed, or paddled over to the Commodore's yawl to receive the tiny silver cups while people applauded with "Attaboy, Sam!"

As the shadows lengthened, the wind fell and now the lane of water was glassy and still. Now we were coming to the big event — the really tough one — the one that brought out the real fight in the contestants and the yelling partisanship of the spectators, — the Tilting. From each end of the lane a canoe would appear; the paddler deep down in the stern showing only shoulders and head above the gunwale, the tilter standing feet wide apart and braced midships with his nine-foot bamboo pole, on the end of which was a fat swabber, canvas-covered. Warily they approached, each jockeying for the broadside, and then one paddler seeing his opening dug fast while his tilter thrust and lunged at the opponent, who was already beginning to teeter. You had to take it standing, and once those swabbers had soaked up enough water they really hit you. Every canoe had its cheering section and advice was free and loud, as the paddlers backed and feinted and dug for the quick turn that would catch a man vulnerable and off balance. These guys were our heroes, college juniors some of them; and when

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a swab slipped and the bamboo made a bloody gash along the arm, you could feel the shudder run through the boats. The semifinals got the blood up, and when the big boys came together in the face of the setting sun, it was something to see and never forgotten.

And then suddenly, the year before the war, surprisingly it was my turn, or rather Ed's. I was a little guy weighing ninety-four pounds in a wet bathing suit, and good only for the paddling. But Ed had a sunny courage (too good for the bullet which stopped him at Château-Thierry) with solid legs and a fine pair of arms. We entered just for the fun of it and in the preliminaries bowled over two boats, one of our own weight and one of the big shots who had grown just a little sluggish. My memory of the semifinals is dazed by the bedlam of shouts when Ed, who had stood up under a real pounding, suddenly caught our opponent in the chest, knocked him off his feet, and, while their canoe was tipping from the fall, we closed in and rolled it over.

There was nothing uncertain about the Finals. We were the underdog and we had the crowd with us. But the pole was a weary weight by this time, and my paddling was not as crisp as it had been. We circled our older opponents, made a pass, drew apart, and while I was backing to get a fairer position, they suddenly came piling in. "Turn!" Ed yelled. I tried, but too late. The swab caught Ed on the flank, then the seat, and lifted him, pole and all, into the Bay. It was so sudden the disappointment still rankles. I keep trying to do it over again hot nights before I drift to sleep.

The ballerina

Rumer Godden is conspicuous among contemporary British novelists for the grace and intensity of her style. She breathes into her novels that fervent, magnetic quality which drew us to the short stories of Katherine Mansfield; and like Miss Mansfield, she writes exquisitely and intuitively of women and children. ***A Candle for St. Jude*** (Viking, $2.75) is the vivacious, temperamental story of a ballet school — a ballet school on the outskirts of London over which Madame Holbein of the Imperial Ballet has presided with such drawing power and stimulus that now on the fiftieth anniversary of her debut at the Maryinsky, there must be a great ovation and a very special performance indeed for the affectionate but exacting audience which would come out to the little theater in Hampstead. "It will be my jubilee," Madame explained to the school. "Only I do *not* like that worrd. And you will give me a very special performance, not? It will be my diamond jubilee, if you must say jubilee, of that. I was seven." And she added with a twinkle, "Now at last you know how old I am."

The school is a little company in itself with the rivalries, the jealousy and dedication, which one expects backstage. Their theater was miniature but it was real. Their auditorium was an old coach house with cream-colored walls, old gilt sconces, and thirty rows of seats, red plush with red arms (bought at an auction). There was an orchestra pit and a stage built out into the garden, with a sloping floor of soft pine. Here, as the choreography is planned in the final week, a civil war breaks out between Madame Holbein, strong-willed and more conventional than she will ever know, and Hilda, the most creative of her pupils.

So here is the dress rehearsal, feverish and short-tempered; here are the last-minute changes in the program, which almost break Hilda's heart; here is the unsuspected jealousy of Caroline, Madame Holbein's darling who has come back from the opera to lend her beauty to the class; here is the sudden daring improvisation as Hilda and Lion bring to light their passionate *Leda and the Swan;* here is Lollie in her pathetic audition; here is the sleepless, horrible night before, the drained hopeless fatigue; and then as the day dawns and things fall unexpectedly into place, as the orchestra tunes up, as the red and white carnations, the jasmine, the baskets of roses, and the candles in the crystal chandelier light up the theater, so at last to Anna Holbein comes her spirited and sentimental jubilee.

In its color and liveliness, this book has the endearing theatricality of *The Constant Nymph;* and in its understanding of the relationship between age and youth, between Madame Holbein and the brilliant youngsters she was sending out into the world of ballet, the novel has a depth and a wisdom as feminine as it is charming.

An African odyssey

To write the believable story of a primitive man — be he African chief, Zuñi, or Eskimo — has seemed to me a feat of fiction almost beyond the reach of the modern novelist. To hark back so far in time, to re-create a character of instinct, resourcefulness, and ignorance, is to tax the imagination of writer and reader to the utmost, and I began my reading of ***The Sky and the Forest*** (Little, Brown, $2.75) with the apprehension that this novel of **C. S. Forester's** about an African tribe in the nineteenth century would leave me cold and unconvinced. To my surprise I did not look up (except to answer the telephone) until I had finished it.

Loa, the protagonist of the story, is an African chief and tribal god in his early manhood, six-foot-four and of prodigious strength as the book begins. He holds a village of some seven hundred in fear and adoration; he has his bevy of wives, his adored and adoring older son, Lanu, the pick of the food and the virgins, and no reason to believe that his sister, the moon, or his brother, the sky, will ever treat him with less beneficence than he has known for twenty-five years. His only irritant other than the insects

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TWO BRILLIANT NOVELS FROM ENGLAND

Rumer Godden

An enchanting new novel by the author of *Black Narcissus* and *The River*

This is the warm and vibrant story of Madame Holbein, autocrat of her unique and charming ballet-world. It is a tale of clashing temperaments, of ambitions and absurdities, of love and—against all odds—success.

With all her wit and gentle irony, Miss Godden pictures a tiny, romantic corner of prosaic Britain, where glamor is tempered with ridicule and tragedy is saved by high spirits. $2.75

A CANDLE FOR ST. JUDE

Graham Greene

"An extremely moving and daring love story."

—MILTON MERLIN, *Los Angeles Times*

"This story is tinged with the sustained expectancy, the nervy atmosphere of Greene's thrillers . . . An exciting and intensely moving story, the finest that Graham Greene has written."—*The Atlantic Monthly*. "The compelling sense of atmosphere . . . the narrative drive, the psychological probing, the stripping away of all non-essentials . . . all these add up to a brilliant performance in the art of novel-writing."—ROGER PIPPETT, *N.Y. Star* $3.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

At all booksellers

THE VIKING PRESS

Harold J. Laski

"A learned, searching and eloquent survey of the American experience, past and present."—GEORGE DANGERFIELD, *New Republic*.

"...a monumental and, at times, profound book . . . impressive in its detachment, its aim at objectivity."—*Newsweek*. 800 pages $6.50

THE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

Upton Sinclair

The new LANNY BUDD NOVEL is here!

Of all the novels about F.D.R.'s secret agent, this is the most intensely interesting and action-packed. $3.50

ONE CLEAR CALL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and dripping heat is his sharp-tongued first wife, Musini, who resents his younger women. In his irritation he plays with the idea of fattening her up as a change in his monotonous diet of manioc and plantain.

But marauding Arabs, lured across Zanzibar and the Nile by the ivory tusks and the slave trade, surprise his people by night. Loa and his iron sword are overpowered, and in the cruel morning light he loses his divinity as he sees the elders and children slain and the village in flames, and as he is yoked stark naked to one of the widows and prodded forward into the long trek toward captivity. It is a swift, stunning reversal, and under the yoke and the kurbash, the stinging whip of hippopotamus hide, the cannibal god becomes a man fighting for his life, every instinct up in arms against the Arabs, every sense aware of the dangerous new country.

How Loa is rescued by Lanu and Musini, and what the little party encounter in the fierce and foreign jungle, is an escape story as ingenious, as carefully reasoned, and as courageously carried out as any exploit of Captain Hornblower's.

Strength and conceit are the heritage of this huge black leader, and to them he adds the humility and the knowledge acquired in captivity. In humiliation he learns the means of revenge. We can never feel for him the sympathy which we felt for the British sea captain, Hornblower, because, as I have implied, any story of the primeval is like a translation, literature at one remove. But we can be fascinated and persuaded by each new move in Loa's odyssey, and I certainly was.

How to live in a mill

In the dog days of July or the raw cold of February, every city dweller must sometime have dreamt of a livelihood such as **George Woodbury** has described in his book ***John Goffe's Mill*** (Norton, $3.00), in which nature not only provides the materials but does all the work as well. That is the comfortable idea which I draw from these pleasant pages about a water mill: the wheat turns to flour, the corn to meal, and logs become useful boards while the miller takes his ease leaning on the brink, pipe in hand and jug at his elbow.

George Woodbury writes from experience. He gave up a promising career in archaeology to go back to his ancestral home in New Hampshire and there rebuild an ancient saw and grist mill. Last year I had the satisfaction of printing in the *Atlantic* his account of the reconstruction and the first turn of the new water wheel when the ice on the millpond went out. Since then I have sampled his water-ground corn meal and whole-wheat flour and found them both as pleasurable as his prose. There is a simple, natural quality in his miller's career which every hard-driven pavement-thumper will envy. He works hard and his prose shows it, but the point is he's happy.

Reader's Choice

BY

CHARLES J. ROLO

THE Camera moves over two baboon armies while the sound track blares the theme song of the ape-mind, "Give me detumescence." In each army an identical Einstein, tied to a leash, is dragged before a panel of instruments. Ape-guided, the fingers which have written equations unleash plague fog and atomic missiles. Choking screams announce the death, by suicide, of twentieth-century science. Dissolve to Southern California in the year 2108, where a Rediscovery Force from New Zealand (saved by its remoteness) is landing. — This, roughly, is how **Aldous Huxley** leads into his second fantasticated parable on the shape of lunacy to come. Except for an explanatory opening, the book is cast in the form of a movie script. A Narrator, speaking partially in blank verse, supplies Huxley's moral reading on the tale.

When Huxley wrote *Brave New World* in 1932, it seemed to him that mankind was headed toward the soulless, mass-produced contentment of a scientific Utopia. His fable dramatized the choice between this "death-without-tears" and a return to "noble Savagery" which was both squalid and ignoble — a choice between "insanity on the one hand and lunacy on the other." Mr. Huxley has since sought to show that there exists — in the precept and practice of the mystics — a way to sanity. The source of man's madness, he avers, is that the unregenerate Adam is an angry ape; he can cease to be one only through awareness of his Essence — of the spiritual reality underlying the world. Whence Huxley's new title, ***Ape and Essence*** (Harper, $2.50). *Brave New World* envisaged the *painless* triumph of standardization, which Huxley then considered the logical end product of a science controlled by soulless rationalists. "Our Ford" was the prophet. *Ape and Essence* depicts the *miserable* triumph of animal bestiality, which Huxley now suggests will be the logical end product of a science controlled by war-minded ape men. The prophet is Belial.

It is a society of Yahoos which Alfred Poole — the Rediscovery Force's botanist, who is captured by the natives and left to them — finds in the ruins of Hollywood. Their religion is a fear-ridden and sadistic demonism. Their clothing comes off disinterred corpses, their fuel from the surviving libraries. The only word most people can read is NO, which is patched on the women's garments, fore

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A superb new novel by the author of **OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA**

Alice Tisdale Hobart's

THE CLEFT ROCK

Alice Tisdale Hobart has a great talent for writing of people whose desire to protect the benefits of the few meet and clash dramatically with those who are concerned for the good of the many. In THE CLEFT ROCK she gives us the Dodds, a powerful family of landowners, bound together by strong emotional ties, torn by divergent ideals and clashing aims.

Through the lives of the Dodds this moving story touches on conflicts between personal and family loyalties, between integrity and security. It touches, too, on a central problem of democracy—how the benefits of natural resources are to be divided and shared.

A deeply experienced and deeply felt novel, told with superb storytelling art, understanding and humanity, THE CLEFT ROCK is worthy to rank with OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF CHINA and THE PEACOCK SHEDS HIS TAIL. $3.00

RED WINE OF YOUTH

by ARTHUR STRINGER. A distinguished new biography of Rupert Brooke based on a collection of Brooke material gathered by the late Richard Halliburton and amplified and enriched by the careful and extensive research of the author. The result is a full, rich biography of the talented British poet. $4.00

REPORT TO PROTESTANTS

by MARCUS BACH. The author of THEY HAVE FOUND A FAITH has made a personal investigation of the weakness, need, vision and great potential of Protestants today and from it has written a courageous outspoken account of the crisis facing the whole Protestant church. $3.00

Hinton Helper's

DREADFUL CALIFORNIA

Edited and Annotated by LUCIUS BEEBE and CHARLES M. CLEGG. So that everyone might know the TRUTH about California, Messrs. Beebe and Clegg bring back into circulation a too long neglected book, originally entitled *The Land of Gold.* DREADFUL CALIFORNIA is sure to prove a welcome boon to all who have been exposed to the siren voices of California rooters. Illustrated by James Alexander. $2.50

BOBBS-MERRILL

At all bookstores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5 TOP NOVELS—
TOP NOVELISTS
Which one *HAVEN'T* you read?

Dr. A. J. CRONIN'S
exultant new book
SHANNON'S WAY
The soul-stirring story of a young doctor who placed his passion for research ahead of everything else in life—except, perhaps, Jean. "The best book of his career."—*Atlantic Monthly.* $3.00

C. S. FORESTER'S
exotic new romance
THE SKY AND THE FOREST
"The work of a born storyteller. A notably original novel."—Clifton Fadiman. $2.75

EVELYN WAUGH'S
devastating new satire
THE LOVED ONE
"Satire at its most ferocious . . . a macabre frolic filled with laughter and ingenious devices . . . devilishly clever, impishly amusing."—Orville Prescott, *New York Times.* $2.50

MARGERY SHARP'S
completely delightful new story
THE FOOLISH GENTLEWOMAN
"Margery Sharp's tale is not only nice, it is . . . in a chuckling sort of way, also terribly funny."—Iris Barry, *New York Herald Tribune.* By the author of *Cluny Brown.* $3.00

BRUCE LANCASTER'S
crackling new Civil War novel
NO BUGLES TONIGHT
An exciting story in the tradition of *Guns of Burgoyne* and *The Scarlet Patch. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book.* $3.00

At all bookstores

LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY
BOSTON

and aft. For woman is a "Vessel of the Unholy Spirit." Ever since World War III, most babies (due to mutations caused by gamma rays) have been monstrously deformed. As the result of another mutation the mating *instinct*, in 90 per cent of the population, is confined to five weeks in the year and may be gratified in only two of them, which begin with Belial Day. The unmutated 10 per cent, known as Hots, face the penalty of burial alive if they indulge their libidinal deviationism. Some of them have escaped to found a community of exiles near Fresno.

A mutual sympathy and attraction instantly springs up between Alfred Poole and Loola, a vessel with Hot tendencies. The morrow of Poole's arrival is Belial Day, celebrated with communal saturnalia into which Loola drags her "Alfie." Hitherto a repressed Mother's Boy, Alfie is soon in love for the first time. Loola is too, though she doesn't know the meaning of the word and dreads the feeling, for the legal mating season is already over. At this point Poole, who has been charged with reclaiming the eroded and infected soil, decides on flight.

At first reading, *Ape and Essence* struck me as an extremely puzzling performance. Why the script form? And what of the "moral"? Poole has the special knowledge which he might use to save the community from starvation. Instead of which he elopes with his lascivious Loola to catch up on his arrested Kinsey rating. Is this the final triumph of Belial? Or is it the case of the world well lost for Romance, which would amount to much the same thing — the triumph of Hollywood over Huxley? The fact that these and a good many other questions arise shows that Mr. Huxley, who here as always has something important to say and says it entertainingly, has registered a miss with *Ape and Essence.* That still leaves it in the upper bracket of the year's fiction.

The script form is not suited to Huxley's satiric talent. I am told he tried the idea out as a "straight" novel and found it "too heavy" — he was aiming at pure fantasy (and perhaps wider appeal). The use of the Narrator in place of the customary Huxleyan sage, marginally involved in the plot, is also designed to avoid realism and weightiness. It is, I feel, rather unsuccessful, though the blank verse does give a lyrical quality to the counterpoint — the Essence — which is opposed to the harsh point — the Ape.

The "moral" of the fable, as I interpret it, is twofold. First, the idea that love is progress toward Essence. Is there not a hint, asks the Narrator, that there is, "beyond *Adonais*, the worldless doctrine of the Pure in Heart"? Second, the conviction (previously expressed by Huxley) that our society — of which Belial's is a sardonic extension — is irretrievably polluted and salvation is possible only on the periphery — in refugee communities of free spirits. *One must cultivate one's oasis.*

Two tough guys

The brutal naturalism with which **Erskine Caldwell** introduced a new slice of life to U.S. fiction — you might call it, morally as well as otherwise, the pellagra belt — established him as a serious novelist soon after he turned thirty, some fifteen years ago. Too many of his characters have since been gamy grotesques. His favorite theme has been a trinity of rape, lynching, and murder, heightened by gothic enormities — the whole viewed with a sardonic humor which has seemed to relish cruelty and outrage. (I recall an old sharecropper devoured by hogs, little girls prostituted for a quarter, dog tails sliced off for the sport, and a case of necrophily.) Caldwell's cult of violence and horror, whose crescendo has had a deadening effect, long since came close to being a perverted form of "cuteness." ***This Very Earth*** (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, $2.75), however, is a partial departure from the patented vein. To be sure, it contains rape, sadism, and murder. But the people here are altogether more human; the point of the story and the pathos of the characters are not submerged in sheer sensationalism.

Caldwell's subject is the crack-up of a rural family, the Crocketts, who enjoyed a good life on their farm until Chism's wife died; then, swayed by "the Kluxers," Chism traded the home place for a house in town. The Crocketts' tragedy has interlocking roots, private and social. The death of Alice Crockett has reduced Chism to stubborn shiftlessness — "the only thing on the topside of the world I want to do is hunt possums"; he and his children feel "cut loose to drift in the big, wide ocean." And the quality of life in the small Southern town — its opportunities for idleness

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and gambling, its confining limitations, its political corruption and moral poverty — proves fatal to the drifting Crocketts, Chism and his three attractive daughters. Punctuated by scenes of brutality done with effective terseness, the story moves swiftly to a calamitous finale. *This Very Earth* is certainly no landmark in Caldwell's work. But he has put aside that wryly detached bravado; he has written with some feeling and understanding about the Crocketts. One of them, Chism, is a first-rate characterization.

James Cain's eighth novel, ***The Moth*** (Knopf, $3.00), is an attempt to tell a tale "of a wider implication." The result is many more pages than before and some new flavorings unsuited to the Cain recipe: spiritual uplift (symbolized by glimpses of a Luna moth); some philosophy of Hollywood caliber; and an ending which will dismay Cain *aficionados* and save the movie-makers a rewrite. The maestro of the slim, sex-propelled shocker has taken himself too seriously.

Cain's story is essentially the Superman comic strip on a different literary level. Most of the action follows a recurring pattern: Jack Dillon up against it; gets brain wave; comes out on top. Dillon, a whiz at everything he turns his hand to, is, in chronological order: a choirboy whose soprano carries him to Loew's State, a famous football hero, a super hobo and thief. Then, in the time it takes to control a blazing oil well, he becomes a big oilman; then a major with the Purple Heart and his future assured as a tycoon in the frozen food business. By this time Cain has given the reader courses on the know-how of oil drilling, safecracking, fruit picking, voice and chest control for singers, elementary education for backward children, and matters mechanical galore.

Women, of course, go for Dillon with immense abandon. One of them — with "sharky" eyes and an "Aztec" sun tan — says to him: "You're a damned blond tower of sin that I'd give my eye teeth to cuddle right now." But, contrary to Cain's form book, the siren fails to destroy the hero. So much for the "wider implication." Several episodes, however, have the crackling tension one expects of Cain; a good deal of the writing has his reputed pace and tingle. Cain, jumbo size, manages to be pretty silly without often being dull.

Little miss and great master

When Tanya Bers was a child, Count Tolstoy taught her arithmetic, told her fairy stories, acted with her in plays he arranged himself. "Tatyanchik the Imp," he nicknamed her, and, appropriately enough, she was hiding under a grand piano when he professed his love to her elder sister. After Tolstoy's marriage, Tanya would come every year, "with the swallows," to spend the summer on the Count's estate at Yasnaya Polyana. Leo Nikolayevich took long walks with her in the woods, and listened understandingly to her confidences. "What are you always writing in your little book?" Tanya asked one day. "I'm taking notes about you," Tolstoy answered. Tanya was to appear in *War and Peace* as the most captivating of all heroines, Natasha Rostova.

Just before her death in 1925, **Tatyana Kuzminskaya** (Tanya's name by marriage) began to publish her memoirs, which now appear in English for the first time. ***Tolstoy As I Knew Him*** (Macmillan, $5.00) covers one of the most interesting periods in his life: his courtship, the first years of marriage, and the writing of *War and Peace*, chapters of which were dictated to Tanya and read to the Bers family and their circle, several of whom recognized themselves with delight. Many of the letters from Tolstoy to the author have not before been translated. In fact, Tolstoy's scholarly biographer, Ernest J. Simmons, calls the book "a veritable treasure-trove" of new material. It is that and more: the spontaneous and vivid story of a girl growing up in a well-to-do family of czarist Russia — of the childish games; the flirtations of proper *jeunes filles* and soulful cadets, and their first disturbing loves; the soirées of serious conversation, music or amateur dramatics; the traveling under fantastically primitive conditions; the melancholia and the raptures of the Slavic temperament, described without reserve in letters or confided to the inevitable diary. The heroine herself is gay, tender, spirited (and was, one learns elsewhere, quite lovely). Surely Tolstoy married the wrong sister!

Continent in crisis

Aldous Huxley once said, not wholly in jest, that an afternoon in a well-equipped library could make him the world's second greatest expert on almost any subject under the sun.

BETTY SMITH'S

first novel since

A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN

TOMORROW WILL BE BETTER

"Even better than A TREE GROWS IN BROOKLYN."
—DOROTHY CANFIELD

At all bookstores
$3.00

HARPER & BROTHERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BARGAINS in BOOKS

Up To 75% OFF Former Prices

Offered by America's Oldest Mail-Order Book House

FREE **BILLY THE KID.** By Pat F. Garrett, Greatest Sheriff of the Old Southwest — "WILD BILL" HICKOK: Gun Fighter. By J. W. Buel — AMERICAN HUMOR: The Best in a Hundred Years. In 3 paper-bound books.

All 3 books, 352 pages, with each order, regardless of size, *FREE*

939. EMERSON'S ESSAYS. Art-Type edition, handsomely bound in Duo Tone (¾ simulated leather). Size 5¾" x 8¼". 252 pages. "With the exception of the Bible and Shakespeare, Emerson is today the most widely quoted writer of Ancient or Modern times." *(Only 1 copy please)* **49¢**

359. SCOTTISH CLANS and Their Tartans. By Robert Bain, City Librarian, Glasgow. In addition to the **129** splendid full-page **color plates** of tartans, the history of each Scottish clan is given. Size 4¼" x 6¼". Attractively bound in blue cloth. 314 pages. Imported from Scotland. *Only* **$2.74**

4, 5, 6, 7, 9. FOREIGN LANGUAGE WORD CARDS. The famous simplified self-teaching system of foreign language study, edited by outstanding authorities, containing **480 cards** with **illustrations** and pronunciations. By means of these cards anyone can acquire a basic vocabulary and a general familiarity with these languages: **4. Spanish; 5. French; 6. German; 7. Russian; 9. Italian.** *Each language only* **98¢**

112. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, The Complete Works of. Plays — Poems — Sonnets. Illustrated with 40 magnificent full page plates by **Rockwell Kent.** Preface by Christopher Morley. Large, clear type. Bound in buckram. Size 7¼" x 10". **1527 pages.** (Printed from the exact same plates as the limited edition published in 2 volumes at $50.00.) *Complete in one volume, only* **$3.95**

735. CURRIER & IVES CHRISTMAS CARDS, superbly lithographed in **color.** "Christmas Sleigh Ride"; "Colonial Winter"; "New England Winter Scene"; "The Skating Pond"; and **12 other** famous Currier & Ives winter scenes. With envelopes to match. Size 6¼" x 5". *The 16 cards, attractively boxed.* *Only* **89¢**

570. GREEK AND ROMAN MYTHOLOGY. Manual of Mythology. By Alexander S. Murray. With **200 illustrations.** Index. **427 pages.** "Without a knowledge of Mythology, a great part of English literature can neither be appreciated nor even understood." *Only* **$2.49**

135. THE GOLDEN BOUGH. A study in Magic and Religion, by Sir James G. Fraser. Index. **752 pages,** "One of the greatest books of all time." Contains the wealth of the 12-volume edition published at $30.00 and formerly published in this 1-volume edition at $5.00. *Only* **$2.49**

794. HORSES. By Edwin Megargee. Magnificently illustrated throughout by Megargee, including 23 full-page **color plates.** Size 12⅝" x 9⅝". With a color print **signed** by Megargee, loose for framing. A superb book for everyone interested in horses. Published at $10.00. **$3.69**

765. GRANDMA MOSES GREETING CARDS. Americana. Sixteen Christmas Winter Scenes. Reproduced in **full color** from the original paintings by "Grandma Moses." Envelopes to match. Size 5⅞" x 4⅛". At **86 years of age** and without formal artistic training, the nationally-known Grandma Moses is one of the greatest sensations in American Art. (Worth looking ahead until December, and in the meantime you can enjoy these beautiful color reproductions.) *The 16 cards, attractively boxed.* *Only* **89¢**

Money-Back Guarantee

THE UNION LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

Established 1884 *AM-8*

121-123 East 24th St., New York 10, N. Y.

Gentlemen: I enclose $.....for which please send me the items I have encircled below, delivery charges prepaid:

4 5 6 7 9 112 135 359
570 735 765 794 939

(Mark circle around items desired)

☐ Please send me FREE Bargain Catalog No. 358-A containing hundreds of equally unusual Book Bargains — just off the press!

Name.....
(Please Print)

Address.....

City.....*Postal zone (if any)*...*State*.....

Latin America: Continent in Crisis (Random House, $4.50) by **Ray Josephs** makes you feel, after reading it, that *you* are the second greatest expert on that subject. It's a methodical, all-inclusive topical report, written in a brisk journalese which enables the reader to absorb a hundredweight of facts and still find the going fairly easy.

The Latin republics, Mr. Josephs shows with a wealth of shocking social statistics, "are only now emerging from their Middle Ages." Three groups have benefited from the "semi-feudal" conditions: "the Church . . . the armies . . . and the wealthy, who joined hands with both." Two recent developments have brought this fundamental cause of Latin unrest to the point of mounting crisis. The wartime demand for raw materials, Lend-Lease, and social measures sponsored by the U.S. in the interest of greater output set in motion a sharply progressive trend. The immediate post-war period was one of high hopes. But bitterness set in as export markets and dollar aid fell off and prices spiraled — a condition which Communists and Fascists have found fertile ground. Perón, who is working systematically at domination of the continent, "hasn't missed a trick."

The Communists, significantly, are weakest where the regime is liberal. But U.S. efforts to create "a bulwark against Communism" are said to be strengthening the hand of Fascist elements: at Bogotá the U.S. junked the principle of not recognizing dictatorships established by force. Throughout the Americas, Josephs heard the complaint: "The United States seems to prefer reactionaries." This country's status "is as low as it has ever been this generation and it is not getting any better." One cause is the curtailment of the U.S. information program, due to a Congressional slash in funds. Chileans said to Josephs: "If you would tell us the *why* of what you do, you could keep Chilean friendship even though unable to aid us directly." Another complaint was that the U.S. is represented only by businessmen "here strictly for profits."

Mr. Josephs's book is packed with information of a lighter sort. The Caraqueños take their bullfighting so seriously that bulls are flown in over the mountains to spare them a rough motor ride. Venezuela, whose President is a noted novelist, has not a single book publisher. La Paz is the only capital in the world without a fire department: oxygen is so short at 13,500 feet that "nothing important will burn." The lamppost on which Villarroel was hanged has never had the globe replaced: "It's staying that way," said a shoeshine boy, "just in case." When the water system broke down at Santiago's racecourse, photo-finish pictures were developed in Coca-Cola not to hold up the gambling. Chile's "George Washington" was a General Bernardo O'Higgins.

Potpourri

THE UNITED STATES AND CHINA *by John King Fairbank.* Harvard Univ. Press, $3.75.

This latest addition to the American Foreign Policy Library gains added timeliness from Mr. Dewey's pledge that he would take more drastic action to save China from Communism. Mr. Fairbank, an outstanding authority on China, joins Stilwell and others free of Communist sympathies in demolishing the notion, seemingly shared by Dewey, that the present conflict is essentially one between Chinese nationalism and Russian imperialism. In regard to U.S. policy, Fairbank concludes: "To assume that what is good for us is without question good for the Chinese people, to ignore Chinese popular opinion, to accept as our allies in China anyone who will line up with us in power politics — this way of thought is supremely immoral [and] it will lead us to defeat in Asia." Free enterprise, he stresses, is a meaningless slogan to the Chinese, who are probably headed for some form of collectivism. His book presents, in compact form and buttressed with impressive scholarship, a prodigious amount of information about China.

THE MIDNIGHT GARDENER *by Max White.* Harper, $3.50.

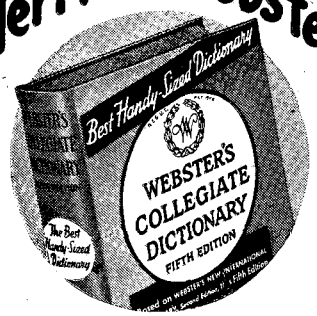
The life of Charles Baudelaire, the mid-nineteenth-century prophet of Decadence, has an immense if morbid fascination. Mr. White's fictional treatment opens with Baudelaire's coming of age and centers on his fourteen-year liaison with the mulatto actress, Jeanne Duval, surely one of the most terrible human relationships ever recorded. The book lacks the precision, range, and insights of a good critical biography, but it will have a broader appeal to those more interested in Baudelaire's exotic personality than in his work.

MYSELF WHEN YOUNG *by Henry Handel Richardson.* Norton, $3.00.

The author of *Maurice Guest, The Fortunes of Richard Mahony,* and so forth, was completing this autobiography, which ends where her novel-writing begins, when she died in 1946. Henry Handel Richard-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Handy-Sized Merriam-Webster



Best Because It Is Based On "The Supreme Authority"

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE is the most dependable handy dictionary for home and office because it is a compact abridgment of the famous *Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*—"The Supreme Authority." Defines all the words most commonly used. 1,300 pages; 110,000 entries.

Handy Thumb-Notch Index

$5 to $10, depending on binding. If your dealer happens to be out of stock, try him again—we are delivering more WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATES than ever before in our history, to supply the unprecedented demand. G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 822, Springfield 2, Mass.

Buy Give-a-Book Certificates at Your Bookseller

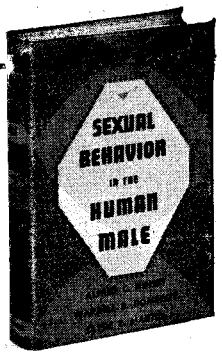
son grew up in Melbourne and various small towns in Australia. Hers (unlike that of most novelists) was a happy and successful childhood, and her memories of Australian life in the eighties make an engaging story. Later, her musical talent prompted a family migration to Europe, and the Leipzig Conservatory becomes the background of the years leading up to her marriage. *Myself When Young* is an attractive record of an unusual Victorian childhood and youth.

THE PERMANENT GOETHE *edited by Thomas Mann.* Dial, $5.00.

In commemoration of the two-hundredth anniversary of Goethe's birth, Thomas Mann has compiled this protean (655 pages) anthology, in which all facets of Goethe's genius are represented, and has prefaced it with a long essay on Goethe's life and work. The volume includes *Faust* (Part One), *Egmont, Iphigenia in Tauris; The Sorrows of Young Werther* and extracts from *Wilhelm Meister;* a sampling of the travel sketches, literary essays, maxims and reflections; and a great many poems and letters. New renderings of some of the poems have been prepared by Stephen Spender and stilted translations replaced. The vogue for anthologies and "portables" of the great masters has produced some welcome volumes, but none more notable than *The Permanent Goethe.*

by Kinsey, Pomeroy & Martin

Based on surveys made by members of the Staff of Indiana University and supported by the National Research Council with Rockefeller Foundation funds.



Sexual Behavior in the Human Male

First and Only Book of Its Kind — Never before has so elaborate, so complete and so authoritative a survey been made of human sexual behavior. This book, the result of nine years of scientific research, is, therefore, *the* basic source book — the essential reference in any consideration of sexual problems.

$6.50 at your bookstore
or send order with remittance to

W. B. SAUNDERS COMPANY
Dept. 4, PHILADELPHIA 5
Publishers to the Medical and Allied Professions

LITERARY SERVICES

PROFESSIONAL HELP FOR NEW & ESTABLISHED WRITERS

Collaboration in fiction, non-fiction, play, radio, film writing. Staff includes: M. McClintock (Doubleday's "Nobel Prize Treasury"); H. Richardson (B'Way's "Dark of the Moon"); Mari Yanofsky (Reader's Digest Program); Marie McCall (former Paramount scenarist). Also MSS doctoring; research; translations; typing. PROFESSIONAL WRITERS. 39 E. 35th St., N. Y. MU 6-5584. Afternoons only.

OUT-OF-PRINT and **HARD-TO-FIND** books supplied; also genealogies; incomplete sets completed; magazine back numbers supplied, etc. **All subjects, all languages.** Send us your list of book-wants — no obligation. We report quickly. Lowest prices. **(We also supply all current books at publishers' prices postpaid.)**
AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
117 West 48th Street, Dept. G, New York 19, N. Y.
P.S. We also BUY books and magazines. Send list.

LITERARY AGENTS 28 years
We sell short stories, articles, books, radio scripts, plays. Verse also considered. Constructive criticism, editing, revision. Personal representation for established authors. Send for free circular.
ANITA DIAMANT, THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 280 Madison Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

"Direct From London To Your Address" — BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC. can now fill subscriptions for all British magazines, trade papers and technical journals. Prompt and regular deliveries. Air Editions overnight. Write for catalogue, listing over 1000 periodicals, with rates in American currency. **BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.**

MANUSCRIPTS ACCURATELY TYPED:
Stories, novels, articles, theses, speeches. Prompt, reasonable.
LEAHEY TYPING SERVICE
521 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.
VAnderbilt 6-5339 MUrray Hill 6-0823

WRITERS! Your story, article, novel can be sold. We have markets for first novels especially. Recommended services. Expert help for beginners. Terms reasonable. Query or send scripts with return postage.
MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 154 Nassau St., N.Y.C. 7

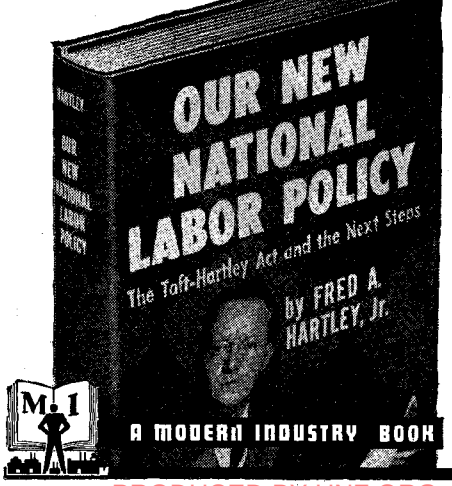
A report to the American people

By Representative **FRED A. HARTLEY, jr.**

OUR NEW NATIONAL LABOR POLICY

The Taft-Hartley Act and the Next Steps

***With a Foreword by Senator* ROBERT A. TAFT**



IN this new book the man most responsible for the development of our new national labor policy makes his frank, revealing report to the nation. Here is a permanent record of how and why the Taft-Hartley Act was developed and enacted, a first-hand account of what our legislators attempted to accomplish by passing the law, pointing out what it neglects and what changes are likely to occur in it in the future. Includes the text of the Act itself.

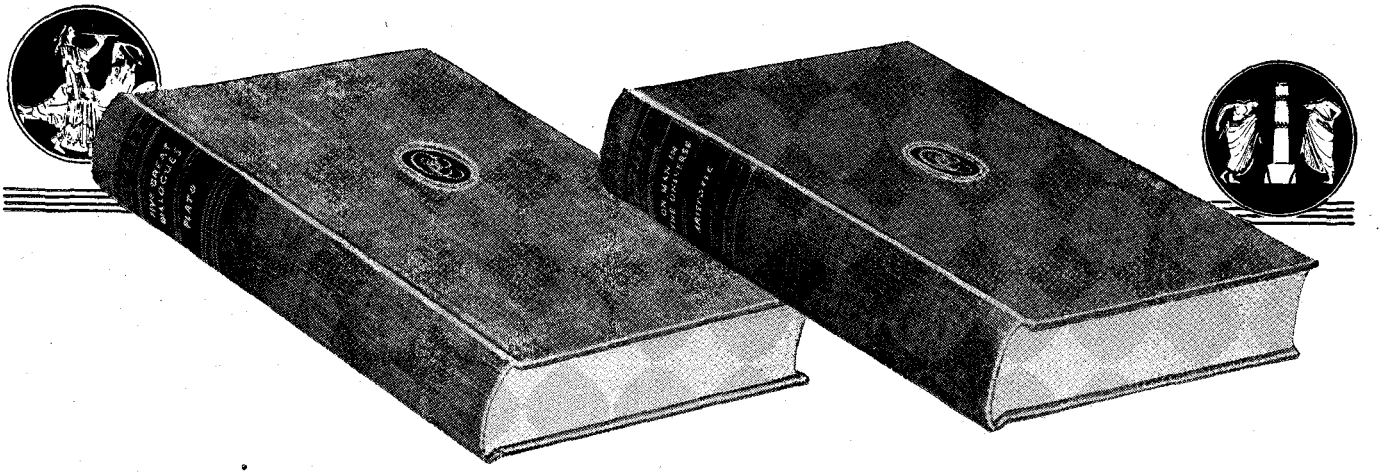
No thinking citizen can plan his affairs or follow national developments without an understanding of this law and the direction the Congress has taken in passing it.

At all bookstores, $2.85

FUNK & WAGNALLS CO. N. Y. 10

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOTH FREE TO NEW MEMBERS ...WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB, INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE



Both of these beautifully bound, superbly decorated editions of

PLATO AND ARISTOTLE

FIVE GREAT DIALOGUES — **ON MAN IN THE UNIVERSE**

NOTHING short of amazing is the way these classics — written two thousand years ago — hit so many nails squarely on the head today! Here, in the clearest reasoning in all literature, two of the greatest scholars of all time tell us how to live intelligently happy lives, whether we possess worldly wealth or only the riches that lie hidden in our hearts and minds. Little escaped the reflections and discussions of Plato and Aristotle. They were mighty pioneers in the field of knowledge, and their ideas are astonishingly timely now.

PLATO is presented in the famous Jowett translation, and contains the five great dialogues — *Apology, Crito, Phaedo, Symposium,* and the *Republic.* ARISTOTLE includes the five celebrated essays — *Metaphysics, Parts of Animals, Nicomachean Ethics, Politics,* and *Poetics.* These splendid De Luxe Classics Club Editions have been brilliantly edited and annotated by Louise Ropes Loomis, Professor Emeritus of Wells College. Both books will be cornerstones of your library. And both are yours *free,* as membership gifts from The Classics Club!

Why The Classics Club Offers You These Two Books Free

Walter J. Black, President KU
THE CLASSICS CLUB
One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful 2-volume De Luxe Classics Club Editions of PLATO and ARISTOTLE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also, I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you $2.89 plus a few cents mailing charges. (*Books shipped in U. S. A. only.*)

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address .....

Zone No.
City ..... (if any) .... State .....

WILL YOU ADD these two volumes to your library — as membership gifts from The Classics Club? You are invited to join today . . . and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's greatest masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished literary authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have *become* "classics". First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were read; they would not have been read unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: *readability, interest, simplicity.*

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are luxurious De Luxe Editions — bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for $5 and $10 bindings. They have tinted page tops are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre — books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books — only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price — and your FREE copies of PLATO *and* ARISTOTLE — cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOOD NEWS about Long Distance

Today, Long Distance calls go through in about two minutes on the average. Now and then there are delays, but we're handling nine out of ten calls while you hold the line.

We've added many new circuits and switchboards and more are coming along. Our operators know their job.

Our aim is to put your out-of-town calls through faster than ever before. And we're working hard to do it.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED